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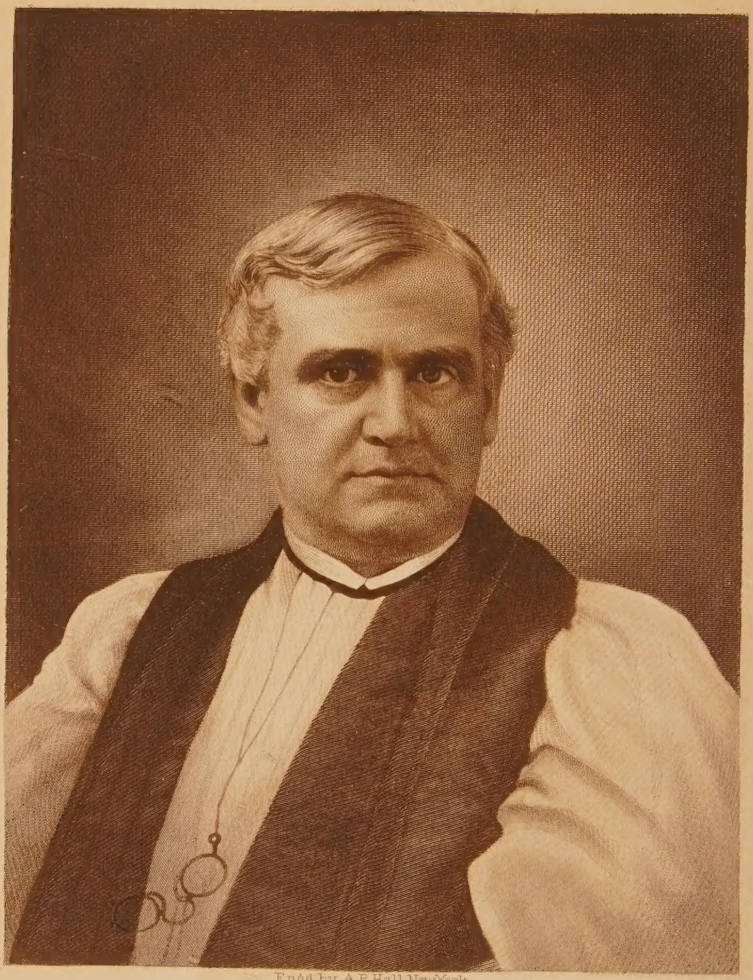

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Phillips Brooks

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES

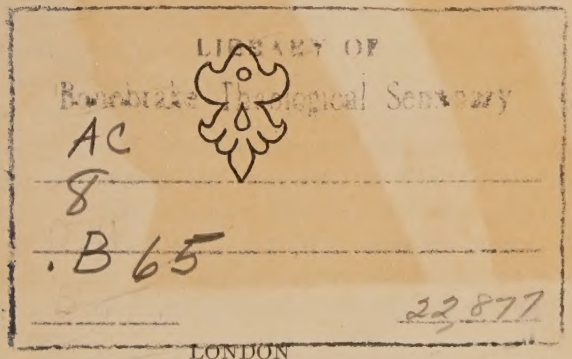
RELIGIOUS, LITERARY AND SOCIAL

BY

PHILLIPS BROOKS

LATE BISHOP OF MASSACHUSETTS

EDITED BY THE REV. JOHN COTTON BROOKS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PREFACE.

A GREAT soul, like a mountain lake, appears at first solitary in its individual existence as it lies alone in all its beauty of depth and color, reflecting the distant sky above it. But, with the lake, from dwelling with it and growing daily familiar with its many phases, we find that it is in the mountains which surround it that its life gets its source, and that it is from reflecting them also and sympathizing with their changeful experiences, and furnishing a pathway from one to other of them that its beauty and its value are gained. So in its capacity both to receive and to contribute to the life about it lies the secret power of attraction which we feel in such a soul.

This book is a loving attempt to exemplify this truth in the case of one who, while wonderfully beautiful and grand in his own sublime and solitary self in communion with things above, yet was the embodiment of human sympathy, who lived not only for the life of mankind, but in and by that life also, drawing his own ever-fresh life from it, reflecting its joys and sorrows in his own clear depths, and bringing each part of it closer to every other by his many-sidedness and breadth which touched and watered all.

How real this truth was to him his own words, taken almost at random, tell us: "In every department of life, whether I look at politics, at government, at social life, and the relation of ethics thereto, whether I look at reli-

gion, there is only one word that expresses the cord that binds the human race: that word is sympathy. Present and past religion seems to have been developing conditions under which sympathy might work. The characteristic word of the past hundred years has been liberty. Liberty is a negative term; the removal of obstacles, the setting free of conditions under which the essential and absolute and positive power of sympathy, of the relation of man to man under the recognition of their brotherhood, should find its place and expression."

The collection of Essays and Addresses here presented comprises all of which any record at all satisfactory has been preserved of Bishop Brooks's public utterances outside of the pulpit. Of necessity some are given in more or less fragmentary shape as they were taken directly from his lips, but these retain more even than the rest the peculiarly forcible forms of his extemporaneous expression, so familiar to his friends, and so much a part of himself. The chronological sequence has been observed as far as possible as illustrating in an interesting manner the development of his thought.

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J. C. B.

Christ Church Rectory,
Springfield, Mass., July, 1894.

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ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES.

RELIGIOUS.

THE CENTRALIZING POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

(Episcopal Theological Seminary, Alexandria, Va., 1858.)

How when we once get within the sphere of a great truth we find all mental life seeking its center in it—thought and fancy, energy and faith, hope, fear, and speculation, all hurrying to the forum where their business is to be done and their fate decided. It is just as when we come near a great city we see life becoming more and more centralized every mile; the scattered interests and pleasures and pursuits of village life begin to look cityward; the great roads begin to run in long straight lines on to the distant center; the little lanes creep on between their hedges striving the same way; houses begin to take the city look; men are working for city needs with an eye to the demands of city taste or necessity, and each new-comer falls into the great stream and is carried on to the market-place with the rest.

And in spiritual no less than in mental life there lives the same deep power. Truth centralizes not Thought only, but Affection and Will. The soul that lived for a thousand ends sees God's light for a moment, and begins to live for one; the dissipated moral nature grows to a system round its central sun; the aimless study of earth's schools is sanctified thenceforth, for it is a culture of a

soul for heaven, and human energy feels the strong finger of God's truth upon it, and stands up in the new dignity of holy zeal.

Thus every truth that pretends to man's adherence centralizes man's nature, and claims it all, and gives it all work to do; and thus Christianity, if it claim to be a complete and not a partial system, for the redemption of our life must come with its central truth, broad enough and true enough to embrace and save it all. That truth it brings, and so its first assumption and its highest glory is—Man's only help; the concentration of the moral life in Christ; the Intellect coming up to say, "Lord, teach me;" the Heart bringing its tribute of loyalty and love; the Will with bowed head echoing the first Christian question, "What wilt thou have me do?"; Sorrow seeking for comfort, Faith for a resting-place, Hope for an assurance in the Immanuel, the visible Deity who came to save our race.

The Intellect coming up to say, "Lord, teach me." There is no truth from which even man's *theoretical* adherence hangs aloof as it does from this of the necessary submission of the whole intellectual manhood to the obedience of Christ. God's plan has all the wonderful simplicity that makes His natural world so grand. In the center of our life stands the grand Christ-truth He has set up, the single fountain out of which all sin and all uncleanness are to drink for healing. Every step that is not toward the fountain is toward the desert. Our work here, as everywhere, is with the tendencies of things. Let us understand this matter. God has ordained this world and another, and this world is a striving after that. Only one door stands open to connect the two: "I am the Way, the Truth, the Life." Now if God seriously meant that man might reach that Way and Truth, He gave him no faculty that might not struggle for it. There is no sine-

cure in the soul's economy. Every power has its work to do, every capacity its gift to fill it, every motive its wheels to turn or shaft to drive in achieving finally the soul's great work; and so the fullest manhood of man's best development is sanctified by God's purpose of man's salvation. But when one coward faculty breaks off from the hard struggle, ignores the Christhood that says, "By Me if any man enter in he shall be saved," begins to play with a theory instead of living by a truth, forthwith the "simplicity that is in Christ" is marred and mangled by the multiplicity that is in man. God's ban lies upon no fair exercise of the faculties of labor if they be but exercised as He directs. His whole omnipotence is pledged to make every Christian effort of those faculties effectual and strong. All heaven is working for us if we will, as the little child digs his well in the sea-shore sand and then the great ocean comes up and fills it for him. And here lies all solved before us the problem of Profane and Sacred Study. Looking to this divine simplicity of the scheme of life, to Christ that saves, to God that blesses, no study is profane. Looking away from that central truth of Christ, there is no profaner work than Bible study. So long as the intellect owns allegiance, so long its work is full of piety and purpose, its whole development is a training of the soul that is an heir of glory, against its coronation-day. Books become sacraments, schools are temples, and the mental life grows holy because its triumphs are sacrifices to the everlasting truth of Christ. If this be so, then how it brands the atheism that would substitute the frivolity of culture or the pedantry of ethics for this divinity of truth, that would go back from a Gospel to a Law, from a Law to an Instinct, from an Instinct to a Dream, disowning its birthright claim to the higher Christian portion.

And with the Intellect the Will and Heart must come.

See how the new faith is the resurrection of the life, how the new purpose that concentrates every power in the work of Christ binds the whole human nature closer to the Truth, and closer to its race. It binds it closer to the Truth. Theories and schemes and ceremonies grow tame and dead to the man who has looked the gospel in the face. What! with this new gravitation that I feel drawing me and drawing all creation to the center of our life, shall I turn away to the little forces that would drag me off to little aims? Shall I trifle with this new power of believing? For all moral carelessness lessens our capacity of faith—makes us not only less believing but less able to believe, destroys as far as it can our power to rest on testimony for truth. It is not only that some drops are spilled, but the cup itself is broken into uselessness. And most of all, we are conscious that it is growing harder and harder every day for us to believe; the conviction that once brought faith inevitably does not bring it now, and the faith when it comes does not bless us as it once did with trust and peace. This is what the soul that has once felt the simplicity of Christ dreads most of all, for it breaks that simplicity into the old fragmentary life again. "Give me a hope that points where my life's hope is pointing, a light to shine upon the road that leads me Christward. Let me ignore the system and the Church, the teacher and the book, that will not give me these." This is the soul's new cry. This must be the world's cry if it ever sees salvation. Our hope is in this Christian radicalism which through the myriad shows and semblances of human life goes down directly to the heart of things and seizes Faith and grapples Hope and clings to Charity, and says, "Lo, out of these shall grow a Christian Church for all the world, and out of these a Christian experience for me." Is there not something solemnly heroic in this one central purpose standing thus calmly in the midst

of the feverish anarchy of the world's million hopes and schemes? So men were bartering and selling and eating and drinking, and the noonday hubbub was loud and wild in Jerusalem of old, while the great agony of Calvary was working out the world's redemption.

This new Christian simplicity is not perfect till it recognizes the world's hope in its own. Then there comes the true "liberality" of our religion. The man begins to identify himself with the race, and wins a share in its collective faith and power. He multiplies his life eight hundred millionfold. The world was made, and sun and stars ordained, and salvation sent to earth alike for humanity and him. The history of the race becomes his experience, the happiness of the race his glory, the progress of the race his hope. He begins to say, "We shall do this and thus, win new secrets from nature and new truth from God," for this man goes hand in hand with humanity down the highways of its life, till they stand together before the throne of God in heaven. He says of Christ's truths: "I believe in these things because I know that they have helped my race. I look to them as I look to the sun with a faith that all these centuries of sunlight forbid me to disown. I hear them from the Bible claiming my allegiance, as from all nature I hear God's truth demanding that I should give reason room to grow to faith and love."

We talk much of a conservative Church and a progressive Church, of a true and a false philosophy of moral, social, and ecclesiastical life. Let us be sure no Church is soundly conservative or positively and steadily advancing, that no philosophy is wise and no Christianity Christian where the great Centralizing Power, the gravitation that binds every particle of Church and Life to Christ the Center, is robbed of its supremacy. We have tried to see how history, how morals, how the miracles of intellect,

how the sweetest hopes of social culture and the grandest prospects of the world's great progress find their center in the manifested life of God as seen in Christ. Cut aloof from that, they are beautiful, but their beauty is fragmentary and untrue. Linked by the Law of God to that, the Central Fact about which God has systematized His moral world, they find their place and own their mission in working out obediently to it the ultimate perfection of the world, of the Church, and of the single soul.

HERESY.

(Clericus Club, Boston, Mass., October, 1873.)

It is hardly to be supposed that when our people Sunday after Sunday pray to the good Lord to deliver them from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism, they have a very clear idea of what the sin exactly is which the second term in their prayer denotes. It is one of the terms which people are very apt to think they understand until they undertake its explanation; then they find that their idea of it is very vague. The term itself has a certain obsoleteness of sound, a certain flavor of that old-time quaintness, which many good souls like in their religion. It inspires a gentle horror that is not unpleasant, and indeed seems to be a favorite sin for some men's minds to dwell upon, perhaps because its very vagueness saves them from the possibility, and so from the necessity, of bringing it very closely home either to their own or to their brethren's consciences and destinies.

And yet with all this it is clear enough that there is something called heresy, which in all times has been dreaded and rebuked, and often violently punished. Scripture begins the strain of objurgation, and it is heard still in the literature of to-day. Surely it will be well if we can study the meaning of the disgraceful term, the nature of the disgraceful sin; and lest any one should think that we treat as vague and difficult that which is recognized to be perfectly simple and clear, let us justify our essay with this, as a sort of motto, out of St. Augustine: "Not

every error," he says, "is heresy, though every heresy which is blameworthy cannot be heresy without some error. What, therefore, makes one a heretic I think it is perhaps impossible, certainly very difficult, to comprehend in a regular definition."

That certainly opens a promising field for study and discussion. It is one of those subjects which must be studied in connection with the words with which they have always been identified. The word "heresy," then, as everybody knows, primarily means "choice." It is a subjective thing, an action of the will. Here at the very beginning its moral character is stamped upon it. Perhaps it is not too soon to say that to trace that moral character always clinging to it obstinately, haunting it, and forever reappearing when it seems to have been lost, always determining its treatment and its limitations, will be the substance of this essay.

Beginning, then, with this moral meaning, the word attains a secondary sense. It passes next to be applied to that which is the common choice of any group of thinkers who choose a certain thing. Here it becomes objective. It comes to mean a school of thought. As such at first it has no tone either of praise or blame. It is a *vox media.* This is its classic use. We hear of the Stoic heresy and the Peripatetic heresy. In the same indifferent way it is used four times in the New Testament: "The heresy of the Pharisees," "the heresy of the Sadducees," "the heresy of the Nazarenes," "the most straitest heresy of our religion." In all these passages there is no blame nor praise, only description. But any one can see how, just as soon as the thought of a clear and absolute authority in matters of faith was introduced, the whole act of choice, or the selection of what the chooser pleased, instead of what the authority commanded, became a sin; and so we come to four other passages in the New Testament, in which her-

esy is distinctly spoken of with strong denunciation, and from which the whole subsequent treatment of it has derived its tone. These passages need only be indicated. "After the way which they call heresy," says Paul, "so worship I the God of my fathers." To the Corinthians he says: "For there must be heresies among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest." And again to the Galatians, "The works of the flesh are manifest, which are these," and then, classed with adultery, idolatry, witchcraft, and drunkenness, comes "heresies," "of the which," he says, "I tell you . . . that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." The fourth passage is from St. Peter, who says: "There shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction." To these must be added one other passage, where the word used is not "heresy" but "heretic," but it bears directly on our study. St. Paul writes to Titus: "A man that is a heretic, after the first and second admonition, reject; knowing that he that is such is subverted, and sinneth, being condemned of himself."

These are the passages in which the Apostles speak by name of heresy. There is no time for any labored commentary on them. We can only state what seems to be the clear characteristics of the sin as it is here described. These characteristics are two. First, heresy is a term which has reference to ideas, and so is distinguished at once from schism, which relates to worship and discipline. This is clear in all the passages except the first and second, in which, indeed, heresy seems to be almost identical with schism. The second conclusion from these passages is this, that heresy involves personal and wilful obstinacy. It is impossible to read them through and not see the distinctness with which the heretic is blamed, not because

he holds this or that opinion, but because he is conceived to hold it wilfully, in deliberate and impious rejection of its opposite, which he knows is the Word of God. His heresy is a "work of the flesh." He is said to be condemned of himself. His sin stands side by side with the cruel and filthy actions that come from cruel and lustful hearts.

Nothing can be further from the intellectual conception of heresy which has prevailed and still prevails in the Christian Church, than this presentation of it as moral wickedness which stands out in the New Testament. "Look through the Epistles," says Dr. Arnold, "and you will find nothing there condemned as heresy but what was mere wickedness;" and again he says: "I think that you will find that all the false doctrines spoken of by the Apostles are doctrines of sheer wickedness, that their counterpart in modern times is to be found in the Anabaptists of Münster, or the Fifth-Monarchy men, or in mere secular High-Churchmen, or hypocritical Evangelicals; in those who make Christianity minister to lust or to covetousness or ambition, not in those who interpret Scripture to the best of their conscience and ability, be their interpretation ever so erroneous."

As we leave the region of Scripture and come to the Fathers of the Church, it is evident enough that there is a growing tendency to measure heresy by its divergence as opinion from certain standards of Church doctrine, and not as will from a certain uprightness and purity of heart; to really lose its character as sin and define it as error, however the treatment that belongs to sin alone still continues to be lavished on it. If the two could have been reasonably held to be identical, all would have been well. If there had been a clear settled line of Christian truth, so manifest that no one could miss it except by obstinacy, so universal that all should know at once what

was meant when men spoke of the Christian faith; in one word, if the *Quod semper, quod unique, quod ab omnibus,* had been a fact of history instead of a dream of later theorizers, it would not have been difficult to understand heresy. The intellectual divergence could not then have come without the moral wilfulness; but as it is, they are continually coming separately, and bewildering the Fathers terribly. Heresy, with the New Testament denunciations of it in their ears, is always a moral term, and yet they are always trying to justify the attribution of it and of its penalties in circumstances where personal guilt is wholly out of the question. This perplexity haunts the writings of the Fathers.

Tertullian, with his own hot, turbid logic, claims that "heretics cannot be Christians, because what they choose themselves they certainly do not take from Christ." After which statement one can understand how he held a good many other of his notions about the Holy Spirit and its action on the mind of man.

Origen makes the fact of heresy depend on the size of the error that is held, which is certainly as arbitrary and hopeless a discrimination as any perplexed mind ever fled to for refuge.

Jerome seems to recognize more distinctly the moral nature of heresy, though his language is not wholly clear, but at least he does not make it merely a departure from the Church. "Whoever understands Scripture otherwise," he says, "than the sense of the Holy Spirit demands, by which it was written, though he has not left the Church, yet can he be called a heretic, and is of the works of the flesh, choosing the things which are worse," which sounds like Jerome.

But the most interesting and thoughtful treatment of heresy among the Fathers, the most constant recognition of its essential morality, is found, as might have been

expected, in the writings of Augustine. These are his words: "He is an heretic, in my opinion, who for the sake of glory or power, or other secular advantages, either invents or embraces and follows new opinions. But he who believes men of this kind is a man deluded by a certain imagination of truth and piety." And again: "As to those who defend a false and wicked opinion without any self-will, especially if they have not invented it by an audacious presumption, but received it from their parents, who have been seduced and fallen into error, and if they seek the truth with care, and are ready to correct themselves when they have found it, they cannot be ranked among heretics." I think this is an account of heresy at which many a modern dogmatist would hesitate. Certainly it keeps the great moral element plain and strong. Not that Augustine is always so clear. He says again: "Suppose that a man holds the opinion of Photin about Jesus Christ, believing it to be the Catholic faith, I do not call him a heretic yet, unless, after he is better instructed, he prefer to resist the Catholic faith than to renounce the opinions he has advanced." Here the formal is seen pressing upon the moral conception of heresy, but even now he is far from the sublime rejection of the morality altogether, which good Bishop Fulgentius reaches when he triumphantly puts himself on record thus: "Good works, martyrdom even, serve nothing for the salvation of him who is not in the unity of the Church, so long as the malice of schism and heresy persevere in him."

On the whole, then, we have the Fathers, while they depart from the simple moral conception of heresy which Paul and Peter held, while some of them lost its moral character entirely, yet for the most part clinging to it strongly, and trying to make it blend with the formal and dogmatic notions of heresy which were growing apace.

As Romanism becomes rampant, the definitions of heresy become more and more unmoral. There is neither need nor time to multiply quotations, but let us come down a long way, and take one Romish writer, who gives a good round hearty description of heresy which is refreshing. Here we have the full-blown ecclesiastical theory of heresy, which is, after all, what a good many people, Anglicans and others, are still dreaming about to-day. The Abbé Bergier writes in his theological dictionary as follows: "Heresy is a voluntary and obstinate error, contrary to some dogma of the faith." So far it sounds moral. But he goes on: "How can we know whether the error is voluntary or involuntary, criminal or innocent, the result of vicious passions or defective light?" His answer is in the true strain of Catholic reasoning. "First, as the Christian doctrine is revealed by God," he says, "it is a crime to wish to know it of ourselves, and not by the instrumentality of those whom God has set to teach it. Second, since God has established the Church or the body of pastors to teach the faithful, when the Church has spoken it is on our part an obstinate pride to resist their decision and prefer our light to theirs. Third, the passion which has led the leaders of sects and their partisans has been shown by the means which they have employed to establish their opinions." How familiar it all sounds! Then he goes on again: "A man may deceive himself in good faith at first; but as soon as he resists the Church, tries to make proselytes, forms a party, intrigues, makes a noise, he no longer acts from good faith, but from pride and ambition." This is the full-blown ecclesiastical notion of heresy. It was what, though in expressions that keep the air of morality among them still, the Council of Trent put into its catechism in these words: "A person is not to be called a heretic so soon as he errs in matters of faith; then only is he to be so called when in defiance of

the authority of the Church he maintains impious opinions with unyielding pertinacity."

The Reformation was the setting free of morality and moral distinctions by the breaking up of arbitrary ecclesiastical definitions. And so it is not strange that heresy began to resume in Protestantism the moral coloring which it had almost lost. There appeared indeed a tendency to substitute dogmatic for ecclesiastical lines, and the writ *de haeretico comburendo* was in force in England till the time of Charles II. Two Anabaptists suffered under Elizabeth, and two Arians under James I., for heresy. And yet one would like to quote some of the clearest and truest and most rational accounts of heresy that ever have been written, from some of the English Puritans, notably one by Robinson, the Pilgrim Father, a good, great man.

These, however, we must leave. We want to come to a series of utterances upon the subject of our essay, made by the liberal divines of the Church of England of the seventeenth century, which certainly come nearer in their statement of the moral character of heresy to the standard of the New Testament than anything else we know in Christian writers. If anything comes nearer we should rejoice to see it. Standing, as these men did, between the stiff ecclesiasticism and the extravagant Puritanism of their day, there came to them a very clear understanding of the relations which religious truth holds to the individual conscience and intellect. One thing was to them very evident: that words of personal blame, such as the New Testament lavishes upon heresy, could belong only to personal guilt, and the personal guilt could attach only to the action of the personal will. It is strange that so plain a truth should ever have been forgotten. It was good that it should be asserted once again.

When John Hales is asked "whether the Christian

Church may err in fundamentals," he begins his answer by saying "that every Christian may err that will," otherwise there could be no heresy, "heresy being nothing else but wilful error." Chillingworth is very unmistakable in his assertion that there is no heresy unless the truth be clearly made known to the heretic, and be by him deliberately rejected. "Heresy we consider an obstinate defense of an error against any necessary article of the Christian faith." Stillingfleet holds "very strongly the opinion that mere diversity of opinion is no ground of heresy laying men open to the censure of the Church." "It is only the endeavor, by difference of opinion, to alienate men's spirit from one another, and thereby to break the society into fractions and divisions, which makes men liable to restraint and punishment." In all these passages, and many others like them, there is the strong assertion, the intense belief in personal responsibility and personal rights. The men are churchmen, with churchmen's calm and measured ways of expression, but they are all verging toward, and almost merging into, that profound and lofty belief in the personality of religion, with all its associated rights and duties, which the Puritan John Milton was at the same time uttering in his splendid prose. He has brought the moral character of heresy to its completest statement. "Truth is compared in Scripture," he says, "to a streaming fountain; if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression, they sink into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition. A man may be a heretic in the truth, and if he believes things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy."

But much the most philosophical treatment of heresy in this century is found in the best works of Jeremy Taylor. In the "Liberty of Prophesying" he develops his

idea. It is simply that heresy being the opposite of faith, that moral character which is fundamental and essential in faith must be fundamental and essential in heresy as well. I venture to quote rather a long passage, which cannot well be divided. It will be no great hardship to listen to Jeremy Taylor. "For heresy," he says, "is not an error of the understanding, but an error of the will. And this is clearly insinuated in Scripture in the style whereof faith and a good life are made one duty, and vice is called opposite to faith, and heresy opposed to holiness and sanctity. . . . For as the nature of faith is, so is the nature of heresy, contraries having the same proportion and commensuration. Now faith, if it be taken for an act of the understanding merely, is so far from being that excellent grace that justifies us, that it is not good in any kind but in general nature, and makes the understanding better in itself, and pleasing to God, just as strength does the arm, or beauty the face, or health the body. These are natural perfections indeed, and so knowledge and a true belief is to the understanding. But this makes us not at all more acceptable to God, for then the unlearned were certainly in a damnable condition and all good scholars should be saved; whereas I am afraid too much of the contrary is true. But unless faith is made moral by the mixtures of choice and charity, it is nothing but a natural perfection, not a grace or a virtue; and this is demonstrably proved in this, that by the confession of all men, of all interests and persuasions in matters of mere belief, invincible ignorance is our excuse if we be deceived, which could not be, but that neither to believe aright is commendable, nor to believe amiss is reprovable; but where both one and the other is voluntary, and chosen antecedently or consequently, by prime election, or *ex post facto*, and so comes to be considered in morality, and is part of a good life or a bad life respectively. Just so

it is in heresy. If it be a design of ambition, and making of a sect, if it be for filthy lucre's sake, as it was in some that were of the circumcision, if it be of pride and love of preëminence, as it was in Diotrephes, or out of peevishness and indocibleness of disposition, or of a contentious spirit—that is, that their feet are not shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace—in all these cases the error is just so damnable as is its principle, but therefore damnable not of itself, but by reason of its adherency. And if any shall say any otherwise, it is to say that some men shall be damned when they cannot help it, perish without their own fault, and be miserable forever, because of their own unhappiness to be deceived through their own simplicity, and natural or accidental but inculpable infirmity."

This long quotation admonishes us that we must quote no more; nor is it necessary. We have seen that there have always been three ideas concerning what constituted heresy: (1) the ecclesiastical idea, which measures heresy by its departure from a certain Church statement of belief; (2) the dogmatical idea, which measures heresy by what it conceives to be a departure from the truth of Revelation; (3) the moral idea, which conceives of heresy as a certain personal sin, consisting in the wilful adherence to some view of truth which a man prefers, in rejection of that which God makes known to him. If we pursued our study, it is evident enough that we should find all of these ideas in books much later than Jeremy Taylor. They are all familiar to us in the ordinary talk of our own day. When three men call another man a heretic, one of them means that he is in rebellion against the Church, another means that he is in error, and the third means that he is violating his own conscience, and wilfully shutting his eyes to light.

And what I have been much struck with is, the persistency with which the moral idea has clung to heresy

in every age. It has always reappeared, even when the ecclesiastical or dogmatical idea seemed absolutely triumphant. The truth is, that only by the moral conception of heresy can the heretic be brought within the range of the New Testament, his heresy counted as sin, and he himself considered liable to such denunciations as Paul and Peter heap upon their heretic. Here, it seems to me, is the key to that strange spectacle that is seen through all history—good men piously burning their heretic brethren, and singing psalms as they put the fire to the fagots. There has always been latent, I believe, in the honest persecutor, a conviction of the wilfulness, the wickedness, the moral culpability of the poor wretch who suffered for the denial of the virtue of a wafer, or the assertion of the unity of God. Men have first convicted their brethren of heresy upon the ecclesiastical or dogmatic grounds of their own times, and then slaughtered them with an easy conscience on the moral grounds of the New Testament.

And does not the assertion of the moral character of heresy meet many of the practical difficulties which we have felt ourselves when we have been forced to estimate our fellow-men? Heretic is a word of personal guilt. It had that tone when Paul used it, and it has kept it ever since. But I am sure that we have all felt, and perhaps reproached ourselves for feeling, how impossible it was for us in any real way to attach the notion of personal guilt to those who were called heretics in the ordinary uses of the word. We have been unable to feel any vehement condemnation for the earnest and truth-seeking Errorist, or any strong approbation for the flippant and partisan Orthodox. There was no place for the first in the hell, nor for the second in the heaven, which alone our consciences tell us that the God whom we worship could establish. Speaking in the atmosphere of the New Testament, we cannot call the first a heretic, nor the

second a saint, and our misgivings are perfectly right. The first is not a heretic, the second is not a saint. The first may be a saint in his error, the second, to use Milton's fine phrase, may be a "heretic in the truth."

Unless we hold to the authority of the Infallible Church, the ecclesiastical conception of the sin of heresy is impossible. Unless we hold that all truth has been so perfectly revealed that no honest mind can mistake it (and who can believe that?), the dogmatic conception of heresy fails. But if we can believe in the conscience, and God's willingness to enlighten it, and man's duty to obey its judgments, the moral conception of heresy sets definitely before us a goodness after which we may aspire, and a sin which we may struggle against and avoid.

In ordinary talk men will call him a heretic who departs from a certain average of Christian belief far enough to attract their attention. Men will speak of heresy as if it were synonymous with error. It may be that the word is so bound up with old notions of authority that it must be considered obsolete, and can be of little further use. And yet there is a sin which this word describes, which it described to Paul and Augustine and Taylor—a sin as rampant in our day as theirs. It is the self-will of the intellect. It is the belief of creeds, whether they be true or false, because we choose them, and not because God declares them. It is the saying, "I want this to be true," of any doctrine, so vehemently that we forget to ask, "Is it true?" When we do this, we depart from the Christian Church, which is the kingdom of God, and the discipleship of Christ. With the danger of that sin before our eyes, remembering how often we have committed it, feeling its temptation ever present with us, we may still pray with all our hearts, "From heresy, good Lord, deliver us."

THE BEST METHODS OF PROMOTING SPIRITUAL LIFE.

(Second Congress of Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, November 12, 1875.)

I AM asked to write of the best methods of promoting spiritual life. I take it for granted that it is the personal life that is referred to, the culture of the single soul. It is not the question of the sources and career of those great movements of spiritual life which agitate a whole community; not the question of revival meetings and all the circumstances of religious awakenings; but it is that old question of the soul asking itself, "How can I best live near to God?" It is no question for controversies. I think, however much we differ upon other things, we can very largely come together here, and at this last meeting of our Congress seem to each other to be not merely members of the same Church, taking different views of our Church's life, but fellow-Christians full of one strong sympathy, one common desire to be more worthy of our Lord and live more truly the life of God on earth.

There is something almost like the creak of machinery about our subject. We want to get that out and leave it all behind. There are no rules which, taken together, make up the directory by which one may live spiritually, and which may be called the method of spiritual life. Life makes its own methods. The very fact that it is vital promises for it variety. What I want to do, if I can, in this paper, is to indicate the true character of spiritual

life in itself, and its true relations to this world in which we live. If we can understand these two things, rules will spring as naturally as the plant always springs when the good seed falls rightly into good ground, with fit differences in different fields.

We start then with this, that the spiritual life of man in its fullest sense is the activity of man's whole nature under the highest spiritual impulse, viz., the love of God. It is not the activity of one set of powers, one part of the nature. It is the movement of all the powers, of the whole of his nature under a certain force, and so with a certain completeness and effect. This friend of mine is an unspiritual man. What does this mean? That there are some closets in his life which he has never opened? One field of his nature that lies unemployed? One kind of action that he never does? No; but it really means that behind all his actions there is at work, not the higher, but some lower force; not the love of God, but the love of himself, or an interest in his brethren. To make him spiritual what must one do? Not merely open new chambers of life to him, so that, besides being what he is now, a thinker, a father, a lawyer, he shall be also a spiritual man, adding one more life to the many lives which he lives already. One must put behind all these lives some power of spiritual force and unity, by whose inflow they shall be altered, elevated, and redeemed. How to do this, how to bring all the life into connection with the spiritual force, and then to open it more and more completely to its power, this is the question of the methods of spiritual life.

It would seem, then, as if in the production and completion of the spiritual man there were three points or stages which, in our thoughts at least, are capable of separation. There is the gathering of spiritual force outside of a nature, seeking admission; there is the admit-

tance of that force through the willing assent of the nature itself; and then there is the occupation of the nature by the force, as it finds out the use of all its least machineries, and stirs the whole of it to action. It is like the way in which the sunlight enters your shuttered house each morning. There, too, there are three separable times —one while, the sun fully risen, the sunlight waits outside ready to enter, but not yet in; another when you open the window and fling the shutter back; and yet another while the admitted sunlight takes possession of your house, springs from object to object, and from room to room, and summons the color and the life back to the dull and sleepy things it touches. Or shall we say it is like the clear, distinguishable moments when the vital steam waits throbbing in its boiler, when you turn the screw that admits it to your engine, and when its force slowly spreads through all your engine's bulk till every great limb slowly heaves and every little needle trembles and tingles with the pervading life?

Now of the first two of these three periods, so separable in our thoughts, but so blending in actual experience, we are not called upon to say much here. The force of all spiritual life is the love of God for man. Blindly or clearly known, a divine life over us, which cares for us, is at the beginning of spirituality in man. The Christian has the assurance of that love, made in the Incarnation, certified upon the cross, to put it past all doubt and make it infinitely full of powerful appeal to him. But guessed at by the blindest heathen or rejoiced in by the strongest Christian faith, that love of God is final in the history of spiritual life. Behind it man cannot go. Man does no more to bring it there where it stands waiting for him to let it in than he does to gather the morning light out of the midnight darkness and set it outside the closed shutters of his darkened house. The love of God for man is

the fact that lies back of everything; the lake on the calm summit of the hill above the clouds, out of which all the streams flow down.

And so too of the act by which man opens his life to this love of God for him. It is the time when that love of God for him is responded to by a love of his for God. It is not ours to try the delicate and difficult untwisting of those cords of divine influence and human will which so cling to and love each other. Enough that, tempted by God, a man does open his nature to this waiting love. That which had stood outside as persuasive fact comes into the life as powerful motive, and then the spiritual life is begun.

We come then to the third period, the occupation of the nature by this spiritual force of the love of God: its gradual entry as motive into all the circle of the life. All that a man can do to make that occupation more complete is a method of spiritual life. What he can do seems to me to be really divisible under three or four very simple heads. He can, in the first place, insist on cutting off and casting away those parts of his life into which it is impossible, by the very nature of the things, that this new spiritual force should enter. Here is the field of self-denial. He can give up every bad habit which is incapable of regeneration and occupation by the Spirit of God. Then, turning to those parts of his life which this new force can fill and use, he can do much to make them ready for its occupancy. This he can do by clearing and enlarging them, which means by attaining to the ideal conception of them, and by faithfully exercising them. Is it not true that any man makes his trade or occupation ready to be filled by the high motive of the love of God when he trains himself to look at his trade or occupation in its ideal, and, at the same time, is thoroughly conscientious in its duties? The shoemaker who, having opened his heart to God's love,

comes soonest and fullest to find the work of his lap-stone and his bench touched and inspired by that motive will be the shoemaker who most conceives of his daily work as one connected with human comfort and strength, and who, at the same time, is most conscientiously faithful to its details. These things a man can do: he can resolutely abandon the sins which cannot be spiritualized; he can open all the channels of his life to spirituality by the study of the ideal, and by faithful work in every part of his living. One is the turning out of strangers; the other is the preparing of the chambers for the entering guest. The one is negative, the other positive. When both are done, then the man who has learned in one little spot, the conversion spot of his nature, that God loves him, and who has there begun to love God, may look to see that new motive run into these newly opened chambers of his life, making the half-ready places completely ready by its presence, freeing the half-freed machinery by its touch.

Does this mean anything? Is it capable of being made clear? I think it is. Here is your average religious man, spiritual in some regions of his life, in the region of prayer, in the region of worship. He wants to be more spiritual. How can he do it? He can grow deeper in religious life only by becoming more widely religious. He can hold more of the Spirit of God by opening new sections of his life. Greater depth will come only with greater wideness. The true advance for that man to make is not simply to be more religious right there where he is religious already; it is to be religious where he is irreligious now, to let the spiritual force which is in him play upon new activities. How shall he open, for instance, his business life to this deep power? By casting out of his business all that is essentially wicked in it, by insisting to himself on its ideal of charity or usefulness, on the loftiest conception of every relationship into which it brings him with his fel-

low-man, and by making it not a matter of his own whim or choice, but a duty to be done faithfully because God has called him to it. All of these can come only with a firm, devout conviction that God chose for him his work, and meant for him to find his spiritual education there. Doing all these, in every department of his life, with the single intention that the love of God which is already in him may pervade and possess these regions of his activity, is he not cultivating his own spirituality? Are not these the best methods of promoting spiritual life?

I dwell upon such thoughts as these because they seem to me to indicate the truly human method of seeking for spiritual growth. Do not catch me up upon the word. I mean the method which God has suited to the nature of His human creatures. It goes back for the warrant of spirituality to that first fact of humanity that, in the image of God, God created man. Starting with the intrinsic capacity of man to receive the life of God, all spiritual growth consists in the more and more complete reception of that life. For its reception the total nature must be opened to its widest. That nature is related to the world around it, to the tasks and pleasures which offer themselves on every side. In the exercise of these relations from low and wicked motive it is opened to low and wicked life. In the exercise of these same relations from high and spiritual motive it is opened to high and spiritual life. That is the simple argument. In two words, it conceives of the spiritual vitality as educated primarily in the spiritual exercise of the ordinary relationship between a man and the world in which he lives, and as exhibiting its results in the regeneration and purification of the essential qualities of humanity. I called it the human method. It stands apart from two other great conceptions of the promotion of the spiritual life. It is different from mysticism on the one hand, and from ceremonialism on the other.

The mystic, in all his varieties, thinks of holiness as something to be cultivated not by the contacts of life, but by the pure contemplation of God, and the deeper and deeper realization of certain sacred relations between the soul and Him; and he looks for the manifestations of holiness in certain theosophic consciousnesses and conditions of soul, quite separate in kind from the peculiar movements of our human nature. The ceremonialist sees the true culture of holiness in certain specified acts, in obediences which are technical and arbitrary, and looks for the result of religion in some forms of professionally religious life. The Quaker, disowning sacraments altogether, and the devotee, seeing in the sacraments acts not simply representative of, but quite distinct from, the dependences and obediences of common daily life—these are the types. One with his devotion to the inner experience, the other with his consecration to the outward exercise; both have departed from this human conception of spiritual methods. One makes religion meditation, the other makes religion discipline—asceticism, in the meaning that is indicated by its derivation. But religion is more than either: it is life.

The mystic and the ceremonialist indeed are in us all. There is no perfect education that has not both these elements in it. All life opens into the machinery of ceremony below, and into the abstractness of mysticism above; but the ordinary, healthful, life-giving processes of the world go on, neither underground nor in the clouds, but on the earth in the light of day, and on the solid soil. So, all men who live the full life will have their hours of mystical experience, and will sometimes invoke the aid of arbitrary disciplines; but their real culture will be in the daily duties of their lives, and will show its result in the deepening and strengthening of those primary qualities of humanity which all men recognize and honor.

I cannot read the life of Jesus without feeling that it

was to this human culture of the spiritual life that He was always leading. This was His constant struggle with Pharisee and Sadducee. Against the ceremonialist, who would have asked the proof of His holiness in punctilious obedience to the law of Moses, and the mystic, who would have demanded of Him utter separation from the things of sense, He came eating and drinking, and pointed for the proof of His mission to works of mercy and the daily intercourses of love. He asked men to own Him as their Lord, because He showed in their divine completeness the qualities, and filled with divine perfectness the relations, of humanity. That was the power of the Incarnation. He appealed directly to the human heart to understand Him, with its native perceptions quickened by His presence. "Have I been so long with you, and hast thou not known Me, Philip?" The testimony of holiness was to be in deepened humility, patience, truthfulness, love, the old primeval human graces. The Christian was to be the perfect man, wrought into the image of God again through the obedience of the Son of Man. That was Christ's power; and the Bible, again and again, takes the same tone, and makes the process of redemption to be the regeneration of man into his true self by the faithful use and treatment of the world in the obedience and love of God. Every perversion of practical religion has been by the loss of the idea of this human culture in one or other of the two directions of which I have spoken.

Let me point out what seem to me to be some of the benefits which come from as complete an association as possible between the processes of spiritual growth and the natural duties and relationships of human life; from the human culture of holiness by life, as distinct from the mystic culture by meditation and self-consciousness, and the ceremonial culture by discipline and formal rites.

First, think of its continuity. In all artificial religious-

ness, all that is not bound to life, educated through life, and uttering itself in life, there are gaps and breaks. It is the sadness of every Christian experience; the loveless times between the moments of ecstatic apprehension; the total secularness between the points of religious performance. One of two things must come: either that terrible separation between the religious and the secular regions of our life, which is the ordinary condition of religious people, or the hopeless attempt to narrow the life down to that limited range of feeling or behavior in which alone is any chance of religion contemplated. The Spirit of God, expected only at certain seasons and by certain doors, finds sometimes those doors closed, and no welcome waiting Him at any other. It is only when we know that any door capable of admitting any influence may admit the blessed influence of God, only then can we be hopeful of keeping the breadth and variety of life, and at the same time of always receiving the culture and the grace of God. Let only the western shutters be open, and we shall only see the setting sun. Let all the windows be unclosed and expectant, and from sunrise round to sunset there shall be no interval in the unbroken light. The sun, in the course of the day, will look into them all.

And again, with this vital or human culture of holiness there belongs the thought of the variety of the spiritual life: first its variety in the individual experience, and then the variety among the differing lives of various Christians. We have all read the biographies of mystics and ascetics, and felt how monotonous they were; and then we have read the story of some human Christian, whose holiness was trained through the activities of a busy life, and uttered itself in the deepened and purified human qualities, and how varied that seemed, what play and movement there was in it. The pietist's contemplations and the ceremonialist's rites are the same from day

to day, and in all men. They lose the rich, personal, rare, and true distinctions of mankind. Their methods of saint-hood give to-day no new character beyond yesterday, and the nineteenth century no difference from the fourteenth. But if religion be cultivated in the doing of our utterly different works, and declare itself in the renewal of each man's own personality, then every man and every age will utter the spiritual life in some vernacular and color of its own; and each will bear witness of itself that it is Christ's, by the way in which Christ has emphasized its special character.

And again, by becoming more bound in with human life the spiritual culture becomes more intelligible, and so more influential to the world around us. Our devotion, like our doctrine, seems utterly incomprehensible to half the men we meet. It seems to be perfectly technical—the thing for people of a certain make, as music is for men with ears for harmony, and painting is for men with eyes for color. There is hardly anything more trying to the Christian sense than the phrase "the religious public," as describing one set or section of the community. What could interpret this unknown life to men? Nothing so strongly as a really human way of cultivating and living it upon the part of those other men who are called Christians. To see that you are growing holy through contact with the same things that make them wicked, and that by being holy you bring to their true depth and luster those qualities which, faded and dull, they honor still among themselves, that is the strongest influence which can go forth from you to make your brethren rise up and go with you to God.

But, perhaps, most of all it is the reality of the great life-culture of holiness that gives it its value. The spiritual experience grows so unreal to us. The earthly things we seek stand out so sharp and clear. The heavenly

things are so intangible and vague. It is not enough to point to the weakness of our spiritual nature. There is something wrong about our method, that to us, laymen and ministers, the dear and solemn things of God so often seem vague and intangible. Is it not largely that religion stands so far apart from life, that the methods of spiritual growth do not seem to lie in these common things and tasks of every day, and that the fruits of spiritual life—joy, peace, righteousness—do not seem to be the perfection of, but something quite of another kind from, the joy and peace and righteousness with which we are familiar among men?

What is this world for, and what are these human relationships trying to do? Let me say, very earnestly, that that is the question which has underlain a very large part of the difficulties with which we have dealt this week. It is the sense that that question is not answered in our churches; that the Church is not set forth to be the ideal of human being, which keeps the masses from our ministry. It is the consciousness that the Christian life which they are expected to proclaim and train is artificial and unhuman that keeps many noble young men from our ministry. It is a technicalness creeping up from our fundamental conceptions of religion into our tunes and hymns that paralyzes our Church music. Nothing but a forgetfulness of the largeness of the ideal Christianity as a world-embracing power could have bred the vices or the dangers of our Church government. All the narrow limitations of the great preaching power have their deepest root in some mechanical, unhuman notion of religious life. Out of this have come the false and superstitious notions of the Bible which complicate the question of revision. And, remembering the discussions of this morning, it becomes us most seriously to inquire whether the Christian's frequent forgetfulness of the true purpose of this

earth and all the relations that grow out of it, as the ministers of the spiritual culture of humanity—his failure to claim for it its profoundest relations to his soul and God—has not had much to do with the startling agitation of the question whether the earth has a purpose, and beyond this, whether that soul and that God, which claimed so little from and laid so little hold upon the great clear world and its relationships, were more themselves than dreams.

The family, the social life, the school, the shop—we dread and deplore the godlessness that often seems to be taking possession of them. But has it no connection with the neglect or the refusal of religious men to see in them the true culture places of their profoundest piety, and with their unwillingness thoughtfully to ask if the religion which conceives of itself as an aggregate of such qualities as these places have no education for, is not erroneously, imperfectly conceiving of itself? The home, school, and shop must be here on the fairest hillsides and plains of the world for something. If we will not claim them for their best use, and by our use of them exalt them to their best explanations, we need not wonder at the low and godless explanations which men give of them. When we are willing to see in them the ministrations of God; when men, asking us for the means of grace, are pointed, first of all, to the duties and relations of their lives as the places where they will meet God, where they will find the deepest experiences, conviction of sin, utter humility, the need of Christ, and the ideal of holiness—then how the dead earth and all that is upon it will glow with a fire that no materialism can quench. Till then, so long as we fail to use the world for spiritual culture, no wonder it be dead; and who cares whether the dead thing sprang from the hand of a creator or took shape out of chaos by a force as dead as itself?

The final spiritual state of man is pictured as a heavenly city, a place of thousand relationships springing out of his human nature. The training-place of his spiritual life must be a city, a place of many relationships as well. And the soul touched by God must hear what Paul heard: "Go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou shalt do."

Continuity, variety, influence, reality—these are the things after which our spiritual life is hungering and thirsting. To grow spasmodic, monotonous, uninfluential, unreal, is not this the familiar death of the spiritual life that saddens many a closet and many a church?

I know full well the shallow look which may be given to all that I have said. I know that I may have seemed to set forth a superficial gospel of activity and work, too thin to hold any of the deep joys or sorrows, the infinite fears and hopes of the human heart touched by the finger and slowly moving on into the life and peace of God. But I have not meant that, and I do not think that I have said it. I have not said superficially that to labor is to pray. Prayer lies behind all; but I am sure that by the finite act of labor the infinite act of prayer is helped to its completeness, as the soul grows by the body's ministries to its perfect life. Labor which is conscious of ministering to prayer—that is, of giving the soul deeper perceptions of God and of itself—grows proud of and rich in its mission. It catches much of the loftiness of prayer itself. It goes enthusiastically and buoyantly upon its way, sowing the spiritual life, as the disciples went up the road to Sychar to buy bread for Jesus while He sat waiting by the well.

It is evident enough that for such a method of promoting spiritual life as I have dwelt upon there is no set of rules to be put forth. No manual of devotion and no practice of any drill will bring about that healthy relation to all life which shall make it all minister to godliness.

Faithfulness in the work of men for the fear and love of God—what rules can one give for that except the rule of ceaseless vigilance and perfect humility? But this is evident, that if the Church in every age had bound the outward life to the inward experience, and declared righteousness to be the true culture of faith, she would have been wiser than she often has been for her children's spiritual life. And it is evident, too, that any revival of religion which deals only with the emotional experiences or with ritual forms, and does not preach the culture of faith by righteousness, has not revived religion into perfect, permanent vitality. And it is evident, too, that any man seeking to be holy who does not set himself in close, live contact with the life about him stands in great danger of growing pious or punctilious instead of holy. No book or discipline that separates a man from human life truly cultivates his spirituality. The noblest book of devotion in our literature, the "Holy Living" of Jeremy Taylor, has its value here, that it is neither a rhapsody of mystical sentiment nor a directorium of religious behavior; but a simple, manly effort to bring the highest task to every spiritual motive and the highest spiritual motive to every task.

The man of the world, as we call him, has the tasks but not the spiritual motives. The Christian has the spiritual motives and is sometimes ready to think that that supersedes and makes unnecessary the task. There comes the strange unfaithfulness which we often see in earnest religious people, not the least often in ministers. But it is possible for the man full of God to meet the world full of God, and to find interpretations and revelations of his Master everywhere. The Christian finds the hand of Christ in everything, and by the faithful use of everything for Christ's sake he takes firm hold of that hand of Christ and is drawn nearer and nearer to Himself. That is, I think, the best method of promoting spiritual life.

THE TEACHING OF RELIGION.

(Divinity School of Yale University, February 28, 1878.)

A YEAR has passed away since I had the satisfaction of meeting you here before—a year in which we have all been busy in doing or preparing to do the work of the Christian ministry. At its close I come back to you with a deepened sense of what a privilege it is to be a preacher, and with a renewed pleasure and gratitude in being allowed to address those who are making ready to preach. I come at the kind invitation of your faculty to speak to you on the teaching of religion. But I want to say at once that I should not venture to come unless I might be allowed to stand in precisely the same position toward you in which I stood last year. I am no professor dealing wisely with the philosophy of a great subject; nor scholar to interpret to you its history. I am simply a working minister, ready and glad, if they care to listen, to tell those who are almost ministers how the problems of religious teaching have presented themselves to my experience. I rely entirely upon the sympathy of our common work. It is more in suggestions than in continuous and systematic treatise that I shall give you what I have to say, and I can only promise you in recompense for your courteous attention that I will tell you frankly and honestly just how the work of teaching religion has seemed to me as I have labored in it.

And we must begin with definitions which need not detain us very long. I am to speak about the teaching of

religion. What is religion? Religion I hold to be the life of man in gratitude and obedience and gradually developing likeness to God. There are no doubt more subtle definitions to be given, but that is the sum of it all, as it stands out in the experience of men. For a man to be religious is for him to be grateful to God for some mercy and goodness, to be obedient as the utterance of his gratitude, and to be shaped by the natural power of obedience into the likeness of the God whom he obeys. And the Christian religion—using the term not as the title for a scheme of truth but as the description of a character—the Christian religion is the life of man in gratitude and obedience and consequent growing likeness to God in Christ. A Christian, when I look to find the simplest definition of him which any thoughtful man can understand, is a man who is trying to serve Christ out of the grateful love of Christ, and who by his service of Christ is becoming Christ-like. It is not simply service, for service may be the mere slavery of fear, and that is superstition, not religion. It is not simply grateful love, for that may exhaust itself as a mere sentiment. It is gratitude assured by obedience, obedience uttering gratitude, and both together bearing witness of themselves and accomplishing their true result in character. The life of man in gratitude, obedience, and growing likeness to Jesus Christ, as simple as that let us make and keep the definition of the religion in which we live ourselves, to which we tempt, in which we try to instruct our fellow-men.

And now, upon this essential character of the religion which we wish to teach must depend, of course, the possibility and the way of teaching it. But notice first how out of vague or partial ideas about what religion is, there have grown up and have been always present among religious men various views about the possibility of teaching religion and the general method by which, if such teach-

ing were possible, it must proceed. Such views in general are four.

First, there is the disbeliever's view. I do not mean the man who disbelieves in religion, but the man who disbelieves in teaching it. Of the disbeliever in religion itself we can say nothing. He does not come in here. Of course he cannot believe in teaching that which is to him a fraud or a mistake. But there are many men, themselves religious, to whom it seems a full impossibility to teach religion. Many of such men are thoroughly devout and earnest souls. Sometimes, I think, the very intenseness of their personal experience makes it seem to them incapable of being shared. It seems as if every man's religion must come to him as theirs has come to them, direct from God Himself. In times like these of ours in which the institutional and traditional methods of religion are shattered and disturbed, there are many, I think, who, driven inward from the tumult and distress around them, realizing supremely the personalness of their own life with Christ, feeling how little they were led to it or upheld in it by any outward influence, distrust such outward influence for any man. There are parents who feel so about their children. "Let them be taught of God," says the devout father. "Let them find out for themselves," says the undevout father. "I cannot teach them," says each, "religion is unteachable. It is too personal. It is not like history or arithmetic. There is a notion of fate about it. The soul seems to be like the sea-shore rock at whose feet the tide is rising. No hand can bend the rock to drink the water. No hand can lift the water to the rock. Only the appointed time of the full tide can bring the two together."

I must not stop now to speak about this first conviction of despair. It would not certainly be hard to point out the fallacy of such an exaggeration of the personal respon-

sibility as would forbid any most kindly and sympathetic hand to help it see the task it has to do. It is like saying that you must not feed a child gratuitously because the full-grown man is bound to earn his own bread. The result is that he dies a baby.

But pass on and see what are the suggestions which come from various persons who do believe that religion is teachable, and who undertake to teach it. One man, one class of men, taking the intellectual idea which belongs preëminently to that word "teaching," think of religious teaching as something purely intellectual. It is the hard method of the hard sort of Protestantism. It is the method of the catechism and the doctrinal sermon. We shall come in a few minutes to the description of what part it has to play in the full religious teaching of a man. Notice now simply that it is partial, that it involves a very partial notion of what religion is. The idea that religion has been taught when certain truths have been imparted, that the church is a school-room in the narrowest sense, this idea, with the consequences that follow from it of the saving power of the tenure of right beliefs, was far more common once than it is now. It belongs to every era of confessions when special conditions lead to the making of minute creeds. The very dislike which this idea excites in some men's minds, the violence with which they rail against it, is one sign that it is passing away. There is a certain condition of the ocean which is neither storm nor calm. It shows that there has been a storm where we are sailing and that it is over. And there are persons who suffer more with seasickness there upon the dying swell of an old storm than when the fury of the gale is all about them. So there are many writers on religion who grow more excited over the honors or errors of some system of thought that is in decay than they do over the system which is vigorous and live around them. They are always

full of indignation about the shade or aspect of orthodoxy which is just passing out of sight. And you can tell that an idea is obsolescent when it begins to vigorously stir those men's dislike. So it is now with the abuse of purely dogmatic teaching which we often hear.

Next to the conception of religious teaching which thinks of it solely as the imparting of knowledge comes that which dwells entirely on the creation of feeling. This is the soft Protestant method as the other is the hard Protestant method. This is the method of the revivalist as the other is the method of the dogmatist. Two parish churches stand side by side in one of our great cities. In their pulpits are two men, both teachers of religion, both teachers of Christianity. In those churches are gathered two congregations, two bodies of men and women who have become assigned to those two churches by the curious, inexplicable, seemingly accidental processes which do decide at what table different men shall eat the bread of life. In those two churches two distinctly different works are going on. In one, week after week, year after year, men are being taught certain ideas as if the work for which the church was built was done when they had learned them. In the other, week after week, year after year, men are being stirred up to feel certain feelings as if the work was done when they had felt them. Two Christian parents training their children, two Sunday-school teachers teaching their classes, two missionaries going out to India—everywhere there are these two conceptions, the intellectual and the emotional, side by side.

And then another. With his eye fixed peculiarly on action, looking supremely at the outward life, more or less clear in his perceptions of its strong and subtle relations with the unseen but always cognizant first of that which is seen, comes the third teacher. To him the teaching of religion means the government of action. His method is

drill. No longer the lecture-room or the prayer-meeting, but now the practical sermon, the confessional, the scene of spiritual directorship, where one man tells another man just what he ought to do. You see how far we have come now from him whom we saw first so cognizant of the personal rights and privileges of his brother's soul that he thought it impossible for man to teach his fellow-man religion at all. We have come now to another man who does not scruple to take the delicate machinery of his brother's life into his meddlesome hands and move it as he thinks he has learned from his own experience that human lives were made to move. Each successive method has invaded a little more the personality of the scholar with the personality of the teacher than the one that went before it. You overwhelm a man more when you flood him with your emotion than when you enlighten him with your wisdom. But you claim him most completely away from himself when you give him a law and say, "Do this," "Do that," neither showing him the deep reason nor firing him with the warm impulse for doing it.

These are the various conceptions which men have of what it is to teach religion. I must pass by the idea of those who think that it is totally impossible, though I venture to hope that it may come out as we go along how even their supreme and often beautiful regard for the separate personal rights of every soul is wholly consistent with what we shall find that the teaching of religion really is. But take only the three who do believe that it is possible and who attempt it in their various ways. They stand everywhere side by side. The dogmatist, the revivalist, and the ecclesiastic, as we may freely call them. One trying to teach religion as truth, another trying to excite religion as feeling, and another trying to enforce religion as law or drill. There is no age where all three efforts are not all at work; though every age has its pref-

erence and stamps itself with some peculiar character, is supremely dogmatic or emotional or legal. There is no church which, however it may be known by the one spirit, has not the others present in it in some less degree. They so belong together that they never can be wholly separated. And yet they are always getting out of perfect harmony and union, and the faults and failures of the teaching of religion come of the partial conceptions of what religion is, of its conception either as simply truth, or as simply emotion, or as simply law.

And what is religion? We come back once more to our definition: "Religion is the life of man in gratitude and obedience and consequent growing likeness to Jesus Christ." Now see how out of each of these words a line starts out and runs to something behind itself, and see how all those lines meet in a *person*, Jesus Christ—"gratitude to," "obedience to," "likeness to *Jesus Christ*." Gratitude, obedience, resemblance—these are the windows through which the personality of Jesus Christ comes to the personality of men. After all, then, our definition of religion is but a description of means and processes. There is something yet more essential, that to which the means minister, that for which they exist. The purpose at least of the awakening of gratitude and obedience is the bringing of Christ to men. Religion, the Christian religion—once again to give it a simpler because a profounder definition—is the life of Christ in the life of man, and the teaching of religion, of the Christian religion, in its largest statement, is the bringing of the life of Christ into the life of man.

I speak from the point of view not of theory, but of practice. I speak as a working minister who has sought, as every working minister must seek, for some conception of his work which should most completely cover all of its demands and most constantly summon all his powers to

do it. Every man in every work needs some such controlling idea under which all details of method can be harmonized. It keeps the largeness of a man's labor. It saves him from the danger of first thinking there is only one way to do his work, and then narrowing his work to the possibilities of that single method. And now what is this primary comprehensive conception of the religious teacher's work which grows in the mind of the Christian minister through many years of work? I answer without hesitation. It is the personal conception. It is the notion that his task consists in bringing the personal Christ to the personal human nature, to the human soul. I am sure that the highest delight and the highest effect of a man's preaching comes just in the degree in which all the circumstances of his work—first its great perpetual departments, the instruction in doctrine, the awakening of feeling, the enforcement of law; and then all its minute details, the methods of preaching, the habits of study, the ways of parish government, the relationships to individuals—all find their dignity, their interpretation, their urgency, and their harmony with one another, by being included in one simple conception of the total mission of the preacher which is never lost and never allowed to grow dim, the conception of a personal introduction of person to person, of the teacher by every means in his power making real and influential the personality of Jesus Christ upon the personalities of the men whom he is teaching. Forgive me if I dwell on this, and try, by mere reiteration, to make you feel how important it seems to me. It is what I have come here to urge upon you. It is what to me makes the whole secret of a happy, earnest, and successful ministry. The minister who has reached and holds always the simplest picture of what his ministry means, that he is to make the personal Christ known to men, in the same way, in the same sense, only with

infinitely more of responsibility and joy than that with which one man makes his brother know another man who has helped him and who he knows may help them both; the minister to whom this picture of his work in life is always clear, to whom all the duties and circumstances of his ministry play within this picture, giving it vividness, but never making it confused and dim—he is the preacher in every land, in every age, who really teaches men religion. It is that picture lying distinct in the preacher's mind that gives to many a sermon which seems most abstract its vividness and power. It is the absence of that picture that weakens and scatters the force of the ministry of many an able and earnest man, and makes his careful arguments wearisome, and his impassioned appeals like so much very distant thunder.

Look at the ministry of the Lord Himself, and see how clear this is. Jesus preached Himself, not in the secondary, modern sense of giving definitions of His nature, and theories of His history; He set His self before men and bid them feel the power that came out from Him to all who were receptive with that personal receptiveness which He called *faith*. All that was dimly but majestically real to men in what they knew of God's personal creatorship and personal governorship of the world, all that was familiar to them in their daily domestic experience of friendship, all this came to its clear and consummate exhibition when Jesus stood forth on that pedestal of Jewish life which seemed so obscure, and has proved to be so high, and uttered those sublime personal announcements of himself: "I am the Light of the world;" "I am the Bread of Life;" "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life;" "Come unto Me." We wonder sometimes at what there is in Christianity which there is not in the four Gospels. What is the difference between our Christianity and that of Christ's disciples? Doctrines, types of feeling,

standards of conduct, made tests of Christian life to such degree that it seems almost certain that the Apostles of Jesus, for all that we know of them in the Gospels, could only dubiously and by a stretch of charity be admitted as members of an evangelical church in America to-day. But the main difference is not in what has been added but in what has been lost. It is the weakening and dimming of the personal picture of the Gospels, with the consequent loss of the idea of loyalty as the test of Christian condition, that has allowed the doctrinal, the emotional, and the legal aspects of Christian life, which all have their place within the personal idea, and, under it, live in absolute harmony, to come up into a prominence and often into a conflict which is nowhere in the Gospels.

And when we pass outside the Gospels, when we come to the earliest Christian teachers, St. Peter, St. Stephen, St. Paul, the same character is there as clear as possible. They declare truth, they appeal to feeling, they challenge the conscience, they play on the whole range of human nature, but always everything is within the circuit and comprehension of the friendship, the mastery, the brotherhood of Jesus Christ. It is always the "simplicity that is in Christ" that blends the multiplicity which is in Christian teaching. The range and freedom of thought, emotion, action, is secured by the perpetual assured preëminence of the personal Christ. It is where the Spirit of the Lord is that there is liberty. Back and forth over land and ocean, up and down from beggar to prince, from prince to beggar, they go, telling men of Jesus and summing up all their appeals in that one exhortation which no amount of cant and vulgar ignorance has ever yet succeeded in robbing of its fine and beautiful attraction, "Come to Him," "Come to Jesus."

It would be interesting to trace the history of the teaching of Christianity and see how it pales or brightens ac-

cording as this personal character of it all is obscure or vivid. That I must not undertake to do, but all the history of preaching would sustain the truth of the essentialness of this personal element in Christianity. Indeed, the peculiar feeling with which in the best days of the ministry Christian people have regarded their ministers, so different from that with which the superstitious savage honors the priest he fears, or that with which the scholar regards the teacher to whom he listens, that confidence blending respect and love which, so far as I know, is unlike what any other disciple has for any other teacher through the world—this seems to me to be one indication of the personalness of the religion which the minister teaches. He who brings me a truth has himself something of the sacredness of the truth he brings. He who kindles a feeling must always have something of the brightness or the sadness of the emotion he excites. He who enforces duty must have some of the dignity of the task which he declares. But he who makes me know a gracious and great Person who is to me thenceforth truth, love, and law together, has something of the mystery and dearness and infiniteness of the Person whom he has made me know. And this has made the singular power which has belonged, among all true ministries of men to men, to the ministry of the Incarnation and the Cross. I am sure, if we could trace it, that the degree of the best feeling of various people toward various ministers would correspond very exactly with the degree to which those different ministers realized themselves, and made real to their people the first great truth of Christianity, that Christianity is Christ.

If you have this in your ministry, my friends, your ministry must be strong, whether its strength be of a sort that men will recognize and praise or not. Without this, it cannot be strong, however rigid or however persuasive it may seem. It is the necessity of the preacher's work that

it should know its best motive. In all works it is good, in ours it is essential. A man will dig his ditch better if he knows and cares for the great plan of giving the thirsty city water. Still, he *can* dig his ditch for his dollar a day. But a man cannot really preach at all unless he knows why he preaches, unless he is in some degree eager to make men know the Christ whom he knows.

I have dwelt long on this general first truth, because it is essential to all that I have to say. Indeed, I am not sure but it is all that I have to say. But now let us go back again. We saw the different views which different men took of the whole work of teaching religion. One class of men believed that it was impossible; another class comprehended it all in the teaching of doctrine; another in the excitement of emotion; another in the regulation of life. The skeptic, the dogmatist, the revivalist, and the ecclesiastic or the legalist—these are the four. And now we want to see what effect it will have upon each of them if what we have seen to be the true character of Christian teaching, the bringing of Christ to men and of men to Christ, be wholly recognized.

It certainly must touch the skepticism of those who, religious themselves, doubt whether it is possible in the nature of things for one man to really teach another man religion. That doubt, as I pointed out, comes from the strong sense of individuality in the way in which the believer holds his Christian truth, and from the respectful regard in which a man who honors his own individuality holds also the individuality of others. These are its best motives. I think it is impossible for any man to be earnest and thoughtful to-day and not feel their force. I think there can be no more interesting condition, no condition in some ways more painful to behold, than that in which many very true and noble people in our day are standing. They are believers. Their belief is everything

to them. They would do anything, give anything, to make their brethren share their belief. But the very earnestness of their belief makes them feel the distinctiveness of their faith. It seems, as it indeed is true, that no other believer ever believed just as they do. The doctrines are to them different from any definitions they have ever read; they have heard from no other penitent of a repentance, from no other forgiven soul of a rapture, that exactly matches what they have felt. And duty is to them something peculiar, and their own, struck out from the contact of their own character, full of its own needs and temptations, against this, their own world. No wonder they are puzzled. How can they teach another? How can they bid them believe and feel and act as they do when they seem to believe and act and do like no other soul? I think that these are questions that haunt many a pulpit. I think that in them there must lie the explanation of what puzzles us so often, the sight of a minister of deep, true, characteristic personal religion who preaches empty commonplaces. He does not expect these men and women to be just the Christians that he is, and no other type of Christianity has any reality to him. Must it not save this man if he can clearly, strongly comprehend that the essence of Christian character is loyalty to a personal Christ? When he cannot bring men to his doctrine and say, "Believe just that," nor to his emotional experience and say, "Feel just that," nor to his way of living and say, "Live just so," he can still bring them to Christ and Christ to them and say, "Love Him," and look to see them know Him, feel Him, obey Him as He shall lead them. He does not disown or dishonor his own individuality, nor does he invade and overpower theirs when he does that. He teaches them that religion which he knows belongs to him and them alike, and yet he satisfies himself and honors them by more than readiness, by a sincere

desire that Christ shall make it theirs for them as He has made it his for him.

And now we have to ask how, with this fundamental conception of Christianity always in mind, we shall deal with the three ideas of those who *do* believe that it is possible to teach religion. Religion as doctrine, as feeling, and as law—those were the three ideas. The difficulty with them, as we saw, lay in their separation. The true, complete religious teaching, that which you and I as ministers are arriving at, comprehends them all. And this unity of what is so often separated is secured by the presence behind them all of that which is greater than either of them, as the purpose is always greater than the means, the personal idea of Christianity. When doctrine, emotion, and conduct cease to be counted as valuable for themselves and are valued as the avenues through which Christ, the personal Christ, may come to the souls that He is seeking to renew, then each of them is rightly understood in itself and comes into its true harmony and union with the others.

In what is left of this lecture I want to speak of the teaching of doctrine as a means by which the soul of man may be brought to know Christ.

I have before defined doctrine as truth considered with reference to its being taught, and the taught truth about any person or any thing is like a glass through which that person or thing is to be seen. Two things are necessary: one is that the glass should be clean and pure; the other is that it should be held in the right place at the right angle, squarely between the man who is to see and the person or thing which is to be seen. And these two things are necessary about doctrine—these two things are to be studied by every man whose business it is to teach truth about God: one is that the truth which he teaches should be purely, simply true; the other is that it should be

properly presented, held squarely between the eye of the man and God, so that the eye of man shall see God through the truth about Him. If the truth be held aslant you *see the truth*, and not God *through* the truth, as, if a sheet of glass is held not squarely between you and a picture, you see the glass, and not the picture through the glass.

Among the teachers of truth there seem to me to be two tendencies, both of which, so far as they are indulged, interfere with this primary and fundamental purpose for which truth is taught at all. There are two classes of preachers: one, of those who disregard the first of the necessities, the *cleanness* of the glass; the other, of those who forget the second of the two necessities, the right *position* of the glass. There are both kinds to-day, and the young preacher finds himself sorely puzzled among them. One kind of preacher simply insists that the statement of truth shall be self-consistent, that it shall be absolutely a perfect system as far as he can make it. The other is perpetually trying to modify and pare down truth to meet men's wants as shown in their demands. I suppose that in all times there have been these two kinds of teachers, and that always the question of how far truth was to be adapted to men in its selection and in its forms of presentation has been one that has been answered in part according to the different temperaments of different men, and that has given continual anxiety to anxious, conscientious teachers.

But yet some answer to the question is not hard. No most earnest and affectionate desire to make Christ dear to men can justify us in saying anything which we do not hold to be absolutely and purely true concerning Him, in changing, or, as we dare to say sometimes, "softening" the truth about Him. The best safeguard against that tendency is the profound conviction, wrought out and

wrought into us by our own experience of Christ's work for our souls, that Christ is perfectly what the human soul needs, that if He only reaches it, He must save it with complete salvation. The more thoroughly I honor and love a picture the more I shall be above any temptation to put any color into the glass which I hold before it; the more I shall revolt against any suggestion that I may soften or brighten its colors to make men like it more. I trust the thing which I completely love. The only real assurance against unreal, fantastic, sensational, indulgent teaching about Christ is in the teacher's own complete conviction, from his own experience, of the perfection and sufficiency of Christ, just as Christ is.

No doubt, in times like these, when men's power of believing seems to be weak and sickly, many a preacher with the purest motive feels a desire to make the truth he has to tell and ask men to believe as easy as he can. He thinks he must not quench the smoking flax, nor break the reed that is already sorely bruised. But, not to speak of the essential restraint which there must always be on such an impulse, that, if the truth we utter is not wholly true, it will not be really Christ that men see through it, and so the power of it all which is in Christ will be so far lost, there is another conviction which grows strong as we watch preachers and congregations. It is that men are not won by making belief seem easy, nor are men alienated by the hardness of belief, provided only that the hardness seems to be something naturally belonging to the truth, and not something gratuitously added to it. Indeed, the natural history of belief would seem to show that men at large are fascinated rather than repelled by difficulty. *Credo quia impossibile* is the expression of no rare experience. It is the religion of most demands that have most ruled the world. The easy faiths have been the weak faiths. Men like to feel heroic in their faith;

and always it has been easier to excite fanaticism than to build up a quiet, reasonable belief. It would be a wretched falsehood, and one which would no doubt defeat itself if a preacher tried to take advantage of this fact of human nature; but it may at least come in to help us to resist the disposition to omit or soften truths in order that men may receive the truth more easily. The hope of a large general belief in Christian truth, more general than any that any past age has witnessed, does, no doubt, involve a more reasonable and spiritual presentation of it than the past has seen, but it will never be attained by making truth meager. The Christ whom the world shall at last believe in will be the whole Christ, seen through all the depth of all His truth.

And yet, no doubt, there is something real and pressing in the cry which we hear everywhere for the curtailing of doctrine. It is very ignorant and blind. The minister must find out what it means more wisely than it knows itself. If he takes it at its word and tries to satisfy it by making doctrine slight and easy, he will, as I have said, defeat his own well-meant but foolish effort. It seems to me that what he really is to hear in it underneath the mistaken expression of itself which it makes is a great general desire to reach the more spiritual meaning of truths whose presentation has grown unspiritual. Not easiness nor hardness of belief is what men really want in what they are taught, but *truth*, whether it be hard or easy. Not greater ease is what we are to seek in order to conciliate more belief, but more spirituality, which means more truth. For instance, when men cry out against the teaching of an everlasting hell to which they have long listened, nothing could be more mistaken than to try to win their faith by a mere sweeping aside of the whole truth of retribution; nothing could be more futile than to try to make them believe in God by stripping the

God we offer them of His divine attributes of judgment and discrimination. But if there comes, as there must come, out of the tumult a deeper sense of the essential, the eternal connection between character and destiny; if men looking deeper into spiritual life are taught to see that the wrath of God and the love of God are not contradictory but the inseparable utterances of the one same nature; if punishment be fastened close to sin as the shadow to the substance, able to go, *certain* to go, where sin can go *and nowhere else*—then the tumult will bring a peace of deeper and completer faith. But surely it will not be easier for a man to believe the new and deep than the old crude doctrine. It will lay an even deeper and more awful burden on his conscience. It will make life more and not less solemn, when men come to see and feel the punishment *in* the sin than when they listened for the threats of punishment as men at sea listen for the breakers on the shore while they are sailing in smooth waters, which give them no intimation of how far away or near the breakers are. Men really serious, men in a condition where they are capable of being taught religion, do not *dread*, they *want* to find life solemn. They will turn aside from any teaching which fritters its solemnity away. Only it must be the solemnity of a present God who speaks to their spiritual understanding, not the solemnity of ghosts who haunt and scare them with incoherent cries, whose threatening they do not see how to escape, and whose beckoning fingers they do not see how to follow.

I turn to another point in which the teaching of Christianity as doctrine is helped by the clear sight and constant recollection of our first principle, that the object of all the teaching is to bring Christ to men. It will direct us in our choice of the truth that we shall teach. It will inspire truth with timeliness. For, after all, all divine truth is one. What we call different truths are different

aspects of the truth. They are the different ways in which we hold the glass between man and the Christ whom we want him to see. Now when a man comes to me and says, "Why do you not preach this truth more?" and I reply to him, "Why should I?" and he answers, "Because it is a truth which many men are denying and many other men are forgetting," I venture to think that he has not given me a satisfactory or sufficient reason. It may be that I ought to preach that truth, but his reason is not enough to make me think I ought. It may very possibly be that the fact to which he points me, that it is a truth on which the minds of men are careless now, may prove that it is not the truth for me to preach just now. It may be true, but not the truth which men are needing now. The instinct with which men have turned away from it just at the present moment may be a healthy instinct; certainly the disposition which some preachers have always shown to decide what truths they ought most to emphasize by seeing what truths the people most disliked to hear cannot be sensible or sound. It is firing your shot where the ranks of the enemy are thinnest. Nor can the desire to preserve the symmetry of truth, to rekindle in the great circle of doctrines those lights which for the moment are burning dim, furnish you a safe and sufficient rule. That desire has been the secret of the weakness of many a conscientious, able, and wholly ineffective ministry.

But, on the other hand, it is quite as true under our definition of what it is to teach religion that the mere desire of people that a certain truth should be *magnified* cannot be taken as a certain indication that it is the truth for us to preach. I do believe that it is a better indication than the other. I would rather be guided, on the whole, by what the people want to hear than by what the people hate to hear. But neither is a worthy guide for a

man who is a student of humanity and a servant of Christ, bringing the two together. If I am trying to bring the seed and the ground together, I shall be sure that the time to sow the seed must be when the ground is soft and welcomes it, and not when it is hard and refuses it. But I shall know that it is possible for the ground to be too soft as well as for it to be too hard for the seed's best reception; and so the people's desire for the preaching of a certain truth may indicate not a healthy sense of need, but a morbid craving. They may want to hear about it just because it is antiquated and unpractical and does not trouble their consciences, and can be treated purely as a subject of curiosity and speculation. Its attraction for them may be like the unnatural sweetness of an apple which has been frozen and is no longer nutritious. This applies to the whole question of the minister's relation to those strange outbreaks of interest in some special doctrine which are so frequent and sometimes seem so unaccountable. Such outbreaks are not so unaccountable as they appear; if they are not factitious, if they come naturally, without sensational intention, they are only the breaking out of a fire which has been brewing under the crust at some point where the crust is thinnest. But it may well be questioned whether the moment of such sudden interest in some great truth of Christianity is the moment when the preacher can best preach upon it. There is much, I know, to make men think it is. That interest which it is often so hard to stir is stirred already. Men are eager to listen. Every newspaper stimulates their interest. Every platform speech is seasoned with the theological controversy of the hour. Boys sell tracts and sermons along with the journals of the day. Doctrinal novelettes shine in the monthly magazines, and stately symposia sit in the solemn banquet-chambers of the quarterlies. Of the preacher's duty in connection

with such times there are two things to say. First, this: he must decide his duty by the great, final object of his ministry. If the object of his ministry is a large congregation, here is the time, here is the way to get it. If the object of his ministry is to impress his ideas about eternal punishment or any other topic upon the people, probably there could be no better time than this. If the object of his ministry is to show God to men, the danger is that an intense interest in some one side, the magnitude of some one bit of truth, will distort the medium through which he shows Him. If you will forgive me for returning once more to the figure which I used, the danger is lest if some one component of the glass be in undue proportion, the glass shall be muddy and show its own muddiness instead of the picture that it is trying to display. And the second thing is this: if a preacher sees it right to take advantage of a temporary interest in some religious truth and make that truth his topic, he is bound to treat it always with reference to the great purpose of his preaching. If he preaches about everlasting punishment, he is bound to let men see, to *make* men see, that whether the wicked are to be everlastingly punished or not, at least the gospel, the good news, cannot be the tidings that they are, and that to represent the Christian faith as consisting in a right belief as to what will be done to men if they are wicked, and not a clear sight of the regenerating grace by which the vilest sinner may become good, is to misrepresent it and dishonor it.

It seems to me as if, were I a layman in the days when some doctrine had got loose as it were into the wind and was being blown across the common and up and down the streets, I should go to church on Sunday, not wanting my minister to give me an oracular answer to all the questions which had been started about it, which I should not believe if he did give it, but hoping that out of his

sermon I might refresh my knowledge of Christ, get Him, His nature, His work, and His desires for me once more clear before me, and go out more ready to see this disputed truth of the moment in His light and as an utterance of Him.

I do not plead for shirking. Incidentally it may be wise to declare yourself upon the question of the hour just in order that your people may know that you are frank and have nothing to conceal from them. If a preacher holds anything to be true and knows that his people think he is unwilling to speak his mind upon that point, he had better preach on it next Sunday morning. But that is incidental; that is to assure their confidence in him and make them trust his honesty whenever he shall speak to them. But whether that is the best moment to show them Christ through that especial truth is quite another question.

And here comes in another point, our duty with regard to religious controversy. It seems to me that controversy which has in it any element of bitterness or personal antagonism is like war, a necessary evil in an imperfect state of things, whose worst harm is only to be obviated by its being continually remembered that it is not the ideal method of religious life and progress. I dare not wish that all the great controversial voices of the past or of the present could be silenced, any more than I could desire that all the great warriors of history could be swept off the pedestals where the admiration of mankind has set them. I may feel my heart beat faster at the challenge of a disputant as I may own to the thrill of the bugle and the enthusiasm of the flag, and yet all the while I may feel sure that there is a higher way for the soul of man to reach truth than by fighting over it, as the general himself leading his army into battle may own that the perfect condition of man shall be peace, not war, and pray

for peace through the smoke and thunder of the war that he delights in now. Controversy is a means. The end is greater than the means. The end is always claiming for itself purer and more perfect means. Controversy conducted with real reference to God and man, with a real wish to make God more real to man and man more near to God, may be legitimate, may be a duty, like war that is truly carried on for the advance of civilization. But the moment that controversy is waged for its own sake, the moment that it is asserted as a duty, and any preacher is reproached because he loves to build up truth more than to beat down error, it becomes like a mere war of spite or conquest, which is always hideous. But there are conditions of the public mind when a man has to set his face against and steadfastly resist the summons to such controversies. There are times that make artificial sins and artificial heresies, lest they should find no enemies to fight with. It is bad to cry, "Peace, peace!" when there is no peace. It is just as bad, in some ways it is worse, to cry, "War, war!" when there is no war.

In general, the terrors of bad doctrine cannot be made the safeguard of truth, any more than the terrors of sin can be made the safeguard of righteousness. Terror has its place in the teaching of religion as in the government of life, but it is always preliminary, always arousing and awaking only, never creative. You do not plant a field by pulling out the rocks. You only make it fit for planting. You do not make a man believe truth by making him disbelieve error. That is where the danger of all the controversialists has always lain.

There remain some points of detail in the preacher's work of which I wish to speak in connection with the relation of doctrine to the fundamental purpose of religious teaching, which is the showing of Christ to men. I must allude to them very briefly. The first is the duty

which the preacher feels to take advantage, not merely of certain conditions of the public mind, but also of certain conditions of individuals to impress the truth he has to teach. A man is softened by sickness or bereavement; some shock has broken down his confidence in life and in himself. You or I as his minister go to help him if we can. It is a God-given opportunity. But everything depends on how we go, on how, in going, we conceive of what we have to do; if we go thinking that now is a good time to make this crushed and frightened man accept our doctrine, our visit is a failure. He either throws us off indignantly or wearily, or else he takes our doctrine in some narrow form, and forever after holds it in some special way in which he happened to take refuge in it in his exigency. But if you go simply desiring to get Christ and that soul together, that the soul may rest in Christ, that Christ may satisfy the soul, then your doctrine, not abstract but personal, becomes the declaration of the facts of Christ. Through the facts he lays hold of the Person, and however different afterward the facts may seem to him, the Person he will hold always with the intensity of gratitude. Many a man's religious life has suffered, as many another's has been blessed, by the fact that he became religious in some critical, exigent, exceptional hour of his life. Such hours are not good for learning doctrine, but they are good for laying hold on Christ. And according to whether the religion of a man converted in such an hour was of the first or second sort will be the harm or blessing.

The same is true of the preacher's attempt to suit his teaching to different classes in his congregation, to old and young, to men and women, to the ignorant and learned. Christ's doctrine is the same for all. Christ Himself touches each with its own needed help. He whose idea of Christianity stops short in doctrine will

weakly preach one truth to one class and another to another in his desire to suit them all. He who, behind and through doctrine, always feels Christ will tell the selfsame truth forever, and trust the endlessly adapted love of the Saviour to make it to each soul what that soul needs.

I find, too, in this principle the key to that much discussed institution, the Sunday-school. It is easy to praise our Sunday-schools, and easy to blame them. Just now I think the blame inclines to outrun the praise, and no doubt they have faults enough. But first of all, we must have some clear standard to judge them by, and that can come only from a clear idea about the nature of religious teaching. If to teach religion is primarily and fundamentally to impart knowledge, the schools are failures. With their limited time, their changing administration, their voluntary attendance, they must be failures. But if the teaching of religion is the bringing of Christ to men, then I can see great cause for hope, congratulation, and gratitude in what the Sunday-schools are doing, where men and women to whom Christ is dear are in their different ways making Him known to hosts of boys and girls. I can be sure that there is very much crude and wrong teaching, and yet be thankful for the simple-hearted and gracious work.

I think, then, in a clear, strong hold of our truth there lies the only hope for a minister's *humility*, which is the crown and jewel of his ministry. It is a great deal easier to grow proud of the thoroughness and faithfulness with which you hold a doctrine than of the completeness with which you understand Christ. The doctrine you may squeeze so small that you can hold it all in your hand and feel that you have comprehended it. The divine Saviour, we know, however we may talk competently of Him, is past our comprehension, wiser, dearer, truer than we have begun to know. Your pride in doctrine requires a doctor wiser and more orthodox than you to shake it. Your

pride in Christ any poor saint nearer to Him than you have ever dreamed of being, or some wretched beggar bringing Him in some new shape of appealing misery to your weak love, may overturn in a moment. "The man is thrice welcome to whom my Lord has reprimanded me," said Mohammed one day most nobly, but he said it not of a theologian who had beaten him in argument, but of a blind wretch whose supplication he had rejected, and thereby learned how far he still was from God. If you want to protect your religious pride, make your religion consist in knowing truth. If you want to be humble in your religion, make your religion begin and end in knowing Christ.

The sister-jewel of humility is sincerity. Insincerity comes either from falsehood or from fear. It is either because I want men to believe something which I do not believe, or because I do not really trust the strength of what I believe, that I am insincere. The first is the ground of all insincerity in the matter of teaching. The second is the ground of all insincerity in the manner of teaching. There is enough of both. The minister whose own soul is doubtful, preaching some doctrine which he does not believe, and the minister who believes, but will not let his truth rest for his people on the grounds on which it rests with him, but bolsters it with arguments and sanctions which he does not think are true and sound, both of these ministers are insincere. I know that such insincere ministers are rare. I believe, in the freedom of Christian teaching which prevails to-day, they are rarer to-day than they have ever been; I believe they are rarer in Christian pulpits than in the preaching-places of any other faith, mainly because Christianity is an essentially personal religion; mainly because Christian truth has not to be guarded, like a woven cloth, by a selvage of prejudice that it may not ravel out, but is kept complete like a live tree by the living principle which gives it life and

value. Oh, beware of being insincere, but be sure that the natural and true salvation from insincerity is in *preaching Christ!* That old phrase, which has been so often the very watchword of cant—how it still declares the true nature of Christian teaching! Not Christianity, but Christ! Not a doctrine, but a Person! Christianity only for Christ! The doctrine only for the Person! Preach not Christianity but Christ, and so be saved from sacrificing the spiritual necessity of truthfulness to the seeming needs of what you call the truth—for in making that sacrifice good men grow almost conscientiously insincere.

I add but one word more: the burden that weighs down many a man's ministry is the sense of triteness and commonplaceness. Oh, the wretchedness of feeling how often this has been said which I am going to say next Sunday! Oh, the struggles and contortions to shake off that misery and say something new and be original! But that is all as if the glass reproached itself with colorlessness and tried to stain itself with red and green that men might look at *it*. No; the white glass is saved from commonplaceness by the glory of the picture that looks through it. And the redemption of our sermons as of our characters from insignificance into dignity and worth must come not from fantastic novelties which they invent for themselves, but from their bearing simple and glorious witness to their Lord. Do not fear triteness. Only really hold your own new life honestly up to Christ in thoughtful and loving consecration, and men will see through you something of that Master and Saviour who is forever new.

The preacher's work is the best work in the world. Let us believe that fully, but let the lives of all the preachers teach us that its glory is not in *it*, but in the Christ whom it is its privilege to declare. There is no study of the famous and successful preachers which does not bear testimony to that truth.

THE PULPIT AND POPULAR SKEPTICISM.

(*Princeton Review*, March, 1879.)

THE characteristic skepticism of to-day, whether it be that of the untaught people or of the learned scholar, is marked by its completeness and despair. It does not suggest any substitute for the religion which it disbelieves, and which in its active moods it labors to destroy. It rejects not certain doctrines only, but the whole body of the Christian faith. This fact, it seems to me, must be constantly present in the mind of any one who attempts to write an essay upon such a subject as I have chosen, and must furnish the key-note for all his treatment of it. He must be sure that the difficulty of which he has to write is very deep and very broad; that what he has to do is not merely to suggest the way in which one or two weak points in the Christian argument may be fortified, but to show in what stronger and more convincing attitude Christianity itself must set itself before the eyes of men. At the same time, in the fact which I have mentioned really lies the hope of the Christian teacher. The skepticism with which he has to deal goes so deep that it has a perpetual tendency to defeat itself. Offering men no substitute for the religion which it would destroy, it leaves man's religious nature unprovided for and hungry, and therefore gives to Christianity the perpetual advantage of human nature, if it can only be large enough to see its chance.

The first of all things, then, that we ought to say, is

this: that there are no skilful tricks, no special methods of shaping arguments or stating truths, of trapping skeptics in their own toils, or of puzzling back again with orthodox speciousness the minds that have been already puzzled away with the speciousness of science—there are no such methods which can be taught and learned. The only way in which any man must hope to deal with skepticism must be by the strong and intelligent building up of faith, and the sooner that any minister can be convinced that to meet unbelief is not a special department of his pulpit work, to be undertaken with distinct preparation and with special effort, apart from his general work of preaching the gospel, the better for him and for his work and for his people.

As we approach our subject, I think these questions must suggest themselves: 1. What are the characteristics of the popular skepticism? 2. What do these characteristics require in the man who has to deal with it? and 3. How can the right man do his work for faith? The resistance, the workman, and the method—the enemy, the soldier, and the plan of fight. Let me take these three in this order, at the same time not trying to be too orderly.

1. And first, with regard to the resistance or the enemy, I have already intimated this, that popular skepticism is a very multifarious and wholesale thing. It is something utterly different from what it used to be. Once he who lived out in the thick of human life found that the Christianity of the Bible was much disputed. One man or one set of men did not believe that this doctrine which the Church held was taught in the sacred pages. Another man or set of men did not believe that such or such a doctrine could be held, because it was inconsistent with human reason or abhorrent to human feeling. Another man or set of men doubted all authority of the Christian revelation. On each of these questions a distinct battle

could be joined. On one side or the other arguments could be marshaled. Each man could be called upon to say what he doubted and why he doubted it. The disproved scruple meant a liberated and reëstablished faith. Of course I do not mean to say that that state of things has passed away. It never can pass away. Always there will be men whose doubts are definite and well defined. But any man who has seen much of unbelief as it exists among our people now, knows that in general it does not consist of any such precise and assignable difficulties. It is not the difficulty of this or that doctrine that makes men skeptics to-day. It is rather the play of all life upon the fundamental grounds and general structure of faith. It is the meeting in the commonest minds of great perpetual tides of thought and instinct which neutralize each other, such as the tides of faith and providence, the tides of pessimism and optimism, the tides of self-sacrifice and selfishness.

Let this not seem too large or lofty an explanation of the commonplace phenomena of doubt, which are thick around us in our congregations, and thicker still outside our congregations in the world. The reason why my hearer, who sits moodily or scornfully or sadly before me in his pew, and does not cordially believe a word of what I preach to him, the reason why he disbelieves is not that he has found the evidence for inspiration or for Christ's divinity or for the atonement unsatisfactory. It is that the aspect of the world, which is fate, has been too strong for the fundamental religion of the world, which is providence. And the temptation of the world, which is self-indulgence, has seemed to make impossible the precept of religion, which is self-surrender; and the tendency of experience, which is hopelessness, has made the tendency of the gospel, which is hope, to seem unreal and unbelievable. No man can do anything with the skepticism of this

time who thinks that it consists in the disbelief of certain doctrines which need to be reproved, who does not see that its heart and essence is in the conflict of life with faith, in which the victory can be secured to faith only by clothing and filling her with new and more personal vitality. The whole representation of the world as a battle-field, in which religion stands up on one side and irreligion on the other, two distinct armies ready for a fight, each loyal to its captain, fails when we attempt its application to the condition of things to-day. The world is like a ship at sea. Belief and unbelief are both within her, as strength and weakness are together in every bit of wood or iron that makes up the strongest vessel. It is a contest with herself, a contest of the strength of each soul with its own feebleness. Every doubt of special doctrine is but the creaking or cracking of some straining plank.

I will not dwell on this, although it would be interesting to analyze and illustrate it at length. But its mere statement is enough to lead us on to what it is the main business of my essay to assert, that popular skepticism being what it is, the main method of meeting it must be not an argument but a man; that the minister, in other words, who deals with unbelief most successfully to-day will be not he who is most skilful in proving truths or disproving errors, but he who is most powerful in strengthening faith in people's lives by the way in which the power of faith is uttered through his own character.

Surely this follows from the description of our present unbelief which we have given. If unbelief comes not by the processes of logic, but by the power of life, then it is through change of life that the relief from unbelief must come, and change of life comes by the power of truth, not abstract, but in and through character. I do not depreciate the other forms of truth. I do not dishonor truth

presented in careful statement and sustained by skilful argument. I do not say, I surely do not think, that it is by any mere cheap personal magnetism that men are to be charmed out of doubting into believing. Nothing but the eternal truth of God can ever meet the ever-shifting yet ever identical error and unbelief of man. But when I am asked, "What is the method in which the minister may best deal with unbelief?" I cannot hesitate for a moment to answer that the method which includes all other methods must be in his own manhood, in his character, in his being such a man, and so apprehending truth himself, that truth through him can come to other men. Every other conception of the work of the ministry is hopeless, except that which never loses sight for a moment of the fact that it is God's ministry; that these are God's souls; that He is convincing sin, encouraging and helping goodness, and "dealing with popular skepticism"; that we preachers have to do those things only as the ax has to cut down the tree, or the brush has to paint the picture, only by being as true a servant as possible to the woodman or the artist.

This opens the way to more special suggestions about what kind of man he will be who will most effectively deal with popular skepticism from the pulpit, which is the statement of our subject that perhaps would have been wisest.

And, first of all, as the most needed, and, I am tempted to say, as the most rare of the qualities that such a man must have, I cannot hesitate to speak of candor. The skepticism which I have been trying to describe evidently must be a very pervading thing. It evidently cannot be shut up in any guarded class or classes. Life plays upon faith everywhere. Ideas change and develop in all sorts and conditions of men. And the occupants of pulpits, the preachers, have their doubts and disbeliefs as well as

others. The first step, I believe, toward a clear relationship between the preacher and the people ought to be a perfectly frank understanding of this fact. There ought to be not the least concealment or disguise about it. Men ought never to have the slightest reason to suppose that the preacher is asking them to believe what he does not believe himself, or warning them that it is dangerous to doubt what to his own mind seems very questionable. But how is it now? A large acquaintance with clerical life has led me to think that almost any company of clergymen gathering together and talking freely to one another will express opinions which would greatly surprise and at the same greatly relieve the congregations who ordinarily listen to those ministers. Now just see what that means. It means that in these days, when faith is hard, we are deliberately making it harder, and are making ourselves liable to the Master's terrible rebuke of the Scribes and Pharisees of old: "They bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders, but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers." Is not this true? How many men in the ministry to-day believe in the doctrine of verbal inspiration which our fathers held, and how many of us have frankly told the people that we do not believe it, and so lifted off their Bible's page the heavy cloud of difficulties and inconsistencies which that doctrine laid there? How many of us hold that the everlasting punishment of the wicked is a clear and certain truth of revelation? But how many of us who do not hold that have ever said a word to tell men that we thought they might be Christians and yet keep a hope for the souls of all God's children? Remember, I am not speaking now of whether these ideas are true or not. I am speaking of whether we think that they are true, and of what our duty is with reference to our belief. Not much more than a year ago I heard one

of our most venerable preachers deliberately tell a congregation that no man was a Christian who did not believe that this world was made in six literal days. He had a perfect right to say so if he thought so, as no doubt he did. But for those of us whom any such test of Christianity would totally exclude from any claim to Christian character, to let such statements pass without most clear and earnest disavowals is certainly a grievous wrong to faith, and makes the skepticism against which it tries to guard.

There must be no lines of orthodoxy inside the lines of truth. Men find that you are playing with them, and will not believe you even when you come in earnest. I know what may be said in answer. I know the old talk about holding the outworks as long as we can, and then retreating to the citadel, and perhaps there has hardly been a more mischievous metaphor than this. It is the mere illusion of a metaphor. The minister who tries to make people believe that which he questions, in order to keep them from questioning that which he believes, knows very little about the certain workings of the human heart and has no real faith in truth itself.

I think that a great many teachers and parents now are just in this condition. They remember that they started with a great deal more belief than they have now. They have lost much, and still have much to live by. They think that their children, too, must start believing so much that they can afford to lose a great deal and still have something left, and so they teach these children what they have themselves long ceased to believe. It is a most dangerous experiment.

I cannot help pausing here one moment to express the hope that our theological seminaries are dealing fairly with our coming ministers in this respect; that they are teaching them from the first that their business is to find

out what is true and declare it to the world in its completeness, and are not sending them out hampered and haunted with the idea that they are to proclaim nothing which is not safe. The lack of frankness in his seminary teachers has cost many a poor minister years of uselessness, and at last a dreadful and unnatural struggle into the light and freedom which ought to have been his at first, won bountifully in these nurseries of clerical life.

And closely tied up with this need of candor is the other need of escape from partisanship and from the reproach of partisanship. One of the reasons why the great mass of intelligent belief which our ministers present is not even more powerful than it is against the unbelief around us, lies, of course, in the idea that all these ministers are committed to believing; that, no matter what they once were, now they are no longer seekers for truth, but advocates for some accepted and defined opinions. That is in part inevitable. Every man loses as well as gains something of convincing power when he declares himself openly a believer in any truth. But so far as this reproach of partisanship finds any warrant in the way in which a preacher defends his faith, in the questionable arguments which he uses for what he thinks unquestionable truth, in the way in which he makes his ministry seem rather a scramble for adherents than a Christ-like love for souls, or the way in which an unnatural unanimity among clergymen seems to denote a professional mind that would leave no place for the individual conscience and judgment to do their work—wherever partisanship thus proclaims itself it palsies instantly and completely the power of the preacher's faith to utter any real message or do any real good to unbelief.

And here we meet another question, which must come to every minister in days like these. I may have seemed in what I have been saying to fall in with a prevalent

demand which asks that when it is so hard for men to believe they should be asked to believe just as little as possible; that all the most exacting articles of faith should be cast away, and only those which any weakest faith can master should be left for faith to struggle with while faith is so weak. I hold no such foolish, base idea as that. I do not believe in tearing off and throwing away half the ship when the storm is coming up. Then is the time for the ship to gather in, indeed, all her loose canvas, to make herself as snug and tight as possible, to carry nothing besides herself, but to be sure that she has all herself and is complete. And so it is with faith in doubting days. There is no greater mistake, I think, than to suppose that in such days men want to have Christian truth made slight and easy to them. The fact of Christian history has been that in times of staggering faith men need the whole truth, not modified or tamed to suit their weakened power of apprehension. It would be no strange issue of such times as we are living in if out of them should come a great demand for difficult doctrine, a time of superstition, a fever to succeed the chill; for the spirit that cries "*Credo quia impossibile*," the heroic spirit of faith, is too deep in our human nature for any one century to have eradicated it. That we may guard against such reaction into superstition, as well as meet the present infidelity, what we need is not more easiness but more simplicity in the doctrine which we preach, and in our way of preaching it. In other words, it is not a smaller amount of doctrine, but it is a larger unity of doctrine. It is a more profound entrance into the heart of doctrine, in which its unity and simplicity reside, a more true grasp and enforcement of its spiritual meaning. What I mean can be made most clear by an instance in illustration. And there is none better for our purpose than that which is continually thrusting itself upon us now in the discussion of the

duration of future punishment. I think the condition of that question is one of the strangest of the phenomena of thought that ever have been seen. These two features in it impress us: first, it is being gravely and earnestly asserted that the principal question, at any rate a vital question, concerning the religion which teaches man that as the son of God it is his privilege and duty to love and obey his Father, is, What will become of him if he refuses to obey and love? and secondly, a multitude of men are found discussing whether punishment is to be temporary or eternal, who do not in their hearts believe that there is going to be any punishment at all. And this state of things must have come from the loss or obscuration of the central truth, about which the whole problem of man's destiny must take its shape, which is the malignant and persistent character of human sin. Not as a question of what a few texts mean, not as a curious search after arbitrary enactments, but as a deep study into the inevitable necessities of spiritual life, with a profound conviction that whatever comes to any man in the other life will come because it must come, because nothing else could come to such a man as he is, so ought the truth of future punishment to be investigated and enforced. And if one asked me how I thought the popular skepticism upon this subject ought to be dealt with, I would say unhesitatingly, by ceasing to preach about it and argue about it altogether, and, through the power of the personal Christ brought to the lives of men, awakening such a dread of sin and such a desire of holiness as should make those great powers awful and beautiful in themselves, and not merely in their consequences, whether those consequences may be long or short. For after all the preaching of rewards and punishments through all these centuries, the truth remains that no man in any century ever yet healthily and helpfully desired heaven who did not first desire

holiness, and no man ever yet healthily and helpfully feared hell who did not first fear sin.

Perhaps there is no point in all the question of dealing with skepticism more critical than this. Men must be made to feel that the Christian religion is not a mass of separate questions having little connection with one another, on all of which a man must have made up his mind before he can be counted a believer. The spiritual unity of the faith must be brought out and its simplicity asserted in the prominence given to the personal life and work of Jesus Christ and loyalty to Him as the test of all discipleship. There are excrescences upon the faith which puzzle and bewilder men and make them think themselves unbelievers when their hearts are really faithful. Such excrescences must be cast away, not by violent excision from without, but by the natural and healthy action of the system on which they have been fastened, which, as it grows stronger, will shed them, because they do not really belong to it. There are doctrinal statements which have done vast good which yet were but the temporary aspects of truth as it struggled to its completest exhibition. They are doing vast good to-day, men are living by them still, but it is as men are seeing still the light of stars that were extinguished in the heavens years ago. Such partial, temporary statements men are still living by; but the time must come when they will disappear, and then it will be of all importance, when the star goes out, whether the men who have been looking at it and walking by it have known all along of the sun by whose light it shone, and which will shine on after this accidental and temporary point of its exhibition has disappeared forever.

And here appears another point. The whole notion of the simplicity of Christianity and its comprehension in a few first large truths affects the way in which we have to meet the special errors and heresies of men. Just exactly

as I will not care nearly as much that a man should hold what I believe to be the truth about future punishment as I will that he should be deeply convinced of the enormity and persistency of sin, so I will not care nearly so much to disprove and displace a man's single mistake upon some point of doctrine as I will to clear his heart of the prejudice and darkness of which that special mistake was only one indication. Men are always having their heresies disproved and trying to give them up, and then finding in a way that terrifies them that these heresies are not mere opinions which they can cast away, but parts of themselves which they must carry as long as they are what they are, until they are spiritually born again. Men's attempts to escape from opinions which have been specifically disproved, but to whose essential principles they are still attached, remind me of a story of canine intelligence which I read not long ago, in which the dog, who was held by a chain which was fastened to a collar round his neck, and to the other end of which a log was tied, attempted to rid himself of the annoyance by burying the log in the ground. He dug a hole and put the log into it, replaced the earth and stamped it down, and then, satisfied with his work, attempted to move away, but only found himself fastened worse than ever. Before, he was only tied to the log, now he was tied to the place where the log was buried.

Nor can we forget here the deep and essential connection between religion and morality. The day is past when they could be set in unnatural hostility. Like soul and body, they belong together, and when we seek the universal and eternal principles in which lies the simplicity of Christianity, when we try to unsnarl the essential from the non-essential, there can be nothing like a clear perception that every truth is necessary to man which is necessary to righteousness, and that no truth is necessary

to man which is not necessary to righteousness. Indeed, I think that it is in the exhibition of their moral consequences and connections far more than in the discovery of their abstract truth or falsehood, or their proof or disproof from the Bible, that doctrines to-day must be established or refuted in the eyes of men. If atheism is dislodged out of the minds of men of this and the next generation, it will be because they come to see that man rejecting God becomes inhuman. If fatalism falls, it will be because it evidently saps responsibility; and, on a smaller field, if ritualism and the confessional are rejected, it will be not on doctrinal but on moral grounds, because men find out that its spirit is hostile to personal purity and truthfulness.

I have already indicated, in a word, what must be the power of that simplicity and unity by which the gospel can become effective. It is the person of Christ. If there has been one change which above all others has altered our modern Christianity from what the Christian religion was in apostolic times, I think beyond all doubt it must be this, the substitution of a belief in doctrines for loyalty to a person as the essence and the test of Christian life. And if there be a revival which is needed to make Christianity strong against the enemies which beset her, and clear in the sight of the multitudes who are bewildered about her, it certainly must be the recoronation of her personal idea, the reassertion of the fact that Christ is Christianity, and that not to hold that this or that concerning Him is true, but to follow Him with love and with that degree of knowledge of Him which has been given us, is to be a Christian. Allow me to dwell on this for a few moments, for I feel its importance very deeply, and I wish to say one or two things about it. There are, then, two distinct ideas of Christianity. One of them magnifies doctrine, and its great sin is heresy. The other of them

magnifies obedience, and its great sin is disobedience. The first enthrones a creed. The second enthrones a person. Of the second sort, not of the first, is the Christianity of the New Testament; of the first sort, not of the second, has been a very large part of the Christianity of Christendom. I am sure that every thoughtful man must see that the question is not one of exclusion but of precedence. A doctrinal religion must be personal if the doctrine has relation, however remotely, to a personal history; and a personal religion must be doctrinal, since love and obedience can live and act intelligently only in the light of knowledge concerning him who is loved and obeyed. But still the difference remains between the presentation of religion as a scheme of truth to be believed and the presentation of religion as a person to be believed in, and it is the latter that in these days I think is the secret of the best method of dealing in the pulpit with popular skepticism.

For personality is the only simplicity which holds in itself completeness. I well remember the first sermon that I ever achieved. The text was from 2 Corinthians xi. 3, "The simplicity that is in Christ," and a cruel classmate's criticism of it was that "there was very little simplicity in the sermon, and no Christ." I am afraid that he was right, and I am sure that the sermon never was preached again. Its lack of simplicity and lack of Christ no doubt belonged together. It was probably an attempt to define doctrine instead of to show a man, a God, a Saviour. For think a moment if it is not true that personality is the only power in which mystery can become real and vital and practical. You describe thought, love, hope, fear, life itself, and men are all bewildered. You set a living, loving, thinking, hoping, fearing man before them, and without the loss of one particle of the mystery which your abstractions tried to describe, the

emotion, the condition, the being is instantly real and realized. A child learns life in the interpretation of fatherhood. Now if at the bottom the secret of skepticism is the unreality of religion to the skeptical soul; if it is not mystery but the inability to seize and realize mystery that makes the trouble; if we believe in a Christ so completely powerful that once perfectly present with a human soul He must master it and it must yield to Him; if the reason why men doubt Him is that they do not, cannot, will not see Him, then I think it must be certain that what they need is a completer, liver presentation of His personality, so that He shall stand before them and claim what always was His claim, "Believe in Me"—not "Believe this or that about Me," but "Believe in Me." That always is the faith of the Gospels. They had no creed but Christ. Christ was their creed. And it is the glory of the earliest Church that it had for its people no demanded creed of abstract doctrine whatsoever. In the venerable wisdom of the apostolic symbol it believed in Father, Son, and Spirit, the one eternal God.

Let me remind you also how in the personal conception of Christianity, continually, carefully preserved, lies the hope and even the chance of the minister's growth and advance without the dislodgment either of his own or of his hearers' faith. Many ministers to-day are kept from the larger thought and knowledge about religious things to which their spirits and the times are urging them because they fear that any change of views will ruin the power of their ministry by making them seem inconsistent with themselves. How can they say to the people, "This does not seem to me now as it seemed a year ago," and yet hope to see the people's faith, which was grounded on that teaching of a year ago, continue? But this is a difficulty which belongs entirely to the dogmatic conception of Christianity. The personal conception is not trou-

bled with it. I may freely say, "The friend whom I bid you to know a year ago, see, he is different, he is greater, wider, wiser, deeper than I thought," and you may be all the more ready to see Him now because of the partial knowledge of Him to which it was my privilege to help you then. A personal relation offers the highest picture of the combination of stability with progress, but an intellectual conception is always sacrificing stability to progress or else progress to stability.

Again, in the prominence of the personal conception lies the only reality of Christian union, and if the division of Christians is a chief cause of skepticism anything that helps Christians into unity must minister to faith. I do not see the slightest promise in any dimmest distance of what is called the organic unity of Christendom on the basis of episcopacy or upon any other basis. I do not see the slightest chance of the entire harmonizing of Christian doctrine throughout the Christian world, that dream which men have dreamed ever since Christ ascended into heaven, that sight which no man's eye has seen in any age. But I do see signs that, keeping their different thoughts concerning Him and His teachings, men, loyal to Christ, owning His love, trusting His love, may be united in the only union which is really valuable wherever His blessed name is known. In that union, and in that alone, can I find myself truly one alike with Peter and with Paul, alike with Origen and Athanasius and Augustine, alike with Luther and with Zwingle and with Calvin and with St. Francis and with Bishop Andrews and with Dr. Channing, alike with the prelate who ordains me and with the Methodist or Baptist brother who is trying to bring men to the same Christ in the same street where I am working. And no union which will not include all these ought to wholly satisfy us, because no other will wholly satisfy the last great prayer of Jesus.

My one great comprehensive answer, then, to the question, What is the best method of dealing in the pulpit with popular skepticism? is really this: make known and real to men by every means you can command the personal Christ, not doctrine about Him, but Him; strike at the tyranny of the physical life by the power of His spiritual presence. Let faith mean, make faith mean, trusting Him and trying to obey Him. Call any man a Christian who is following Him. Denounce no error as fatal which does not separate a soul from Him. Offer Him to the world as He offered and is forever offering Himself.

I know that this is perfectly unsatisfactory. "Why, this is just what I would do," you say, "if there were not a skeptic in the land." Of course it is, and it may be that it is about time to say what I ought perhaps to have said when I began my essay, that I do not believe in, at least I do not know any way in which popular skepticism as such and by itself is to be dealt with in the pulpit. That confession, I know, leaves but very little value in my essay. But I do think that the preacher who is conscious of skepticism, and counts it his duty to meet it and deal with it directly in his preaching, is sure to preach very differently and to reach very different results from Christ and His Apostles, and all the great preachers of all time. Therefore I have dared to dwell wholly on positive methods. He who is building up health is thereby conquering disease. He who is preaching truth is thereby confuting error. He who is making men obedient to Christ is thereby rescuing them from their slavery to themselves, from their self-will and self-trust, which is the root and fruit of all the skepticism which is really harmful. I think the men who confute skepticism are always the positive, not the negative men—not the men who disprove error, but the men who make faith.

And yet I would not be completely unsatisfactory if I can help it. And so before I close I would venture to state as briefly and clearly as I can ten things, which, as it seems to me, a preacher in his pulpit now may do to make the time in which we live less skeptical, and so to help forward the ages of faith which are sure some day to come, and are sure when they come to be ages of better faith than any which the ages past can show.

1. It is needful that our clergymen should be far more familiar than they are now with the character of the skepticism by which they are surrounded. The popular skepticism is one in source and really one in character with the skepticism of the schools and of the scholars. The minister ought to be acquainted with the newest developments of thought, not in their details, not so that he can completely discuss them from the pulpit, for that is impossible, and the attempt to do it only hurts the Christian cause and makes the Christian minister often ridiculous. But he ought to be so familiar with what men are thinking and believing that he can know the currents of present thought, see where they cross and oppose, where they may be made to harmonize with the thought of Christ. This familiarity is something which must be constantly kept up in the active ministry. But its foundations ought to be laid in the theological school. And here more than anywhere else one fears, I think, for the faithfulness with which our theological schools are doing their whole duty by their students and the times. I cannot doubt, as I look back, that many of our noblest and most faithful teachers have failed to realize how much their boys needed to be furnished with an understanding of the precise nature of the unbelief of the nineteenth century, and of the character of thought in which that unbelief would show itself among the people to whom those boys when they were ministers would have to preach. They might

have saved many of their scholars more than one anxious hour, and more than one embarrassing surprise.

2. The second necessity is that every preacher should clear up his own faith; that each man should decide just what he believes himself. Let us not be allowing men to think from what we say that we demand of them a faith which we have not ourselves. Let us trust truth. There is nothing so terrible as the glimpses that we get occasionally into a minister's unbelief, and sometimes the confusion which exists below seems to be great just in proportion to the hard positiveness of dogmatism which men see upon the surface. The most pitiable and powerless of all preachers is he who tries to preach doctrine which his own soul does not really believe and use.

3. And thirdly, the minister in days like these ought to make it his duty as well as his right to claim and express the fullest fellowship of faith with all believers, whatever Christian name they bear. There is need of the solidity of faith being made manifest. Let not religion come to seem to men the affair of a party. Let us insist that when the host is against us we will have nothing to do with the miserable business of making hits and flinging captious criticisms at one another. I think that hardly any man does more for popular skepticism than he who, while the world is trembling on the brink of atheism, spends his life in championing the shibboleths of his denomination.

4. We ought never to seem to have despaired of truth, and to have left the region of thought, and to have retreated into organization and drill as safe refuges. This is just what ecclesiasticism and ritualism seem to the world to have done, and the world is largely right. This of all others is the time to keep Baptism and the Lord's Supper reasonable and spiritual and grandly simple, and to guard them from all suspicion of magic and mechanics.

5. Never forget to tell the young people frankly that

they are to expect more light and larger developments of the truth which you give them. Oh, the souls that have been made skeptics by the mere clamoring of new truth to add itself to that which they have been taught to think finished and final!

6. These are no times for trimming. He is weak to-day who does not preach the highest spirituality to the materialist, and the highest morality to the profligate. The unbelievers of to-day despise compromise, and love to hear the fullest truth.

7. We need to remember how irreligion has invaded religion, and to imitate its methods. It has got hold of the passions and enthusiasms of men, and there has been its strength. We must claim those passions and enthusiasms for religion. No cold faith or preaching will reclaim the world.

8. The life of Jesus must be the center of all believing and all preaching. Not abstract, but personal, is the saving power. "Behold the Lamb of God," "Behold the Man," those are the summons to which men will always listen.

9. The Church must put off her look of selfishness. She must first deeply feel and then frankly say that she exists only as the picture of what the world ought to be. Not as the ark where a choice few may take refuge from the flood, but as the promise and potency of the new heavens and the new earth she must offer herself to men.

10. And tenth, above almost everything, to-day you and I must keep our means worthy of our ends. Long enough have preachers asked men to believe in a pure and lofty truth which was administered in impure and sordid methods. Down to the least argument we use, down to the least bit of church machinery that clicks in some Dorcas Society or guild-room, let the truth and dignity of God be felt.

These are the ten. I dare not say that the preacher who tries to do all these things will change all the skepticism around him into faith, but I am sure that he will live a very brave, healthy, happy, useful life while he is busy in his struggle.

For behind him he will always feel the power of the great God and dear Lord for whom he worked, and he will know that, whether by him or not, that God and Lord must certainly some day assert His truth.

And before him, however dark the great mass of unbelief may still remain, he will see single souls catching the truth and shining with a goodness and joy which must become new centers of faith.

ADDRESS AT THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH COMMEMORATION OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN BOSTON.

(November 18, 1880.)

I THANK you very much for allowing me to say a few words, and I will honestly try that they shall be very few. I should like to say something of the impression which this celebration of John Cotton makes upon one of his descendants. My connection with my very great grandfather is so remote that I may venture to speak of him without hesitation. I am so full of pleasure in life, and so full of the sense that that pleasure is very much increased by its being my happiness to live in Boston, that I cannot but be grateful to him who had a great deal to do with my living at all, and a great deal to do with making Boston what it is for a man to live in. I am not sure that he would accept of his representative. I am not sure that if he saw me standing here and speaking any words in his praise, and knew exactly where I was standing, there might not be some words rising to his lips that would show that neither I nor you were wholly what he could approve. He might say prelatist, he might say heretic. He might call me by the first name, call both of us by the second name; and yet that criticism, as we stand in the presence of his memory on this commemoration day, would make absolutely no difference. John Cotton, in the life into which he has passed, now looks deeper and

looks wider, and we have a right to enter into communion with the spirit of the man, and not simply with his specific opinions or the ways in which he worshiped; we may claim him, at least, as one who would honor our recognition of him, as one whom we are at liberty to honor. It would be a terrible thing, it would narrow our life and make it very meager, if we had no right to honor and to draw inspiration from any men except those we agree with and who would approve of us. As we look abroad through history and around through the world, I think sometimes that our noblest inspirations and our best teachings have come from the men who, when we compare our views with theirs, are very far from us; of whom, when we ask for their approbation of us, we have to beg with very hesitating lips. And so we may at least claim the privilege of John Cotton that he shall give us the inspiration of paying him our honor.

And it seems to me that a man who stands, as this man stands, at the beginning of the history of a nation or a town, is an everlasting benefaction to the town or nation. It is an example that never can be exhausted. The way in which Washington stands at the beginning of the national history and sends down a perpetual power, full of strength and beauty, is the great typical American instance of the way in which, at the beginning of the history of every town, of every city, of every State, of every institution, there will be these typical men. Our Western States are gathering them now, just as our Eastern States gathered them two hundred years ago; and the earnest, faithful ministers and the consecrated men who are dedicating themselves to the building up of institutions in our Western land are going to pass into that perhaps mythical, but perhaps for that reason all the truer and more genuine, admiration into which they who founded our institutions two hundred and fifty years ago have passed now. For

his standing at the beginning of our history and sending us his inspiration perpetually we thank John Cotton.

And I thank him, as a Church-of-England man, as a man loving the Episcopal Church with all my heart, I thank him for being a Puritan. I thank him for giving me a renewed assurance of that which all history teaches me to believe, and that which my knowledge of God would make me believe if no illustration of it were written in history, that God will not permit a Church to become corrupt, and degenerate, and unfaithful to its duties without sending a man who shall bear testimony against it and stir it to the regeneration of its life. The Church of England has no men to thank to-day more devoutly. Not her great scholars, her great orators, her noble teachers, her splendid missionaries! She has no men to whom she ought to be more grateful to-day than to the Puritans who told her in the seventeenth century how degraded her life was becoming.

But when I recall the name of this church, it fills me with still other feelings of gratitude. "The First Church of Christ!" I think there is infinite suggestion, infinite poetry, in the thought of the first church of Christ in any land. If a man feels, as the disciples of Christ do feel, that all the earth is His; if we believe that whatever elements of good the savage lands have brought forth they have brought forth by the inspiration of His Spirit working even where His name has been unknown, and that all these lands are waiting for the touch of the Christ they cannot recognize to be quickened into a life they have not guessed of yet—then what shall we think of that Church which stands perpetually bearing the proud record in its name that it was the first to bring the everlasting and universal Christ into a new section, a new district of the world? Here, for the first time, when the First Church of Christ was started, that became possible which had

been impossible before. No church can stand here in Boston to the very end of time that must not humbly owe and pay its debt of gratitude to the First Church of Christ, that set His name upon these hills and made the winds vocal with the new ideas of His gospel.

The seventeenth and the nineteenth centuries belong wonderfully together. The seventeenth century was a time of deep religious conviction; the nineteenth century boasts itself of large toleration. It is perfectly natural to find, as we look into the history of the seventeenth century, that to deep conviction toleration was again and again sacrificed; and as we look into the history of the nineteenth century, we can see we have not yet obtained such a large and symmetrical manhood that one is not still sacrificed to the other, and find again and again conviction sacrificed to toleration. It would be a poor world to live in if it could get to the end of itself in nineteen centuries, and there were not others before us greater and better. That is one of the elements by which the future centuries will be made better; we must look to the combining together in the same character of those elements which have existed in different centuries thus far. When absolute religious conviction shall abide side by side with earnest toleration; when men shall believe with all their hearts, as they believed in the seventeenth century, and at the same time be willing that other men shall believe differently, as they are now in the nineteenth century; when toleration shall not be oppressed by conviction of religious truth; and when private thought and belief with regard to religious truth shall make men all the more tender and jealous of the rights of other men's consciences—then there will come a century which, combining the blessings of the seventeenth and the nineteenth, shall make a nobler world to live in than we have seen yet—the time that has been prophesied, but has not yet come, when

mercy and truth shall dwell together, when righteousness and peace shall kiss each other. That our celebration may help the coming of that day I am sure is the prayer of every one who joins in any of these commemoration services.

ADDRESS AT THE THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, MUSIC HALL, MAY 22, 1881.

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen: It is both as a citizen of Boston and as a Christian minister that I rejoice most heartily in the privilege of being here to-night, and saying a few words in recognition of the good work that the Christian Association has done, and is doing, and is going to do in the city of Boston. It belongs to an anniversary occasion like this to recall the principles which underlie all the work of the association and are its inspiration. Just as a birthday brings back to a man the ultimate fact of his existence, and makes him think of himself in those relations which, in the ordinary details of his life, he is very likely to forget, so many things in the work of the association which may be lost sight of to some extent in the multitude of its details come back to us on this anniversary occasion. We need to remember that the existence of this association is due to the application of certain principles, and we need to strengthen ourselves, and to say the words by which we can strengthen those who have the administration of the affairs of the institution, in devotion to the principles which lie at the root of their work. I suppose the first feeling which attaches to Christian Associations—this and multitude of others like it which are scattered all over our country, and, indeed, throughout a large part of the Christian world to-day—is a thought of safety. The idea of the

peril of human life grows as human life becomes more complicated. That idea of peril and danger is most of all associated with the large cities, where human life becomes complicated above all other places in the world. Life, which seemed to be so simple in the village—although I am not for myself sure that the perils of the city are larger than the perils of the village—yet becomes so much more complicated in the city than in the village that the young man who comes from the country into the city seems to be entering into perils and dangers which did not surround him when at home. It is the principle of Christianity and the Christian Church, and this great institution and other Christian institutions, everywhere, to recognize that peril, and to stand as a guard over the safety of the young man who comes into the city. But when we say this, it seems to me that we want to recognize what the Christian idea of safety is. There is an idea of safety which is constantly creeping into the regions of Christianity that is not the true Christian idea of safety. There is an idea of safety which rests upon seclusion of a life and tries to keep a man by putting walls around him. The Christian idea of safety is a larger idea than that: the scheme of the New Testament is salvation. "I will show him My salvation" is the promise God has made to man through all the wondrous Book, both in the New Testament and in the Old. Now, try to put in the place of the word "salvation" the word "safety," and see how you have taken the soul out of the New Testament, and the beauty that springs from it. The salvation of the New Testament is something vastly more than we put into the single word "safety." The salvation of the New Testament is something positive. We mean by the word "safety" something negative. The New Testament idea has this great principle in it, this is the soul of it—that the only way to bring about salvation for a man in this

world, or any other world, is not by the building of walls around him, but by the putting of life within him. There are two ideas which are associated with that word "safety," with that whole class of words. We may think of a man saved from danger simply by being put where danger cannot get at him. The idea of the Christian religion everywhere is something different from that, something vastly nobler than that. The saved man of the New Testament is a man so full of the Spirit of God, which is the true life of human kind, that he can go into the midst of danger and pass through it unhurt. The true idea of salvation, as it is given to us in the Bible, is the idea of a man into whom there has been put, by the Lord of life, such a stream of continual and complete vitality that he walks through the midst of danger and casts the danger aside from him, as the sunbeam casts the cloud away when it is shining down upon the earth.

Now, it seems to me that the great beauty of such an association as this is in that it is based, very largely, at least, upon the New Testament idea of salvation. It is not an institution which tries merely to build safeguards around the life of a young man. It is a positive institution in all its work. It tries to give a man the highest thoughts of life, the highest impulses of life. It is an educational institution and a working institution. It fills a man with ideas, and it fills a man with motives; and these are the two things that keep the total man alive. A man perils intellect if he has not ideas; a man perils morality if he has not high motives; and therefore, an institution which brings to him also work, supplying him with continual motives through contact with his fellowmen—that is an institution which really brings salvation to a man. The ship that sails forth upon the sea is anxious for its safety; but if it were only anxious for its safety it would linger at the wharf, and be eaten up by

the rot of time. Only as it strikes forth into the sea, and sails straight onward to its port, is its true safety and usefulness secured. The soldier going into battle trembles at the danger before him; but he knows that the only escape from danger is to forget danger, and go right onward in his work. The man who looks forward in the world, and sees how thickly human life is surrounded by the dangers of disease, finds himself filled with fear; but the true man learns that not by guarding against disease, but by filling himself full of health, by healthy work, he is really preserving himself from the dangers that are besetting him of pestilence on every side. So in this great, positive thought of salvation, in the idea of salvation not as a rescue from some punishment here or hereafter, but as the doing of the work of God, by the strength of God, the soul attains its highest life, and casts its danger aside without even knowing it. This, it seems to me, is what the Christian world is coming to learn more and more. The Christian world up to this time has dwelt very largely in the thought of what would happen to mankind if it were bad. There is now coming to mankind and to the Christian world a revelation of the nobleness of doing right. There is coming to the Christian world in the years before us a great manifestation of the glory of holiness that is going to make men almost sink out of sight the punishment of sin. This, it seems to me, is the real truth, the real promise that lies at the root of all this shaking of men's thoughts with regard to the punishments of the other life. Men have not come to doubt that sin in this world, which is governed by a just God, must necessarily bring punishment; but men are coming to doubt whether the fear of the punishment that sin is to bring is the God-ordained motive that is going to save men from their sin. Men are coming to believe more and more, and they will come to believe

fully, that the real impulse which ought to be the salvation of mankind is the delight and glory of serving God with those powers which, as they go forth under his commandment, and are filled with his inspiration, more and more bear witness to themselves as the true, active, identifying powers of our human life. Now, it seems to me that here is the first thing we have got to congratulate ourselves upon in the existence and the progress and growth of this Christian Association in our city. It preaches salvation by preaching truth and by preaching work; by bringing men into the power of Him who is a Saviour, not because He builds a wall around any soul which He takes into His service, but because He takes every soul that is willing to serve Him, and fills it with a divine hunger for truth, and a divine passion for good works and humanity, which will be the real salvation of the soul from error on the one side and from weakness on the other. It is, therefore, a saving institution. It represents the saving power that is in the city.

When one speaks of it so, he speaks of it very largely with reference to a single life. Let me say a word or two with regard to the power of such an association as this, and all this association represents, as it relates to the life of a community. No one can think of it merely with reference to those individuals who happen to be directly connected with it. I should be sorry to think that the Christian Association limited its good work to the elevation of those whose names are written upon its muster-rolls. It represents a great power for good in the community everywhere. What the community needs are these two things—peace and elevation. The life of a community, the life of a man with his fellow-man, halts and staggers, because it is full of animosities and dissensions on the one side, and because it grovels and is gross upon the other side. Just think of the life of any society

in the midst of which you live, and then think if you could take out of it the tendency to quarrel and the tendency to crawl, the tendency to separate man from his fellow-man and the tendency to bring a man to live among his lower passions, his lower thoughts, how it would spring up full of beauty in its true idea. Now, the Christian Church stands in the midst of the community, continually laboring for these two things. Do not tell me that the Christian Church has again and again set herself as the foe of just exactly these two things. Do not tell me that again and again the Christian Church has been the very mistress and breeder of dissensions; that again and again, with her superstitious and mercenary theologies, she has degraded the life of man instead of elevating it. No man knows that better than the Christian minister and the student of Christian history. But any man who has given attention to the history of human thought knows that the noblest and the sweetest things are the most capable of corruption, and that everything tends to corruption just in the opposite way from that in which its true perfection lies. The Christian Church has again and again preached and practised intolerance; the Christian Church has again and again made herself a minister of superstition and degradation to mankind; but yet it remains true that in the essential ideas of the Christian Church, and also in the great progress of her history through all her career, from the days of Jesus to these days in which we live, her great total tendency, the great sweep of her influence, taken as a whole, has been for the brotherhood of mankind and for the lifting of the human race to higher plains of life. It must be so, because the great idea of Christianity, the idea which Jesus preached, nay, the idea that Jesus was, was the sonship of mankind to God. He came to tell that, and to tell it not simply in any gospel that He preached, but to tell it in His very

life, in the deeper presence with which He shone with the divine Fatherhood Himself—He came to tell us that man was the son of God. There can be no truth which shall ultimately raise humanity to its true height, which shall ultimately make every man know every other man as his brother, but a recognition of the divine Fatherhood that is over us all, and the gathering of all men into the family of God. Christianity again and again has wandered from that idea; she has preached the selection of a few individuals as the favorites of God; she has drawn lines instead of rubbing out lines; she has bidden men make much of that which Christ, our Master, made very little; but her essential ideas and her great, broad tendencies are all in the direction of the brotherhood of mankind under the Fatherhood of God, who stands at the head of the great family in which we all abide. You must always judge of a man, of a nation, of a community, of the Church, of humanity in general, not by special characteristics that have belonged to it in any particular ages, because every man and every institution are again and again false to themselves; but you must judge of them by the essential ideas which are involved in their very constitution, and by the broad tendencies and great movements which you discern in them. Many and many a man does mean things who, in his heart, is liberal, and who, in the long drift and current and purpose of his life, is generous. And so the Christian Church stands as the representative of this great Fatherhood of God, although it has again and again disowned some men out of the family, and drawn its lines where God has sent it to rub out lines and make all mankind as one.

As one looks around the world, and as one looks around our own land to-day, he sees that the one thing we need is personal character. The thing we need in high places, the thing whose absence is making us all anxious with

regard to the progress of the country among those who hold the reins of highest power, is not what we hold to be mistaken ideas with regard to policies of government, but it is the absence of lofty and unselfish character. It is the absence of the complete consecration of man's self to the public good; it is the willingness of men to bring their personal and private spites into spheres whose elevation ought to shame such things into absolute death; the tendencies of men, even of men whom the nation has put in very high places indeed, to count those high places their privileges, and to try to draw from them, not help from humanity and the community over which they rule, but their own mean, personal, private advantage. If there is any power that can elevate human character; if there is any power which, without inspiring men with a supernatural knowledge with regard to policies of government, without making men solve all at once, intuitively, the intricacies of problems of legislation with which they are called upon to deal, without making men see instantly to the very heart of every matter; if there is any power which could permeate to the very bottom of our community, which would make men unselfish and true—why, the errors of men, the mistakes men might make in their judgment, would not be an obstacle in the way of the progress of this great nation in the work which God has given her to do. They would make jolts, but nothing more. On in the course which God has appointed her to run she would go to her true results. There is no power that man has ever seen that can abide; there is no power of which man has ever dreamed that can regenerate human character except religion; and till the Christian religion, which is the religion of this land—till the Christian religion shall have so far regenerated human character in this land that multitudes of men shall act under its high impulses and principles so that the men who are not inspired with them shall be shamed at least into an outward con-

formity with them, there is no security for the great, final continuance of the nation.

It is these powers, then—it is these powers that belong to Christianity, that belong to the Christian Church: the power, in the first place, of making human life safe, or filling it with the highest motives and setting it to the highest work; the power, in the next place, of harmonizing dissensions and of making men tolerant of one another as the common children of one great Father; and the power, in the third place, of elevating the whole plane of human character, so that men shall be in large part, and shall at least pretend to be throughout, unselfish, and devoted to the interests of their fellow-men. There lies the hope of this community, of this country, of the world. I am speaking of Christianity; I am speaking of the Christian Church. How about the Young Men's Christian Association? Unless this association be the simple representation of Christianity among us, in all its breadth and length—unless this association, however it may be specifically organized, has a large tolerance and sympathy for every man who has a love and reverence for truth and is trying to be a servant of Jesus Christ, I have nothing to do with it. But because I believe it has that broad sympathy, because I believe that it is ready, with its pliable organization and with its large life, to move forward as God is moving the whole Christian Church, forward to larger thoughts and broader sympathies, therefore I am with it heart and soul, and rejoice in everything that promises for it yet greater work and yet greater prosperity in the future than it has in the past. May God bless it—bless it with a deeper consecration to His will; bless it with a larger love for His Son, whom to love is, in the simple, literal meaning of the words, everlasting life; bless it with a broader and yet broader sympathy with every work that any man in the name of Christ is doing to make the world better and to glorify God.

LITURGICAL GROWTH.

(Address at the Seventh Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Providence, R. I., October 27, 1881.)

I THINK, Mr. President, that the principle upon which we have based our discussion this evening is this: Everything must grow in its own sphere, and the growth of any especial thing depends upon the nature of that thing. It is therefore the nature of the Liturgy which must determine liturgical growth.

About a year ago I had the opportunity of attending service, after having just landed in England, in a church in Liverpool. I found the church crowded with people, and discovered, what my American ignorance had not known before, that it was the day on which was especially celebrated the anniversary of the coronation of the Queen. When the sermon came, the venerable clergyman preached upon the growth of the nation during the forty years which had elapsed since the Queen came to the throne. He pointed out to us the growth of England in political and social advantages, in commercial wealth, in the various arts and sciences, and by and by he came to that which it was absolutely necessary he should preach upon in a church—the growth of England in the matter of religion; and he told us that it might be supposed from a great deal we had read in the newspapers that while England had grown everywhere else and in everything else, she had become less religious. He said he was happy to assure us that that was not the case, and he proceeded to give us

the reason why it was apparent that she had advanced in religion, as well as in every other great interest of human life—namely, that whereas forty years ago the black gown was used in many pulpits, it was now almost never seen, but the surplice had taken its place; in the second place, that while formerly the choral service was considered the especial mark of a peculiar class, it was now almost universally used in English churches. On these grounds the gentleman asked us to reassure our faith, and to believe that England was going, not backward, but forward, in the belief and practice of Christianity. That seemed to be a very parody upon the whole idea of liturgical growth. One's mind went back to the wondrous progress that had been made in Christian thought during those forty years. One thought how the Christian faith had put itself forth in large works for brother-man, in all the different departments of his need, and then found himself brought down to believe in the progress of Christianity, not because of these great new relations of the human mind to Christian truth, but because the black gown had been superseded by the surplice, and because the choral service had taken the place of the plainer ritual of those earlier days!

That leads us pretty much to our idea, of which I began to speak, of the principle upon which we shall judge of liturgical growth at all. Liturgical growth is not growth in the amount of liturgy, nor is it an increase in the predominance of special kinds of liturgy. Liturgy—that is, the use of stated forms of worship—has its assigned purpose, and by that alone is to be guided. It is an instrument, and not an end. It is a means, and not the final purpose to which the means is directed. And any growth in the adaptation of the Liturgy to the uses for which it is designed—for bringing man's mind into larger contact with truth, man's soul into deeper love for the Saviour, man's will into more complete submission to the will of

God—that is liturgical growth, and nothing else is. That is true growth of liturgy in the Church of Christ. Liturgical growth may be of all sorts and kinds. If the diminution of the amount of liturgy is going to accomplish this great purpose, then its diminution is liturgical growth. If liturgical enrichment is to accomplish this purpose, then that is liturgical growth. If the flexibility, the openness, the largeness of the union of liturgical principles with the other great principles of worship is going to accomplish this purpose, then the larger the union of that idea with the others which have always existed among Christian men and women, the greater and truer is liturgical growth. The Liturgy of our day stands somewhat in the grand and august position of the heir of some great estate in some European country, where the honors and emoluments which belong to the ancestors come down to later generations. The Liturgy which is inherited from the far-off ages of the past walks among the men of its own time as the privileged and responsible heir of all the centuries. He walks among the men of his own time as one who has received a precious inheritance. He stands between the past and the present; but always his truest duty is toward the present, and not toward the past. His duty is to bring out of the past only that which is going to be of real use and value right here in the present. The sentiment of the country sweeps away instantly, sooner or later, with its wise indignation, any mere inheritors of the past who accept no function with reference to the present. But the sentiment of the country, however democratic, is ready to accept any representative of past generations and their richness which accepts as its only function the duty it has to perform to the times in which it is set to live. This is the only principle we can possibly apply to the problem of liturgical growth.

We apply this more especially to our own Church.

What, then, are the ways in which liturgy, or inherited forms of worship, fixed and stated, which have come to us from the older times, do become of larger use in the present, and fulfil the conditions which our own times imperatively demand? Certainly one means is by flexibility. One means is by openness to change. It seems to me that when we have once fixed such an idea of what it means, there can be no question as to the continual power of the Christian Church to change the forms which it has received from the Christian generations which have gone before. We can see where the difficulty comes, and where the value and importance of absolute fealty to liturgical principles applies itself to liturgical special forms, and methods which have come down to us from the past. Our dear old professor down at Alexandria, Dr. Sparrow, used to have a special question with which he used to confront some of the classes that came under his tuition. His question was this: "Are positive institutions in general as purely positive as particularly positive institutions?" The "positive institution in general" has in religion a positiveness which does not belong to the particular positive institution in which it is for a little time embodied.

Therefore it is that we are to rejoice in such action as was taken in our last General Convention for the establishment of a commission for the enrichment of our Liturgy.

I do not feel so deeply as my dear friend who introduced that resolution feels the value of the results which are immediately to come from it. But I feel as deeply as he the desirableness that there should be established—and I value that resolution because it seems to me to establish —the absolute liberty at any time for a change of the services, in free and immediate adaptation to the conditions in which we find ourselves placed at any moment of the Church's life. Nothing could be worse than to have set-

tled down upon our Prayer-book the palsy of changelessness. I should almost be ready, even if I saw no possibility of change for the better—even if I feared change for the worse—to change for the purpose of establishing the desirableness, the possibility, of the liberty of change. I do not believe our Liturgy is flexible enough, when, in the memory of those who have been in our Church certainly for not a great many years, there have been a large number of intelligent, thoughtful, conscientious, faithful ministers and laymen of this Church who have left our communion and established a communion of their own, because the Church in which they lived was absolutely unwilling to allow them the disuse of one word between the covers of the Prayer-book. It is not flexible enough so long as it is possible for such a thing as that to take place. Do you say that the Reformed Episcopal Church left our body and established themselves as an independent Church for other reasons as well? Grant it. I do say, however, that all the history of that seceding body bears witness to the very strong presumption, amounting almost to a certainty, that if our Church had met them with a cordial willingness that they should disuse one word in one service of the Prayer-book, and say that they meant by that disuse a doctrine which our Church by no means excommunicates persons for believing, but which multitudes of us hold, feeling that it can be comprehended within the use of this word, and stand unchallenged, they would have continued in membership with us to this day. And so long as that state of things exists—a circumstance unexampled in ecclesiastical history—our Church is stamped with the stigma of inflexibility, and is undeserving of the great claims which are constantly put forth in its behalf.

The other point with regard to the true principle of liturgical growth is this: that the principle of liturgism,

the use of stated and appointed forms, can never be able to do the full work of the Church of Christ unless it be in sympathy with the larger, fuller, freer, more extemporaneous forms of worship which belong in the hearts and souls of men. I do not believe that, whatever use we make of the Liturgy, and however much our souls may be wrapped up in the beauty of the liturgical principle, it is possible for us to do it justice unless we put it in union with larger and freer methods of worship, and let it call them into its service. Just exactly as authority never did its full work unless it was in continual relation to the freedom and the willing obedience of those over whom it ruled; just as organization, while it is the great power by which society lives, only lives as it continually welcomes to its aid spontaneity; so the liturgical principle is never going to do *alone* the great work of ministering completely to the use of all kinds of men under all sorts of circumstances. It has shown, again and again, its weakness and incapacity, and put the Church into a position in which it ought not to have been put before the great world of reasoning men.

When, some ten years ago, the great city of Chicago was in flames, and the news came to the General Convention of our Church, then holding its triennial session, that this dreadful calamity was transpiring, moved by a profound sense of the impotency of human help, and by that spirit of supplication for divine interposition which prevailed through all our land, our Houses of Convention voted that they would suspend their work and go to prayer. What did they do? They knelt down together and read the Litany! It does seem to me that in the minds of the people who looked at that scene, the fact of their feeling compelled to resort to the use of this stated form must have appeared in the light of a certain sign of bondage—that a Church, when called upon to pray for a

burning city, should have considered it necessary to use a form of prayer in which almost every other kind of human woe is laid before God except the woe of a burning town. It goes straight in the face of the common sense of mankind; and however you and I, familiar with the thought embodied in the forms ecclesiastically provided, are able to put ourselves in sympathy with the spirit and intention which may underlie the words of the prayers which are appointed to be used, no Church is ready to present itself before the country and ask the people to accept its methods of worship so long as that picture which I have placed before you stands upon its historic page. And if the same thing were to occur again to-day, our Church has no other picture to paint upon the pages of the present. When the story of our President's sickness, and afterward the news of his death, crossed the ocean the other day, and excited that wonderful sympathy there which has been so often referred to, even the inflexibility of the English Church had to break away from its conventionalities, and, somewhere or other, crowd into its services some sort of a form of prayer specially adapted to the exigency of the hour. They had to pray *for President Garfield;* and it was necessary to place a new prayer in the English Liturgy, in order that our country and its stricken President might be prayed for in England. If to-morrow the sad news came to us that England's Queen was seriously ill, and that the great sorrow which so recently came to our land was in any way threatening that dear mother-land, we have got to violate the principles of our Church and the genius of the liturgical principle, in the absoluteness with which it is forced continually upon us, before we could offer up our prayers for the honored sovereign of that beloved nation.

Now, my friends, it does seem that all such absolute and required use of set forms of prayer is a simple proof

of a lack of faith in the Liturgy. It seems to me that there is something strange in this. We believe, and declare our belief, in every way, before the world, that the liturgical method of worship, in the glowing forms which have come down from the past, having the sublime authority of all the Christian ages for its sanction, is something which, by its intrinsic excellence, so recommends itself to all people that if they once use that they will never want to use anything else. We embody those forms in our Book of Common Prayer, and then we go to work and guard our clergy, who are supposed to be in the heart of the fascination of that Prayer-book, with all sorts of rules and prohibitions, lest perchance they should go out of this sheepfold, in which we believe it is the passion of the whole world to keep itself. It shows a lack of faith in our own Prayer-book, or we could trust to its intrinsic excellence, without putting prohibitions around it. It argues a lack of faith in the men whom we have ordained, and whom, in welcoming them into the communion of our Church, we believe to be full of the spirit of that Liturgy. Certainly, when our Church stands before the world and makes the great, grand claims that it is making all the time—that it has opened its gates so wide that any Christian man who wants to come in and worship may do so; that it offers the only methods by which this Christian land, if it would come into our communion, might live and worship as one united Christian nation—it is absolutely impossible that it shall consistently claim that, so long as more and more, by stricter and stricter prohibitions, it rules out one of the eternal forms in which the human soul, not simply in its privacy, but in the company of those of kindred purpose, will approach its God. The aspirations of our Church are to the habits of our Church like the old oak to the flower-pot. The aspirations are too big for the

habits in which they are now trying to live. Sooner or later the aspirations have got to break the habit, or the habit will stifle the aspirations. The flower-pot has got to break under the pressure of the growing oak, or the growing oak has got to die, or else live perpetually stunted within the poor flower-pot which it values more than its own life.

I believe in ritual with all my heart. I believe in ritual just exactly as the artist believes in and uses his art. I am a Ritualist, and I am unwilling to give so good a name to any sect or party in our Church. I am a Ritualist, and just because I am a Ritualist, and because I believe that we have the noblest Ritual, I wish to see that Ritual become most effective in commending itself to the hearts of all men; I am willing to trust that Ritual in largest union with all the devotional usages of men about us, because I believe it has a persuasive power, which will attach to itself the extemporaneous worship of those who have once been brought under its influence, and will make it a loftier thing than it has been ordinarily among those who have had no such influence as liturgical worship to shed upon it. Therefore I state earnestly my belief that one of the great necessities for the growth of the Liturgy in our communion is the breaking in upon the exclusiveness of set forms of worship, and the giving of large freedom and liberty to laity and clergymen, bishops, priests, and deacons, when the occasion calls for it and their souls move them, to go to God, in their churches, at their altars, at their prayer-desks, and pour out their supplications to the Almighty Being *for the very things they need*, instead of being compelled to go in some roundabout way and pray for a thousand other things, and trust Omniscience to know the thing that is in their hearts.

AUTHORITY AND CONSCIENCE.

(Ninth Congress of Protestant Episcopal Church, Detroit, Mich., October 7, 1884.)

In the Appendix to the "Apologia" Cardinal Newman writes thus of the Church of Rome and the Church of England: "Then I recognized at once a reality which was quite a new thing with me. Then I was sensible that I was not making for myself a Church by an effort of thought. I needed not to make an act of faith in Her. . . . I looked at Her—at her rites, her ceremonial, and her precepts; and I said, This *is* a religion; and then, when I looked back upon the poor Anglican Church, for which I had labored so hard, and upon all that appertained to it, and thought of our various attempts to dress it up, doctrinally and esthetically, it seemed to me the veriest of nonentities. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" They are earnest and pathetic words. And they are words which never could have been written by any man except one who judged a church wholly by the standard of *authority*. They mean that he who has been seeking for a Church has sought a body clothed with the power of infallibly declaring what is true. It is not strange that to one who so sought a Church, the Church of England must have seemed a very nonentity. The only wonder is that to a man seeking with such a definition in his mind any religious body in the world should have seemed to really be a Church.

The words of Newman bring us face to face with the

gist of the whole matter, which I state at once as it appears to me. Anglican Protestantism, attempting to rival Rome on her own ground, to do for the world what Rome claims to do, to live by the method of authority, must always be a nonentity, a failure.

Anglican Protestantism, attempting to do another thing, to treat the soul in another way, to provide for the world another culture, to educate and appeal to the human conscience, has before her the power of immense usefulness and power. We, who cannot with Newman choose the Church of Rome, may say either of two things: we may deny her claim of infallibility and look elsewhere for what we cannot find in her; or, taking broader ground, we may maintain that it is not of the nature of a Church to be an infallible oracle of truth at all; that such an oracle does not exist on earth; that Christ did not mean it should exist; that the true notion of a Church is of a home for struggling men, all seeking truth together, each helping all the rest, the past teaching the present, the present correcting the errors and adding to the wisdom of the past, all aided in the search by one great Spirit, all loyal to one Master, whom to know is everlasting life, but whom not one, not all, have yet known perfectly, and each accepting what truth he comes to accept on the approval of his own conscience given to the evidence which it has offered to his mind and heart. He who maintains that the Church is this opens at once the question of authority and conscience.

We begin with this, that behind all man's knowledge of truth must always lie truth itself, perfect in its own completeness and known perfectly to God. There are three pictures of the way in which that truth might be attained by man. The first is by an infallible oracle established as God's mouthpiece on the earth. The second is by the individual search of every single mind working

absolutely by itself. The third is by each mind working conscientiously, yet always using the experience of other minds, past and present; always working and living as part of a great whole, yet always finding the ultimate sanction of every truth for it nowhere short of its own intelligent assent. I am speaking solely of the religious search for truth, and therefore, of course, in either of the three methods God is the source of truth, and all truth can come only from Him to man. But I assume also that God at no moment withholds any truth from any man who is in the position and condition to receive it.

Of these three methods Rome frankly and cordially proclaims the first, and clearly enough she designates where the oracle is to which the truth-seeker must go to find infallibility. Almost all the Christianity which has rejected Rome has still been haunted by the specter of infallibility, and a large part of it has very gradually come —much of it is very far from coming yet—to see that the whole conception of an infallible and oracular utterance of God upon the earth is neither necessary for the salvation of mankind, nor in harmony with the genius and spirit of the Christian gospel, nor sustained by the experience of man. The general body of Protestants tried to find infallibility in the Bible until criticism said to them, in tones that they could not mistake, "It is not there." The Anglican Protestant made more of an infallible Church, till the increasing earnestness of an age which bred such men as Newman forced to her consciousness the fact that if the Church of England were an oracle at all, she was an oracle without a mouth, that no apparatus of liturgical exactness or deliberative synods could supply her with that which she had not by nature—a tongue to utter the truth which all men are to accept as true.

Most natural is this craving for infallible and complete knowledge resting on indisputable authority. Our Lord's

disciples sought it of our Lord, and could not believe that in Him who said, "I am the Truth," all truth was not consciously and completely held. But Jesus did all that words could do to set them right. "Of that day and that hour knoweth . . . not the Son but the Father," He replied, as if He would distinctly say that the power of perfect knowledge was not necessary for the perfect man. What then? It surely cannot be necessary for the perfect Church.

Let this idea, that somewhere on the earth there is to-day a being or a possible group of beings which otherwise than by the great methods of devout thought and study and experience may come to and possess the knowledge of truth, of such truth, for instance, as the character of the Bible, or the destiny of man, or the true method of the conduct and organization of the Church—let such an idea as that, I say, be lifted absolutely from the minds of Christian men; let the whole idea of Church authority save as the contribution of material which is to be freely criticized and used by the conscience and intelligence of men be swept away and disappear, and think what vast gain of vigor and reality and so of light must come! Just see what some of the gains must be.

1. The notion that absolutely identical belief is essential to identity of Christian faith and life must be dissipated, and the community of many men of many minds must shape itself in actual existence, as it now hovers before the dreams of men dissatisfied with sects and schisms. Into that notion of the need or the possibility of identical belief many waves of influence have been eating their way for years. But that notion must be shaken from its foundation once for all as soon as the dogma of infallibility is broken down. In proportion as the search for a seat of infallibility occupies the attention of a Church, the oneness of many men of many minds must grow weak

within her. A Church bound to the doctrine of authority cannot be a comprehensive Church. A Church conscious of infallibility could have no Church Congress.

2. Again, the Church freed from the dogma of infallibility—and I hold that the dogma of authority is meaningless unless it involves a practical infallibility—would enter upon the culture of personal character which belongs to freedom, and to freedom only. "What shall I believe regarding this truth?" "How shall we organize this institution and conduct this rite?" The answer to those questions I must seek either in old authorities which have settled them long ago past all appeal, or I must seek them in my own present intelligence used at its best and freest. If I seek it in the first way, I exercise my power of antiquarian research and my power of submission. If I seek it in the second way, I exercise my conscience and my will, my prudence, my charity, my honor for the past, my greater honor for the future, my honesty, my fairness, in a word, my *character*, and my humanity, and that is better.

You see it is not a question of what truth a man shall hold, but of *how* a man shall hold all truth. Greater than my holding this truth or that, is the way in which all truth is held by me. The one way of holding truth, if it were perfectly successful, ends in acquisition, and the other way makes character. And because directness and simplicity are not merely noble parts, but also powerful means of character, I say, in the third place, that because those qualities would be set free by the disenchantment of the Christian mind from the notion of infallibility, therefore such a disenchantment would be great gain. What tortuous sophistries, what reasoning in circles, what following out of hopeless lines, this search after the seat of infallibility has involved! Universality, antiquity, consent. These are the notes of truth, said Vincentius of Lerins.

Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus. How often we have heard it! I confess that until very lately I had never read through the "Commonitorium" of the monk of Gaul. I doubt if many who are strongest and loudest for the Vincentian Canon have ever read it yet. I venture to commend it to their reading, for it is very eloquent and clever. But it is most of all noteworthy for the magnificent unconsciousness and constancy with which it travels in a circle and with which it begs the question. There are not many books which can surpass it in these points. A universality which fixes its own limits of space, an antiquity which decides for itself just at what point in history the development of truth must stop, and a consent which expressly announces that it is limited to those who were "*suis quisque temporibus et locis in unitate communionis et fidei permanentes*," these, surely, while they may confirm the believer who wants to be confirmed in his comfortable faith, can have little to say to a critical and unbelieving world, can bring no assurance to an honest and perplexed inquirer.

And yet to such straits as these of old Vincentius are all men reduced who, not acknowledging the localized infallibility of Rome, search elsewhere for an absolute authority in the Church of Christ. One of our own bishops hunts it through a course of lectures to young students of theology, and, convinced that it is not in the pope, nor in the councils, nor in the episcopate, finds it finally in the "ecumenical mind," which is the Vincentian Canon over again, and which can by no possibility make itself known except by an atmospheric influence or by a show of hands. Another of our own bishops, in an amazing letter, declares that the practical infallibility lies in the present English translation of the Bible, no word of which, he says, "can be touched either by criticism or by skepticism without disloyalty to the Church, danger to

the truth, and harm to souls," not even if the touch he dreads be simply put forth to remove from the New Testament a text of whose spuriousness there is not a shadow of reasonable doubt.

Ah, no; any dogma of infallibility resident in the Church, upon which some people would rely for the Church's motive power, is too heavy a load for the Church to carry. It is like the old trouble in managing balloons which has never yet been conquered. The machinery with which men have tried to propel and steer the balloon has always proved so heavy that it has brought the whole thing tumbling to the ground. Let us leave infallibility to the Church newspaper, where it belongs. The Church must know that God treats error in this world just as He treats poverty. He sweeps it off by no one fiat of omnipotence. He knows that some day it must go. It has the seeds of its death in itself. He bids men fight with it and kill it. He gives them the perpetual help of His Spirit of Light. But as He has opened no stream of flowing gold where poverty may go and gather an instantaneous supply for every need, so He has established no oracle of indisputable truth where ignorance may find at once an unerring answer to every question. Through the ever more skilful use of the natural powers which God has given him—a use always seeking and always receiving the inspiration of God's present Spirit—so in the midst of all sorts of doubts and blunders man must struggle on to the final victory alike over poverty and over error.

And if we lay aside—not sadly and reluctantly, but gladly and as getting rid of an incumbrance—if so we lay aside the notion of infallible authority, then what remains? I answer, Individualism. Let us not fear that name of which some people have such terror. Let us not fear the thing which that name represents. Individual-

ism is the assertion of the personal life, with its rights, its responsibilities, and its needs, as the central object of the final purpose of the world. The religion of the Son of Man cannot, must not ignore or be afraid of that. There are many units, but the unit of hundreds and the unit of tens are built out of and exist for the unit of the one. It can live without them, but they cannot live without it. The old Rome forgot the personal life in government. The new Rome has forgotten it in religion, and we know the mischief and the sufferings of both. There is no hope for the world but in a healthy individualism. And individualism in matters of thought means *private judgment.*

Private judgment; that is another word of which we must not be afraid. It may help us not to be afraid of it if we ask ourselves whether there is really any such thing as judgment which is not private. I know of no such thing. The man who chooses the authority to which he will unhesitatingly submit must choose by private judgment if his act is to have any reality and power. The Church invites me to the most stupendous act of private judgment when she bids me allow her claim to infallibility. Probably the most impressive and influential act of private judgment about religious things which has taken place in all this century was the decision which took John Henry Newman to the Church of Rome.

But just here comes in all that is true—and that is very much—in the current laudations of authority and deprecations of individualism. The individual does not stand alone. Backed by the past, surrounded by the present, with the world beside him, nay, with the world, in the great old Bible phrase, "set in his heart," it is his right, his duty, his necessity, to feed himself out of all, while yet to his own personal conscience must come the final test. His true individualism is not the individualism of

Robinson Crusoe, but the individualism of St. Paul. Here is the difference between the second and the third of the methods of attaining truth of which I spoke. To use authority *for evidence;* to feel the power of reverend beauty which belongs to ancient goodness; to distrust ourselves long when we differ from the wisest and the best; to know that the whole truth can and must come, not to the one man, but to the whole of humanity; and to listen to that whole as it groans and travails with its yet unmastered truth—to do all this and yet to let ourselves call no conviction ours till our own mind and conscience has accepted it as true—that which is really the great human truth after which the theories of Church authority are searching—that is the genuine relation, I take it, of the conscience to authority. And that has nothing in it of the spirit of slavishness or death.

It ought to be remembered that the subjects to which authority may be applied are various, and that to each of them it must apply differently. In general the subjects of authority are three—facts, dogmas, and rites. Let us look at each a moment.

1. Facts *must* be taken on authority. The story of the Gospels, the acts which Jesus did, the words which Jesus said—these must be taken on the word of those who saw and heard them first, and of the men who heard them from their fathers age after age. That is the witness of the Church. That is the testimony of history. Where is the duty of the private judgment there? Clearly enough, it is in the free use of criticism. The authenticity of records, the possibility of mistake, the intrusion of prejudice, the partialness of view—these are the fields for conscientious labor. The man who seeks to do it for himself ought to be encouraged. The man who helps his brethren to do it, or who tries to give them the results which it has reached, ought not to be blamed or silenced by

public opinion or by bishop, however what we choose to call the peace of a congregation may be disturbed.

2. And as to dogmas—what are they? A dogma I take to be a truth packed for transportation. As the primitive man gathers the rich living fruit in some tropical forest, and it is dried and packed away and put on board the ship and sent half around the world, and then unshipped, unpacked, and its infolded life made once more live and active as it becomes food or medicine for living men of far more complicated lives and needs than they had who gathered it; so truth is gathered and compressed in dogma, but the dogma must be opened into truth again, and unfold its native life in richer forms of power before it can be either spiritual medicine or spiritual food. Authority is the ship in which the dogma sails. I get my dogma from authority as I get my package from the ship. But it is the soul, the conscience, which turns the dogma back again to truth. No soul can feed on dogma, as no man can eat the package which is landed on the wharf. Authority may bring what dogma has been given it to bring. Only the dogma which can be opened into truth can live. Only the truth which the soul appropriates gives life. Authority is responsible for safe packing and safe transportation, but the real living part of the process is when, after the unpacking has taken place, the conscience tries to turn the dogma which it has received back again into truth.

3. And what shall we say about rites and ceremonies? The final warrant of any rite or ceremony must be in its perceived utility. The two great rites which are alone essential to the Christian Church, the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, coming with the most august authority, that of our Lord Himself, could *they* have been what they are to-day to thousands of souls, even with the command of Christ behind them, if they had rested all

these centuries solely upon the great foundation of the Lord's commandment, and had not entered into living association and witness of themselves to millions of souls which have found in them strength and grace and growth? It is needless to ask whether the soul ought to keep them solely on the authority of Christ's command, even with no perception of their utility. He who made the sacraments made them such that they *must* help the souls which use them rightly. But two things we certainly may say: first, that the perpetual demand of souls for the witness of utility in the sacraments has always had and must always have great power to keep the sacraments pure and simple, to keep them from becoming superstitious or fantastic; and secondly, that every other rite and ceremony whatsoever, whatever be the authority it brings, every form of ecclesiastical organization and procedure whatsoever, must always in the long run come inexorably to the test of spiritual usefulness, and must stand in or fall out of the Church's use of them by that.

Of all the consequences of this magnifying of the conscience over authority we may be well aware, and yet not be afraid but very glad to welcome them. The great value of it is that it must give a character of constant freshness and perpetual renewal and progress and hope to religious thought and life. We hear much to-day about the new theology. It is not a name, it is not a thing to fear. If man is really growing nearer to and not farther away from God, every advancing age must have a new theology. One may freely use that term, the new theology, just as he freely speaks of the new astronomy and the new chemistry. The stars and the elements existed long before and lie far beyond all man's knowledge of them. But man, with his faculty of knowledge, grows capable of receiving ever richer revelation of the skies and of the earth. God and God's ways of grace, the Bible

and its truths of incarnation and redemption and eternal life, are fixed facts entirely independent of man's knowledge of them. They would shine on like the stars even if no man looked. The principle of authority not merely emphasizes their fixity, but insists also that the mind of man must stand in an ever-fixed relation to them. The principle of conscience, accepting their fixity, recognizes and values the element of ever-advancing humanity, and in its ripening power expects, not new truth, but new knowledge of truth, to be emerging from the sea of ignorance forever.

The principle of authority looks back; the principle of conscience looks forward. Since all truth in all times is one, it must be that all earnest men who look for truth in any one direction must often be the means of pointing out where truth lies in other directions than that in which they look. Thus, no doubt, the champions of pure authority have often enlarged religious thought. Columbus sailed to find the Old World, and he found the New. This we must joyfully grant, but none the less we may believe that the enthronement of authority as the regal principle in Christian thought is very dangerous. It tends to kill enterprise; to cultivate sophistry; to perpetuate error; to magnify machineries and little things, and to hinder the progress of mankind.

Every real question goes deep and fixes its roots about the heart of things. I am sure that the question which we are to discuss this evening goes very deep and involves the whole nature of religious truth. Are the truths of religion, the truths and doctrines of Christianity, outside and wholly foreign things, having no essential belonging with the soul of man, not anticipated there, brought in entirely from another world, and lying, when once there, like the jewel in its setting, with no vital relations between them and the soul in which they lie? If so, the

principle of authority must be the great principle in the imparting of Christian truth. On the other hand, is Christianity the fulfilment of man's best hopes, the answer to man's deepest needs? Is essentialness and not arbitrariness its soul and genius? Is redemption the perfection of humanity in its own human lines? Is the Church the ideal human society? Does Christian truth lie in the soul which it has entered like the seed in the field, each made for each? Is Christ the Lord of man? Is eternal life the deepening of the present life and not merely its substitution by another life some day? If the answers to all these questions must be strong affirmatives, then the conscience, not the authority, must be the final appeal; in the conscience, not in authority, must be the final warrant of all Christian truth.

All real questions settle themselves. What if it should appear that this question of ours, the question whether authority or conscience is to produce faith, settled itself most conclusively by its gradually growing evident that authority by its very nature *cannot* produce faith, because that which authority produces when it has done its perfect work is, in the nature of things, not faith, but only assent? This, I believe, is the profoundest truth upon this subject, and the real key of all the matter. It is not a question whether you will carve your statue with a chisel or a brush, because statues are not carved with brushes, but with chisels; because that which a brush makes is not a statue but a picture. So, to say that faith henceforth must be made by authority would be to say that henceforth there can be no more faith; that the Christian Church is dead.

But it is not dead. It is a living Church, still receiving messages and inspirations from, nay, rather still feeling within itself, the moving Spirit of its Master, still liable to error, still able to distinguish truth from error and its

Master's movements from its own self-will and from the enemy's delusions only by the faithful use of its own consecrated faculties, by its present conscience judging each present problem in the brightest and purest light it can command. Such is the living Church, in which our souls must live.

Has such a Church no dangers? Indeed, it has countless dangers, but its very dangers are alive and hopeful in comparison with the dead and hopeless dangers of a Church which, under the strong power of authority, commits itself to a half-developed, a half-recorded, and a half-understood past.

A CENTURY OF CHURCH GROWTH IN BOSTON.

(Memorial History of Boston, Mass., 1885.)

The Rev. Joshua Wingate Weeks was a minister of the Church of England, and a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, settled at Marblehead, in Massachusetts. In the year 1778 he wrote to the society an account of "The State of the Episcopal Churches in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, New Hampshire, etc." Of the churches in Boston he wrote: "Trinity Church in Boston is still open, the prayers for the king and royal family, etc., being omitted. The King's Chapel is made use of as a meeting-house by a dissenting congregation. The French have received leave from the Congress to make use of Christ Church for the purposes of their worship; but the proprietors of it, having notice of this, persuaded Mr. Parker to preach in it every Sunday in the afternoon, by which means it remains untouched. . . . In a word," he adds, "our ecclesiastical affairs wear a very gloomy aspect at present in that part of the world."

What Mr. Weeks thus wrote in 1778 was mainly true two years later, in 1780, at the point where I begin to sketch the history of the Episcopal Church in Boston for the last hundred years. In the meantime the Rev. Stephen C. Lewis, who had been chaplain of a regiment of light dragoons in the army of General Burgoyne, had become the regular minister of Christ Church; but the congregation of the Old South were still worshiping in the King's

Chapel, and the Rev. Dr. Samuel Parker was in charge of Trinity. These were the three Episcopal parishes in Boston in the year 1780: the King's Chapel, with its house of worship on Tremont Street, Christ Church in Salem Street, and Trinity Church in Summer Street. The King's Chapel had been in existence since 1689, Christ Church since 1723, and Trinity Church since 1734.

It is not difficult to see what it was that made "our ecclesiastical affairs" wear such a "gloomy aspect in this part of the world" in the days which immediately followed the Revolution. To the old Puritan dislike of episcopacy had been added the distrust of the English Church as the Church of the oppressors of the colonies. Up to the beginning of the Revolution the Episcopal Church in Boston had been counted an intruder. It had never been the Church of the people, but had largely lived upon the patronage and favor of the English governors. The outbreak of the Revolution had found the Rev. Dr. Henry Caner rector of King's Chapel, and the Rev. Dr. William Walter rector of Trinity. Both of these clergymen went to Halifax with the British troops when Boston was evacuated in 1776. In one of the record-books of King's Chapel Dr. Caner made the following entry:

"An unnatural rebellion of the colonies against His Majesty's government obliged the loyal part of his subjects to evacuate their dwellings and substance, and take refuge in Halifax, London, and elsewhere; by which means the public worship at King's Chapel became suspended, and is likely to remain so until it shall please God, in the course of His providence, to change the hearts of the rebels, or give success to His Majesty's arms for suppressing the rebellion. Two boxes of church plate and a silver christening-basin were left in the hands of the Rev. Dr. Breynton at Halifax, to be delivered to me or my order, agreeable to his note receipt in my hands."

At Christ Church the Rev. Dr. Mather Byles, Jr., resigned the rectorship on Easter Tuesday, 1775, meaning to go to Portsmouth in New Hampshire; but political tumults making that impossible, he remained in Boston, and performed the duty of chaplain to some of the regiments until after the evacuation. At Trinity alone was there any real attempt to meet the new condition of things by changes in the Church's worship. The parts of the Liturgy having reference to the king and the royal family were omitted, and this was the only sign which the Episcopal Church in Boston made of any willingness to accommodate herself to the patriotic feeling of the times; and even with her mutilated Liturgy the associations of her worship with the hated power of England still remained. No doubt the few people who gathered in Trinity Church during the Revolution were those whose sympathy with the cause of the struggling colonies was weakest and most doubtful. As one looks at her position when the war is closed he sees clearly that before the Episcopal Church can become a powerful element in American life she has before her, first, a struggle for existence; and then another struggle, hardly less difficult, to separate herself from English influences and standards, and to throw herself heartily into the interests and hopes of the new nation.

Of how those two struggles began in the country at large, when the Revolutionary War was over and our independence was established, there is not room here to speak except very briefly. It was the sprouting of a tree which had been cut down to the very roots. The earliest sign of life was a meeting at New Brunswick, in New Jersey, in 1784, when thirteen clergymen and laymen from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania came together to see what could be made of the fragments of the Church of England which were scattered through the now indepen-

dent colonies. The same year there was a meeting held in Boston, where seven clergymen of Massachusetts and Rhode Island consulted on the condition and prospects of their church. The next year there was a larger meeting held in Philadelphia—what may be called the first convention of the Episcopal Church in the United States—when delegates from seven of the thirteen States were assembled. This was on September 27, 1785. Evidently the fragments of the Church had life in them, and a tendency to reach toward each other and seek a corporate existence. From the beginning, too, there evidently was in many parts of the Church a certain sense of opportunity, a feeling that now was the time to seek some enlargement of the Church's standards which would not probably occur again. Under this feeling, when the time for the revision of the Liturgy arrived, the Athanasian Creed was dropped out of the Prayer-book. The other changes made were mostly such as the new political condition of the country called for. These changes were definitely fixed in the convention which met in Philadelphia in 1789.

But before that time another most important question had been settled. There could be no Episcopal Church in this country without bishops, and as yet there was not a bishop of the Episcopal Church in the country. In the colonial condition various efforts had been made to secure the consecration of bishops for America, but political fears and prejudices had always prevented their success; but no sooner was independence thoroughly established than a more determined effort was begun. In 1783 the Rev. Dr. Samuel Seabury was sent abroad by some of the clergymen of Connecticut to endeavor to secure consecration to the episcopate to which they had elected him. After fruitless attempts to induce the authorities of the Church of England to give him what he sought, he finally had recourse to the non-juring Church in Scotland, and was

consecrated at Aberdeen, on November 14, 1784. He returned at once to America and began to do a bishop's work. The first ordination of an Episcopal minister in Boston, which must have been an occasion of some interest in the Puritan city, was on March 27, 1789, when the Rev. John C. Ogden was ordained in Trinity Church by Bishop Seabury.

Meanwhile, farther south, a similar attempt was being made to secure Episcopal consecration from the Church of England, and with better success. On February 4, 1787, the Rev. Dr. William White of Philadelphia and the Rev. Dr. Samuel Provoost of New York were consecrated bishops in the chapel of Lambeth Palace. Thus the Episcopal Church in the United States found itself fully organized for its work. On May 7, 1797, the Rev. Dr. Edward Bass of Newburyport was consecrated in Christ Church, Philadelphia, to be bishop of the diocese of Massachusetts; and the churches of Boston became, of course, subjects of his episcopal care.

It must have been a striking, as it was certainly a novel, scene when Bishop Bass, on his return to Boston after his consecration, was welcomed by the Massachusetts Convention, which was then in session. He was conducted in his robes from the vestry of Trinity Church to the chancel, where he was addressed in behalf of the members of the convention by the Rev. Dr. Walter, now returned from his exile in Nova Scotia, and made rector of Christ Church. The bishop responded "in terms of great modesty, propriety, and affection." Some time after, the Episcopal churches in Rhode Island, and subsequently those in New Hampshire, placed themselves under his jurisdiction.

It had not been without reluctance and a jealous unwillingness to surrender their independence that the churches in Massachusetts had joined their brethren in the other States to accomplish the reorganization of their

Church; but in the end two of the Boston churches became identified with the new body. To Dr. Parker, indeed, of Trinity Church, a considerable degree of influence is to be ascribed in harmonizing difficulties, and making possible a union between the two efforts after organized life which had begun in Connecticut and Pennsylvania. Before, however, the General Constitution of the Episcopal Church was agreed upon, in Philadelphia, in 1789, the oldest of the three parishes in Boston had changed its faith and its associations, and begun its own separate and peculiar life. It was before the Revolutionary War was ended, and while their house of worship was still used by the congregation of the Old South, in September, 1782, that the wardens of King's Chapel—Dr. Thomas Bulfinch and Mr. James Ivers—invited Mr. James Freeman, a young man of twenty-three years of age, then living at Walpole, to officiate for them as reader for six months. He was a native of Charlestown, had received his early education at the Boston Latin School, and had graduated at Harvard College in 1777. At the Easter meeting, April 21, 1783, he was chosen pastor of the chapel. The invitation, in reply to which he accepted the pastorate, said to him: "The proprietors consent to such alterations in the service as are made by the Rev. Dr. Parker, and leave the use of the Athanasian Creed at your discretion."

The new pastor and his people soon grew warmly attached to one another; and when, in the course of the next two years, Mr. Freeman told his parishioners that his opinions had undergone such a change that he found some parts of the Liturgy inconsistent with the faith which he had come to hold, and offered them an amended form of prayer for use at the chapel, the proprietors voted, February 20, 1785, that it was necessary to make some alterations in some parts of the Liturgy, and ap-

pointed a committee to report such alterations. On March 28th the committee were ready with their report, and on June 19th the proprietors decided, by a vote of twenty to seven, "that the Common Prayer, as it now stands amended, be adopted by this church as the form of prayer to be used in future by this church and congregation." The alterations in the Liturgy were, for the most part, such as involved the omission of the doctrine of the Trinity. They were principally those of the celebrated English divine, Dr. Samuel Clarke. The amended Prayer-book was used in the chapel until 1811, when it was again revised, and still other changes made.

Thus the oldest of the Episcopal churches had become the first of the Unitarian churches of America; and now the question was how she still stood toward the sister-churches with whom she had heretofore been in communion. Her people still counted themselves Episcopalians. They wanted to be part of the new Episcopal Church of the United States. Many of them were more or less uneasy at the lack of ordination for their minister. In 1786 Mr. Freeman applied to Bishop Seabury to be ordained; but Bishop Seabury, after asking the advice of his clergy, did not think fit to confer orders upon him on such a profession of faith as he thought proper to give, which was no more than that he believed the Scriptures. Mr. Freeman then went to see Dr. Provoost at New York. The doctor, who was not yet a bishop, gave Mr. Freeman some reason to hope that he would comply with his wishes; but in the next year, when the wardens of the chapel sent a letter to Dr. Provoost, who in the meantime had received consecration, "to inquire whether ordination for the Rev. Mr. Freeman can be obtained on terms agreeable to him and to the proprietors of this church," the bishop answered that, after consulting with his council for advice, he and they thought that a matter of such importance ought to

be reserved for the consideration of the General Convention.

This ended the effort for episcopal ordination, and on November 18, 1787, after the usual Sunday evening service, the senior warden of the King's Chapel, Dr. Thomas Bulfinch, acting for the congregation, ordained Mr. Freeman to be "rector, minister, priest, pastor, teaching elder, and public teacher" of their society. Of course so bold and so unusual an act excited violent remonstrance. A protest was sent forth by certain of the original proprietors of the chapel, to which the wardens issued a reply. Another protest came from Dr. Bass of Newburyport, Dr. Parker, of Trinity Church, Mr. Montague, of Christ Church, and Mr. Ogdon, of Portsmouth in New Hampshire; but from the day of Mr. Freeman's ordination the King's Chapel ceased to be counted among the Episcopal churches of Boston. There still remained some questions to be settled with regard to the bequest of Mr. William Price, the founder of the Price lectureship, of which the King's Chapel had been the original administrator. These questions lingered until 1824, when they were finally disposed of by the arrangement between the King's Chapel and Trinity Church, under which these lectures are still provided by the latter.

It was a severe blow to the Church, which was with such difficulty struggling back to life, that one of the strongest of her very few parishes should thus reject her creed and abandon her fellowship. The whole transaction bears evidence of the confusion of the ecclesiastical life of those distracted days. The spirit of Unitarianism was already present in many of the Congregational churches of New England. It was because in the King's Chapel that spirit met the clear terms of a stated and required liturgy that that Church was the first to set itself avowedly upon the basis of the new belief. The attachment

to the Liturgy was satisfied by the retention of so much of its well-known form; and the high character of Mr. Freeman, and the profound respect which his sincerity and piety and learning won in all the town, did a great deal to strengthen the establishment of the belief to which his congregation gave their assent.

Christ Church and Trinity Church alone were left—two vigorous parishes—to keep alive for many years the fire of the Episcopal Church in Boston. In 1792 Dr. Walter returned to Boston, and became rector of Christ Church, where he remained until his death, in 1800. In the same year (1792) the Rev. John Sylvester John Gardiner became the assistant of Dr. Parker at Trinity Church. Dr. Gardiner's ministry is one of those which give strong character to the life of the Episcopal Church here during the century. Born in Wales, and in large part educated in England, he was the true Anglican of the eighteenth century. For thirty-seven years he was the best-known and most influential of the Episcopal ministers of Boston. His broad and finished scholarship, his strong and positive manhood, his genial hospitality, his fatherly affection, and his eloquence and wit, made him through all those years a marked and powerful person, not merely in the Church, but in the towns.

After the year 1790 the Diocesan Conventions of the Episcopal Church in Massachusetts became regular and constant. They were generally held in Boston—their religious services mostly in Trinity Church, and their business sessions usually in Concert Hall. The business which they had to do was very small, but every year seems to show a slightly increasing strength. In 1795 the Rev. Dr. Parker and Mr. William Tudor were sent as delegates to the General Convention which was to meet in Philadelphia in the following September, so that the Church in Massachusetts had now become entirely a part of the

General Church throughout the land. In 1797 a committee was sent to Samuel Adams, the governor, to ask him not to appoint the annual fast day in such a way that it should fall in Easter week, in order that it might not "wound the feelings of so many of the citizens of this commonwealth as compose the body of the Protestant Episcopalians." In various ways one traces the slow growth of the Church; yet still it was a very little body. In 1800, at the meeting of the convention of the diocese, "in the library in Franklin Place," it was only five clergymen, of whom one was the bishop, and six laymen that made up the assembly.

In 1803 Bishop Bass died, after an administration which was full of good sense and piety, but which had not enough energy or positive character to give the Church a strong position, or to secure much promise for its future. The only other man who had stood at his post during the Revolution—the man to whom, as his successor, Dr. Gardiner, said of him in his funeral sermon, "must doubtless be attributed the preservation of the Episcopal Church in this town"—Dr. Samuel Parker, of Trinity Church, was chosen to be the successor of Bishop Bass; but he died on December 6, 1804, before he had performed any of the duties of his office, and the diocese was once more without a bishop. Indeed, in these early days it was not by any special oversight or inspiration of the bishops that the Episcopal Church was growing strong. It was by the long and faithful pastorship of the ministers of her parishes. Such a pastorship had been that of Dr. Parker. For thirty-one years Trinity Church enjoyed his care. "I well remember him," writes Dr. Lowell, of the West Church, "as a tall, well-proportioned man, with a broad, cheerful, and rubicund face, and flowing hair; of fine powers of conversation, and easy and affable in his manners. He was given to hospitality, and went about

doing good." He, too, was a man of the eighteenth century, not the nineteenth; but he was thoroughly the man for his own time, and the Episcopal Church in Boston will always be his debtor. In the year after Bishop Parker died another of the long and useful pastorates of Boston began in the succession of the Rev. Asa Eaton to the rectorship of Christ Church, where he remained until 1829.

It was not until 1811 that it was found practicable to unite the Episcopal Church in Massachusetts with the same Church in Rhode Island and New Hampshire, under the care of the Rt. Rev. Alexander Viets Griswold, who was consecrated bishop of what was called the Eastern Diocese. With Bishop Griswold a new period of the life of the Episcopal Church in Boston may be considered to begin—a period of growth and enterprise. Up to this time the Church had been struggling for life, and gradually separating itself from the English traditions which had haunted its thought and hampered its usefulness. It had been a weak, and in some sense a foreign, Church. Now it had grown to considerable strength. Its ministers were true Americans. It prayed for the governors and Congress of the Union with entire loyalty. It took, indeed, no active part in the speculations or the controversies of the day. Its ministers were not forward in theological or political discussion. It rested with entire satisfaction upon its completed standards, and contributed no active help to the settlement of the theological tumults which were raging around it; but it was doing good and growing strong. It had won for itself the respect and confidence of the community; and when the first returns are made from parishes to the Diocesan Convention in 1812, the two Boston churches report a considerable number of communicants. Christ Church has 60, and Trinity Church has 150, and on the great festivals as many as 300.

The second period, the period of growth and some en-

terprise, may be said to extend from 1811 to 1843. The earliest addition to the number of churches, which had remained the same ever since the departure of King's Chapel, was in the foundation of St. Matthew's Church, in what was then the little district of South Boston. That picturesque peninsula, which now teems with crowded life, had in 1816 a population of seven or eight hundred. In that year the services of the Episcopal Church were begun by a devoted layman, Mr. John H. Cotting, and two years later a church building was consecrated there by Bishop Griswold. The parish has passed through many vicissitudes and dangers since that day; but it has always retained its life and done good service to the multitudes who have gradually gathered around it

In 1819 another new parish began to appear, formed principally out of Trinity Church; and on June 3, 1820, the new St. Paul's Church in Tremont Street was consecrated by Bishop Griswold, assisted by Bishop Brownell of Connecticut. The first rector of the new parish was the Rev. Samuel Farmer Jarvis, a native of Connecticut, an ecclesiastic of sincere devotion to his Church, and a scholar of excellent attainments. St. Paul's Church made a notable and permanent addition to the power of episcopacy in the city. Its Grecian temple seemed to the men who built it to be a triumph of architectural beauty and of fitness for the church's services. "The interior of St. Paul's," so it was written while the church was new, "is remarkable for its simplicity and beauty; and the materials of which the building is constructed give it an intrinsic value and effect which have not been produced by any of the classic models that have been attempted of bricks and plaster in other cities. The erection of this church may be considered the commencement of an era of the art in Boston." On its building committee, among other well-known men, were George Sullivan, Daniel Web-

ster, David Sears, and William Shimmin. When it was finished it had cost $83,000. The parish leaped at once into strength, and in 1821 it reports that "it has 90 communicants, and that between 600 and 700 persons attend its services." In 1824, when Boston had reached a population of 58,000, the four Episcopal Churches which it contained numbered in all 634 communicants; certainly not a great number, but certainly an appreciable proportion of the religious community.

In 1827 Dr. Alonzo Potter succeeded Dr. Jarvis at St. Paul's, and he brought with him that broad, strong intellect and noble character and earnest zeal which made him all his life one of the very strongest powers in the Episcopal Church of the United States. In the same year the Rev. George W. Doane, who was afterward the successor of Dr. Gardiner at Trinity, came to be his assistant. These were both notable additions to the Church's ministry in Boston. They were men of modern character; they put new life into the now well-established Church. The very dryness of the tree when it was brought hither from England had perhaps made it more possible to transplant it safely; but now that its roots were in the ground, it was ready for more vigorous life. In quite different ways, with very dissimilar characters and habits of thought, Dr. Potter and Dr. Doane represent, not unfitly, the two great tendencies toward rational breadth and toward ecclesiastical complexity, which were beginning to take possession not merely of this church, but of all the churches. The Rev. John H. Hopkins, who in 1831 became the assistant of Dr. Doane at Trinity, was another of the strong characters who showed the Church's greater life.

Another name of great interest in the Church history of Boston appeared in 1829, when the Rev. William Croswell came from Hartford, a young deacon just ordained, to succeed Dr. Eaton at Christ Church. Dr. Eaton's min-

istry had been long and useful. He had established, in 1815, the first Sunday-school which ever existed in this region. His parish had no doubt already begun to change with the changes of the city's population; but when Mr. Croswell came there it was still strong, and though his most remarkable ministry was to be elsewhere than in Christ Church, his coming there marks the first advent to the city of one of the most interesting men who have ever filled its Episcopal pulpits.

The slow addition of parish after parish still went on. In 1830 Grace Church, which had been struggling with much difficulty into life, appears at last as an organized parish, and is admitted into union with the Convention. At first the new congregation worshiped in Piedmont Square, and then in Bedford Street. It was not until 1836 that its new stone church in Temple Street was finished and consecrated. In Roxbury the first movement toward the establishment of an Episcopal church began to appear as early as 1832; and after worshiping for a while in a building called the Female High School, the new parish finished and occupied its sober, serious stone structure on St. James' Street in 1834. Its first rector was the Rev. M. A. DeWolf Howe, who is now the bishop of the diocese of Central Pennsylvania. While these new parishes were springing into life the old parish of Trinity was building its new house of worship, which was to stand until the great fire should sweep it away in 1872. The solid, battlemented Gothic church, which for so many years stood and frowned at the corner of Summer and Hawley Streets, was consecrated on November 11, 1829. The next year Dr. Gardiner, for so many years the honored minister of the parish, died in England, where he was seeking his lost health, and Dr. Doane became rector of Trinity Church in his stead.

In these years also another man appears for the first

time, who is afterward to hold a peculiar place in the life of the Church in Boston, to be, indeed, the representative figure in its charitable work. It is the Rev. E. M. P. Wells, who is in charge of the House of Reformation Chapel at South Boston. Indeed, now for the first time there began to be a movement of the Episcopal Church toward the masses of the poor and helpless. Up to this time it had been almost altogether the Church of the rich and influential. It had prided itself upon the respectability of its membership; but in 1837 St. Paul's, which had now passed into the earnest and fruitful ministry of the Rev. John S. Stone, had a mission school of between sixty and eighty scholars on Boston Neck, and there was a free church in the eleventh ward-room in Tremont Street, and Mr. Wells had his work at South Boston. The movements were not very strong nor very enduring, but they showed a new spirit, and were the promises of better things to come.

In 1840 there were the beginnings of two new parishes. The Church at Jamaica Plains was as yet only a mission of St. James's in Roxbury, and was under the charge of the rector of that church till 1845, when it secured a minister of its own. In Charlestown a few Episcopalians met in the Congregational Church, and organized a parish under the charge of the Rev. Nathaniel T. Bent. The corner-stone of their building was laid in 1841, and the building was finished the next year. Both of these parishes were named St. John's.

Thus, in 1843 there were in what is now Boston seven Episcopal parishes. In that year Bishop Griswold died. When he was chosen bishop in 1811 there were only two parishes, and besides this increase in the number of organized churches there had begun to be, as we have seen, some movement of missionary life. These thirty-two years had been a period of growth and quiet enterprise. There had been no marked stir of active thought; men

had believed and taught much as their fathers had before them. There had been no disputes or controversies about faith or worship; but all the time a fuller and fuller life was entering into the whole Church. The evangelical spirit, which was the controlling power of the Church of England, ruled the parishes here, and inspired the system which under the churchmanship of the eighteenth century had been so dead. Of all this time the type and representative is Bishop Griswold. He stands, indeed, at the head of the active history of the Church in Massachusetts, to give it, as it were, its true key-note—somewhat as Bishop White stands at the start of the Episcopal Church in the United States at large; or, we may say, perhaps, as Washington stands at the beginning of the history of the nation. He had the quiet energy which the times needed, a deep and simple piety, a spirit of conciliation which was yet full of sturdy conscientiousness, a free but reverent treatment of Church methods, a quiet humor, and abundance of "moderation, good sense, and careful equipoise." He had much of the repose and peace of the old Anglicanism, and yet was a true American. He had patience and hope and courage, sweetness and reasonableness in that happy conjunction which will make his memory, as the years go by, to be treasured as something sacred and saintly by the growing Church.

The third period in the history of the Episcopal Church in Boston, reaching from 1843 to about 1861, is not so peaceful as the last. Before Bishop Griswold died the signs of coming disagreement had appeared; and even before it was felt in this country, a new and aggressive school of Church life had taken definite shape in England. This is not the place to write the history of that great movement which, within less than fifty years, has so changed the life of the English Church. In 1833 the first of the so-named "Tracts for the Times" was issued at

Oxford, and from then until 1841 the constant succession of treatises devoted to the development of what became known as Tractarian or Puseyite ideas kept alive a perpetual tumult in the Church of England. Led by such men as Dr. Pusey and John Henry Newman, the school attracted many of the ablest and most devoted of young Englishmen. The points which its theology magnified were the apostolical succession of the ministry, baptismal regeneration, the eucharistic sacrifice, and Church tradition as a rule of faith. Connected with its doctrinal beliefs there came an increased attention to Church ceremonies and an effort to surround the celebration of divine worship with mystery and splendor.

This great movement—this catholic revival, as its earnest disciples love to call it—was most natural. It was the protest and self-assertion of a partly neglected side of religious life; it was a reaction against some of the dominant forms of religious thought which had become narrow and exclusive; it was the effort of the Church to complete the whole sphere of her life; it was the expression of certain perpetual and ineradicable tendencies of the human soul. No wonder, therefore, that it was powerful. It made most enthusiastic devotees; it organized new forms of life; it created a new literature; it found its way into the halls of legislation; it changed the aspect of whole regions of education. No wonder, also, that in a place so free-minded and devout as Boston each one of the permanent tendencies of religious thought and expression should sooner or later seek for admission. Partly in echo, therefore, of what was going on in England, and partly as the simultaneous result of the same causes which had produced the movement there, it was not many years before the same school arose in the Episcopal Church in America; and it showed itself first in Boston, in the organization of the Church of the Advent. The first services

of this new parish were held in an upper room at 13 Merrimac Street, on December 1, 1844. Shortly after, the congregation moved to a hall at the corner of Lowell and Causeway Streets, and on November 28, 1847, it took possession of a church in Green Street, where it remained until 1864. Its rector was Dr. William Croswell, a man of most attractive character and beautiful purity of life. We have seen him already as minister of Christ Church from 1829 to 1840. After his resignation of that parish he became rector of St. Peter's Church, Auburn, N. Y., whence he returned to Boston to undertake the new work of the Church of the Advent. The feature made most prominent by its founders with regard to the new parish was that the church was free. This, combined with its more frequent services, its daily public recitation of Morning and Evening Prayer, an increased attention to the details of worship, the lights on its stone altar, and its use of altar-cloths, were the visible signs which distinguished it from the other parishes in town.

By this time the poor and friendless population of Boston had grown very large, and the minister and laity of the Church of the Advent, in common with those of the other parishes in the city, devoted much time and attention to their visitation and relief.

Bishop Griswold, before his death, had feared the influence of the new school of churchmanship, and had written a tract with the view of meeting what he thought to be its dangers; but the duty of dealing with the new state of things in Boston fell mostly to the lot of his successor. In the year 1842 the Rev. Dr. Manton Eastburn, rector of the Church of the Ascension in New York, had become rector of Trinity Church in Boston, and had been consecrated assistant bishop of Massachusetts. That interesting ceremony took place in Trinity Church on December 29, 1842. On Bishop Griswold's death, in 1843, Bishop

Eastburn succeeded him, and in his Convention Address of 1844 we find him already lifting up his voice against "certain views which, having made their appearance at various periods since the Reformation, and passed away, have been again brought forward in our time." These remonstrances are repeated almost yearly for the rest of the bishop's life. On December 2, 1845, Bishop Eastburn issued a pastoral letter to the clergy of his diocese in which he recounts his disapprobation of "various offensive innovations upon the ancient usage of our Church," which he had witnessed on the occasion of a recent episcopal visit to the Church of the Advent. On November 24, 1846, he writes to Dr. Croswell that he cannot visit the parish officially again until the offensive arrangements of the church are altered. These utterances of the bishop led to a long discussion and correspondence, which lasted for the next ten years. On November 9, 1851, Dr. Croswell died very suddenly, and Bishop Eastburn's discussion was continued with his successor, the Right Rev. Horatio Southgate. It was not until December 14, 1856, that the parish received again the visitation of its bishop; and in his report to the Diocesan Convention in 1857 Bishop Eastburn explains the change in his action by saying that "the General Convention having passed during its session in October last a new canon on episcopal visitations, I appointed the above-mentioned day, shortly after the close of its sittings, for a visit to the Church of the Advent, for the purpose of administering confirmation."

This closed the open conflict between the bishop and the parish. In 1864 the Church of the Advent moved from Green Street to its present building in Bowdoin Street, where it was served, after Bishop Southgate's departure in 1858, by the Rev. Mr. Bolles. Upon his resignation, in 1870, the parish passed into the ministry of members of an English society of mission priests, known as the

Brotherhood of St. John the Evangelist, and in 1872 the Rev. Charles C. Grafton, a member of that society, became its rector. In 1868 it began the erection of a new church in Brimmer Street, which is not yet completed. The peculiarities of faith and worship of this parish have always made it a prominent and interesting object in the Church life of Boston.

But during these years of conflict the healthy life and growth of the Church were going on. In 1842 began the long and powerful rectorship of the Rev. Dr. Alexander H. Vinton at St. Paul's Church. For seventeen years his ministry there gave noble dignity to the life of the Church in Boston, and was a source of vast good to many souls. His work may be considered as having done more than that of any other man who ever preached in Boston to bring the Episcopal Church into the understanding, the sympathy, and the respect of the people. His vigorous mind and great acquirements and commanding character and earnest eloquence made him a most influential power in the city and the Church. He was met as he first came to St. Paul's by a deep religious interest, which was only the promise of the profound spiritual life which will always make the years of his ministry here memorable and sacred. He remained in Boston until 1858, when he removed to Philadelphia; but in later life, in 1869, he returned to his old home, and was rector of Emmanuel Church till December, 1877. As these pages are being written he has just passed away, leaving a memory which will be a perpetual treasure to the Church. He died in Philadelphia on April 26, 1881.

In 1843 the growth of the city southward toward the Neck was marked by the organization of the new Church of the Messiah in Florence Street, which, under the ministry of the Rev. George M. Randall, sprang at once to useful life. The parish worshiped for a while in a hall at

the corner of Washington and Common Streets. The corner-stone of the new church was laid November 10, 1847, and the church was consecrated August 29, 1848. In 1843 the mission work of the Rev. E. M. P. Wells, which afterward became so well known, and which was never wholly abandoned till his death, began at what was called Trinity Hall, in Summer Street. About the same time the Rev. J. P. Robinson began a mission for sailors in Ann Street, which for many years excited the interest and elicited the generosity of the Episcopalians of Boston, and which still survives in what is called the Free Church of St. Mary, for sailors, in Richmond Street. In 1846 an individual act of Christian generosity provided the building of St. Stephen's Chapel in Purchase Street, the gift of Mr. William Appleton, where Dr. Wells labored in loving and humble sympathy and companionship with the poor until, on the terrible night of November 9, 1872, the great fire swept his church and house away. He was a remarkable man, with a genius for charity and a childlike love for God.

Meanwhile a parish was slowly growing into life in the populous district of East Boston. St. John's Church was organized there in 1845. After many disappointments and disasters it finished and occupied its house of worship in 1852. In 1849 St. Mary's Church in Dorchester was added to the number of suburban churches. In 1851 St. Mark's Church, at the South End, finds its first mention in the record of the acceptance of its rectorship by the Rev. P. H. Greenleaf, who had just resigned the charge of St. John's Church in Charlestown. The next year this new church bought for itself a church building, which it afterward removed to Newton Street, and in which it is still worshiping. In 1856 the Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Lambert began his ministry in Charlestown, and the Rev. William R. Babcock came to Jamaica Plain, succeeded in 1876 by

the Rev. S. U. Shearman. In 1858 Bishop Eastburn resigned the rectorship of Trinity, and was succeeded in 1859 by the Rev. Phillips Brooks. In 1860 the Rev. Dr. William R. Nicholson became rector of St. Paul's Church, and the Rev. George S. Converse of St. James's.

These were years full of life—a life which, if it sometimes became restless and controversial, flowed for the most part in a steady stream of zealous and ever-widening work. The traditions which had bound the Church almost exclusively to the rich and cultivated were cast aside. It had accepted its mission to all classes and conditions of men. The number of communicants increased. In 1847 there were about two thousand in the churches of what then was Boston, and men whom the city knew and felt and honored were preaching in the Episcopal pulpits.

With the year 1860 begins the latest period of our history. A new Boston was growing up on the Back Bay; the country was just entering on the great struggle with rebellion and slavery; and the fixed lines of theological thought were being largely broken through. All of these changes were felt in the fortunes of the Episcopal Church in Boston. On March 17, 1860, a meeting of those who were desirous of forming a new Episcopal church west of the Public Garden was held at the residence of Mr. William R. Lawrence, 98 Beacon Street. The result of this meeting, and the others to which it led, was the organization of Emmanuel Church, and the erection of its house of worship in Newbury Street, which was consecrated April 24, 1862. The parish held its services, before its church building was finished, in Mechanics' Hall, at the corner of Bedford and Chauncy Streets. Of this parish the first rector was the Rev. Dr. Frederick D. Huntington, who had long been honorably known in Boston, first as the minister of the South Congregational Church, in the Unitarian denomination, and afterward as the Plummer Pro-

fessor of Christian Morals and Preacher to the University of Cambridge. It was in view of his leaving his Unitarian associations and seeking orders in the Episcopal Church, and in expectation of his becoming its rector, that the parish of Emmanuel Church was organized. Dr. Huntington was ordained deacon in Trinity Church, on Wednesday, September 12, 1860, Bishop Burgess of Maine preaching the sermon. On the next Sunday he took charge of his new congregation, and his ministry from that time until he was made bishop of the diocese of Central New York, in 1869, was one of the most powerful influences which the Episcopal Church has ever exercised in Boston. Under his care Emmanuel Church became at once a strong parish, and soon put forth its strength in missionary work. It founded in 1863 a mission chapel in the ninth ward, from which came by and by the Chapel of the Good Shepherd, which now, with its pleasant building in Cortes Street, is an independent and useful parish church. In 1860 St. Matthew's Church in South Boston, which had for twenty-two years enjoyed the wise and gracious ministry of the Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Clinch, was left without a rector, by his resignation; and in 1861 the Rev. Dr. J. I. T. Coolidge was chosen to supply his place. Dr. Coolidge, like Dr. Huntington, had been a Unitarian minister, and had only a short time before received ordination in the Episcopal Church.

In 1861 St. James's Church, Roxbury, established a mission chapel on Tremont Street, which, under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Converse, became a few years later an independent parish named St. John's. In 1877 St. James's Church, now under the ministry of the Rev. Percy Browne, again manifested its energetic life by the establishment of another mission chapel, in Cottage Street, in Dorchester, which is called St. Anne's Chapel. In 1867 St. Mary's Church in Dorchester began a mission in Milton Lower

Mills, which has grown into a distinct parish, bearing the name of All Saints. In 1875, after Dr. Vinton had succeeded Dr. Huntington as rector of Emmanuel Church, his assistant, the Rev. B. B. Killikelly, founded a mission at the West End of Boston, which, bearing the name of the Free Church of the Evangelists, is now under the care of Trinity Church. In 1875 a mission at City Point was organized by the Rev. John Wright, rector of St. Matthew's Church. In 1873 a new mission grew up in the part of South Boston called Washington Village, which is known as Grace Chapel, under the charge of the Board of City Missions.

All these are signs of life and energy. Only once has a parish ceased to be. In 1862 the Rev. Dr. Charles Mason, rector of Grace Church, died. He has left a record of the greatest purity of life and faithfulness in work. After his death the parish of Grace Church became so feeble that at last its life departed. Its final report was made in 1865. Grace Church had been in existence almost forty years.

These last years also have seen great changes in the personal leadership of the parishes and of the Church. Bishop Eastburn died September 12, 1872, after an episcopate of thirty years; and his successor, the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Henry Paddock, was consecrated in Grace Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., on September 17, 1873. After Dr. Randall was made Bishop of Colorado, in 1865, the Rev. Pelham Williams became rector of the Church of the Messiah, and he was succeeded in 1877 by the Rev. Henry F. Allen. In 1877 Dr. Vinton gave up the rectorship of Emmanuel Church, and in 1878 the Rev. Leighton Parks became his successor. The Rev. Henry Burroughs became the rector of the venerable Christ Church in 1868, and the Rev. William Wilberforce Newton succeeded the

Rev. Treadwell Walden as rector of St. Paul's Church in 1877, followed in 1883 by the Rev. Dr. F. Courtney.

Very gradually, and by imperceptible degrees, the parishes of Boston have changed their character during this hundred years which we have been surveying. Their churches have ceased to be mere places of worship for the little groups which had combined to build them, preserving carefully the chartered privileges of their parishioners. They have aspired to become religious homes for the community, and centers of religious work for the help of all kinds of suffering and need. Many of the churches are free, opening their pews without discrimination to all who choose to come. Those which are not technically free are eager to welcome the people. In places which the influence of the parish churches cannot reach, local chapels have been freely built.

Besides the parish life of the Episcopal Church in Boston, and the institutions which have grown up under distinctively parochial control, the general educational and charitable institutions of the Church should not be left unmentioned. For many years the project of establishing a Divinity School of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Boston had been from time to time recurring. In 1867 a very generous gift of Mr. Benjamin Tyler Reed secured what has so long been wanted; and the Episcopal Divinity School of Cambridge was founded on a strong basis, which insures its perpetuity. Since that time other liberal gifts have increased its equipment, and it is now one of the best provided theological schools in the country.

The Church Home for Orphans and Destitute Children, which is now situated at South Boston, was founded in 1855 by the Rev. Charles Mason, who was then rector of Grace Church. St. Luke's Home for Convalescents, which has its house in the Highlands, was established originally

as a parish charity of the Church of the Messiah, during the ministry of the Rev. D. Pelham Williams, but it is now an institution of the Church at large.

The great fire of November 9 and 10, 1872, destroyed two of the Episcopal churches of Boston: Trinity Church, in Summer Street, and St. Stephen's Chapel, in Purchase Street. St. Stephen's has not yet been rebuilt. Trinity had already begun the preparations for a new church before the fire, and the new buildings on Huntington Avenue were consecrated on Friday, February 9, 1877, by Bishop Paddock, the consecration sermon being preached by the Rev. Dr. Vinton, then rector of Emmanuel Church.

These are the principal events which have marked the history of the Episcopal Church in Boston during this last period of the century. There are within the present city limits 22 churches and chapels, with 5675 communicants, and 4249 scholars in their Sunday-schools.

And these last twenty years have been full of life and movement in theological thought. The Tractarian Revival of 1845 has passed into its more distinctively ritualistic stage; and the broader theology, which also had its masters in England, in such men as Dr. Arnold and the Rev. Frederick D. Maurice, has likewise had its clear and powerful effect upon the Episcopal Church in Boston. A lofty belief in man's spiritual possibilities, a large hope for man's eternal destinies, a desire for the careful and critical study of the Bible, and an earnest insistence upon the comprehensive character of the Church of Christ—these are the characteristics of much of the most zealous pulpit teaching and parish life of these later days.

ADDRESS AT THE COMMEMORATION OF THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

(Boston, Mass., October 14, 1885.)

I BRING to you, sir, and to this meeting, the cordial, respectful, affectionate, and grateful greeting of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church. I am sorry it should have fallen to my lot to bring this greeting, but only because I should far rather it would have been brought by one who officially, and in full spirit as well, represents the missionary enterprises of the Church to which both he and I belong. Let me say, then, at the very outset, that the Board of Missions of our Church, which has its central sitting in New York, especially invited Bishop Paddock, the bishop of this diocese, who by the very fact of his being the bishop of this diocese is a member of the Board, to be the bearer of the congratulations of the Board and of the Church which he and I represent, to this convention. And I know how earnestly Bishop Paddock desired he might do so, and how absolutely impossible he found it, owing to engagements which he could not break. I appear, therefore, at his request, to speak, not for myself, but for him and for our Board and for our Church.

And how shall I bid this convention such a greeting as our Church would like to bid? I said I wanted to bid it a cordial and affectionate and respectful and a grateful greeting. And it is a feeling of gratitude, my friends,

that must predominate in the soul of any one who brings a greeting from the body he represents to such a body as this, which represents the whole life-work of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. I doubt not, if I could unfold the history of many of our Episcopal missionaries, those who have acted as the representatives of our Church during the last forty or fifty years, I should find in their personal history the inspiration which has come from the work this Board has done, and from the lives of the missionaries this Board has sent forth. I doubt not that, if I had come prepared with a history of our Board and its statistics, I should present a story which would at every point be suggestive of the inspiration which has been given to it by the zeal and the work of the American Board.

I cannot but feel that while one speaks as a representative of his own Church, and does most earnestly bring the greeting of that Church, and desires to have it understood that throughout the length and the breadth of that Church there is most grateful greeting for the work your Board has done, yet when these two Boards meet as we do now, through you in your organized meeting and through me as a representative of our Board, we should greet each other with sympathy and kindness as members of a common order, all animated with a common purpose. I speak, therefore, not merely for the Episcopal Church, but I speak for American Christianity when I declare the profound gratitude we all feel for the American Board and the work it has done through all these years.

The American Board was the first, and must forever stand in history as having been the first, organized body in this country that broke the bonds of the self-contained religion and emerged from the mists that enveloped American Christianity and looked abroad and saw the world as the field. It was an inevitable necessity, as any

one who reads our history can see, that at the first we should have been especially devoted to the establishing of the Christian work and the spreading of the gospel in our own land. But any one looking from above upon what was happening and was going to happen in America must have waited expectantly for the day when American Christian enterprise would reach abroad and would not be satisfied with staying at home. The body that did first thus look abroad and see the world waiting for the call to foreign missionary work that Christianity in America could not always fail to hear, must always deserve the profound respect and gratitude of those who come after. Let Christian missions grow to be what they will; let them depart ever so far from the lines of work which were laid out at the organization of the American Board; let them go as far as they will into lands which the American Board never contemplated entering upon—no missionary will ever go forth from America who will not go in the track that your organization has marked out. We know well enough that the day must have come, if the churches which established this Board had not been faithful to their duty, when American churches would have heard the call and been aroused by the irrepressible spirit of their love for their Master to have entered this field of foreign missionary work. But that Board which did it stands forever entitled to receive the profound gratitude of all who care for missions. This is one cause of the gratitude which I bring you.

Shall I not say, also, that there is a profound ground of gratitude here that you have during these seventy-five years—three quarters of a century—borne wonderful witness to the power of the Christian faith? You have set forth before the people of this country and of the world the power that belongs to earnest, determined, and consecrated effort blessed of God. And I believe the work of

this Board of Missions has been an inspiration to the country in a great deal else besides missionary work. That there should be in this country any body of men who would declare their profound faith in the unseen and eternal Spirit, and who would declare their faith by such personal consecration, scattering their members all over the world and pouring forth the means of those who stayed at home like a very river of plenteousness, that must have had a powerful influence, that has had a powerful influence outside of missions, outside of the Church, outside of professed Christianity. The work that you have done for spiritual life and in showing the reality of spiritual things deserves and receives the profoundest personal gratitude of all those who care for such things.

Shall I say, again, it seems to me that the testimony that an organization such as this has borne in seventy-five years of its history to the essential connection of the idea of missions with active Christianity deserves our grateful recognition? We have seen during all these years a deepening of the religious thought of our people. We have seen God lead us into those broad fields of speculation where we once thought it was unwise or unsafe to go. We have seen the books of criticism opened and examined freely. We have seen those things which seemed essential to Christianity again and again shown to be only incidental to Christianity. We have seen how absolutely simple essential Christianity is. The Church has not merely continued to send forth her missionaries, but the more her field has been widened the more her spirituality has increased; the more boldly she has faced every truth that God has declared to her, so much the more has the missionary spirit thriven, so much the more and more the Church has thriven, and the more zealous have been its members to send the truth to all their brethren throughout the world. When we anticipate the ever-broadening and ever-simplifying Christianity, when we think how

many things which have been regarded as essential have been but incidental, shall we not anticipate without fear that the more Christianity becomes simplified and better known, the more Christianity becomes Christ, and Christian living becomes simply and purely the following of Christ, that the missionary spirit shall grow and grow, develop and extend, until in the progress of the simplifying of the Christian faith shall at last come the conversion of the world?

These thoughts are general thoughts which are suggested in my mind as I find myself privileged to bring the greeting of one Christian body unto another. And, my brethren, that is a very sacred and serious thing to do. Let me close what I have to say with this thought: We thank you for all these reasons which I have mentioned, but the real root of our gratitude is in something simpler than all these—it is because we are all brethren in Christ. We know that all men are God's children; that the most neglected and degraded creature in this world is a child of God; that, therefore, we are brethren of every one of God's creatures on every highest mountain and in every deepest valley, and in the farthest island of the sea. And because you have reached thousands upon thousands of these our brethren, and given them the message which has been their salvation, we thank you. For every poor heathen that you have converted, for every soul that you have led back to the Father of all our souls, for every darkness into which you have poured any light, because that darkness was our darkness, because our Christianity was incomplete while those dark places existed, and because they were our brethren to whom you told the story of salvation, we thank you. For all these causes of thankfulness, as well as many others which I might enumerate, I bring you the cordial and respectful and affectionate and grateful greeting, not only of our Board of Missions, but of the whole Episcopal Church.

THE NEW THEISM.

(Clericus Club, Boston, Mass., April 5, 1886.)

I TAKE this title "The New Theism" because it seems to imply that whatever return men may be making to a faith in God is part of that same belief in Him which has possessed the human soul in all its generations. The words seem to express the double notion of permanence and change. We talk of "the new chemistry," and we want to indicate only that the old science has turned a new face to mankind and invited men to her secrets by novel ways. We talk of "the new orthodoxy," and we mean that the old conception of a great human faith has appropriated to itself new elements, and cast itself into a new form. So when we speak of any present religious conviction or tendency as a new theism, the expression is meant at once to bind the present to the past, and also to set its face toward the future. Theism is as old as man, as old as God. The new theism, then, can only be the reassertion from new points of view, and after momentary obscuration of denial, of that conviction of God which has run through all human thought. Solomon brings into the new temple the sacred vessels which have made the old tabernacle holy. They stand in new and more splendid places, they are put to novel and richer uses, but they are the same vessels still, and the essential sacredness which is in them is not altered.

While the new temple was being built and before the ark and the consecrated vessels were brought into it, we

may well imagine that there was a period in which the thought and enthusiasm of the people of Jerusalem were concentrated on the gorgeous building which was to contain but did not yet contain the sacred things, and that the old house in which they still stood was more or less neglected. So while a new system of thought in which the truth of God is ultimately to be enshrined is rising into shape, it is not strange that men's eyes should be fixed absorbingly on it, to some neglect of the old tabernacle in which still stands the certainty of Deity. The time comes when the new scheme of thought and knowledge claims for itself the divine consciousness of man, and the holiness which belongs to all times or to no time comes in to give richness and meaning to the latest structure raised by the intellect of man. That is the time of a new theism.

Such a time seems to be dawning upon us. There are indications more or less clear that the scientific and philosophical systems whose stately building we have all been watching with the profoundest interest are at last becoming ready for the thought of God and are beginning to claim it. At such a time there will be many things worth observing. Both those who have always kept the faith of theism and those who, having seemingly departed from it for a while, are now returning to it, will offer some curious phenomena. On the one hand, the new theists will have a disposition to talk as if they had discovered God, perhaps almost as if they had created Him, and they will take the old theism under their charge with a somewhat irritating condescension. The stream which has departed from the main current and returns to it again is always fond of trying to look as if it were the main current, and the real main current were simply a side stream which ran into it. So the new theism magnifies the aspects of the Deity which have most to do with its habits of thought

as if they were the essence of the theistic idea. On the other hand, it is curious to see how the men whose belief in God never has been shaken welcome the returning wanderers. There is sometimes a shout of triumph, a victorious "I told you so," an outburst of partisan complacency. Sometimes there is a smile of pity, as if the whole excursion had meant nothing but mere wilfulness, as if the vagrants were returning, having rediscovered the multiplication table, which nobody ought ever to have doubted. Sometimes there is a sigh of relief, as if untold misgivings in their own hearts were quieted, and they could once more go to sleep in peace because the children were at home.

Surely there are finer and more reasonable positions for both sides to take. At least those who have never ceased to be theists may well set themselves to ask what those who have wandered for a time outside of theism are bringing back with them, when they come for the enrichment of the theistic faith to which they return. My friend by my side becomes an unbeliever. He goes perhaps far away out of my sight. He lives in regions of thought into which I as a believer cannot enter. By and by some morning I lift up my eyes and see him coming back. I run to welcome him. But will not my first question be, as he enters into the old domain, what he has gathered since he went away which shall make the old home richer for his wanderings, now that he has returned? It would seem to be a very foolish and self-spiting churlishness which out of false dignity would refuse to ask that question. Tom Touchey, in the *Spectator*, who "plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges till he was forced to sell the ground it inclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution," is no unfair type of such kind of refusal. The idea of God is too large for any man to say that he has grasped

it all. It is too pervasive for any region of thought into which honest speculation may carry a man to be fruitless of some characteristic developments of it.

There are indeed some experiences in which the return to belief seems to be not through the special study and knowledge out of which the unbelief has come. Take the interesting biography of Ellen Watson, the disciple of Clifford, who, after giving up all Christian faith, returned by and by to a trust in God and a life of devotion which was very rich and beautiful. I suppose the fact with regard to her really was that she never really did reject theism, but simply seemed for a time to find her life full and complete without it. What she contributed to faith then on her return was simply a new testimony to the old truth that

> "Nor man nor nature satisfy
> Whom only God created."

But other books bring the testimony of other lives, in which the new theism is the direct issue of the lines of thought in which the thinker first departed from the Christian faith. There are two such books in our own neighborhood to which we may direct our observation: one is John Fiske's "Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge"; the other is Francis Ellingwood Abbott's "Scientific Theism." It is not of the argument of those books that I want to speak, but of the results at which they finally arrive. Any one who believes in spiritual processes which will not report themselves to the reason may well believe that underneath the science of the one and the metaphysics of the other there are powers at work of which the books themselves are not aware.

But it is the results to which the books come that are most interesting. The results of the two books are substantially the same. Both totally reject materialism.

Both are vehement against Paley and the old argument from design. Yet both believe in a teleological principle in the universe more subtle and more impressive than that which found its sufficient illustration in the mechanism of a watch. Both preach the immanence of the creative and regulative power. Both hesitate and draw back from an assertion of the personality of Deity and steady themselves by vigorous railings against anthropomorphism.

Some books get their interest from their processes, and you do not care for their conclusions. The value of other books lies in their conclusions, and their processes are of small account. Of this latter sort of books is Abbott's "Scientific Theism." The science is not very satisfying, but the theism at which it seems to arrive is well worth our study. He holds the universe *per se* to be infinitely intelligible. That is the burden of his argument—the noumenal as distinct from the phenomenal relation of things and their relations. He holds that the intelligibility of the universe involves the intelligence of the universe. And so he asserts that the universe *per se* is infinitely intelligent. He puts these facts together, and "the third truth follows with irresistible certainty that the universe *per se* is an infinite self-consciousness." We can hardly help being puzzled here and wondering whether, in spite of all his previous argument, which has been laboriously dragging up the object out of the depths of the subject, he has not at last lost his hold on his prize and seen the object once more disappear in the subjective depths; but that is not our present point. We are not dealing with his metaphysics. Surely the result at which he finally arrives—the universe *per se* an infinite self-consciousness —delights us with its abundance of vitality. It is all alive. It has entirely escaped from the death of materialism. It is full of meaning. It is no machine, Fate, Chance,

and Providence, as commonly depicted, the working of a far-off power on a foreign stuff through the long arm of law. Here stupid explanations disappear. "The universe is to be conceived," so Abbott writes, "as an organism all of whose life and growth are strictly immanent"—everything is instinct and flung wide open to knowledge—"the only unknowable is the non-existent," he declares. Is this pantheism? "If all forms of monism are necessarily pantheism, then scientific theism is necessarily pantheism," he says, "for it certainly holds that all is God and God is all; but if pantheism is the denial of all real personality, whether finite or infinite, then most emphatically scientific theism is not pantheism, but its diametrical opposite. Teleology is the very essence of purely spiritual personality. There is no such thing as an unconscious teleology." These are strong words. Their disclaiming of impersonality is as complete as is their rejection of the Personality in whose hands the universe is pictured as lying by the ordinary religious thought of men.

The other book, with many differences of method, comes to the same result. Fiske pictures the result to which by slow evolution we have arrived as "the recognition of the eternal God indwelling in the universe, in whom we live and move and have our being." What is this but the infinite self-consciousness of the universe *per se*, on the one hand not inconsistent with absolute monism, and on the other hand capable of having personality attributed to it in virtue of the streaks and signs of purpose which it shows? And Fiske connects this assertion of cosmic theism as distinct from anthropomorphic theism directly with man's renewed intimacy with nature. The old Augustinianism has caught the political and governmental conceptions of Rome. We Athanasians, whether in the old nature-worships or in this modern cosmic theism, are drinking at the fountains in the hills or reading the mys-

tery of the stars in the sky. The result with Fiske again is a universe quivering with energy. "The infinite and eternal power that is manifested in every pulsation of the universe," he declares, "is none other than the living God." A "quasi-psychical nature" only can he find it in his thinking-power to attribute to this Deity, but the life which His indwelling gives to the universe is felt in every recognition of His presence, every utterance of His name.

I name these two books not because they are the greatest and the best, but only because they are the nearest and the most familiar. In the result at which they arrive they represent well enough that part of the thought of the time which is turning its face toward theism. That there is such a turning there can be no doubt. What John Fiske tells of himself, of how the truth that man's education is the final cause of creation, after hovering long in the background of his consciousness suddenly flashed upon him two years ago like a revelation, has been true of many a mind in relation to the idea of God. Here come the wanderers back. They have strayed far. They have been deep into the darkness. They come back with earnest faces, not remorseful, not regretful for their wanderings; ready, no doubt, to believe that it was God Himself who sent them into the wilderness of agnosticism, that they might bring back thence something which shall make the theism more true and rich than much theistic thought had grown to be.

What is it that they bring? In one word, is it not that which we have found bursting forth from these two books? It is the sense of the liveness of the universe. If the belief in the personality of God has often had a tendency to separate the Governor from the world, to segregate vitality in Him and leave the world a dead machine, is it not true that that divine truth of the personality needs from

time to time to be bathed and refreshed in the truth of universal life lest it become too hard and dry?

The doctrine of the Trinity is a protest against the hard, tight personalness of the conception of God which thinks of Him as a big individual, with definite limits to His nature, and almost to a visible frame in which He lives. The doctrine of the Trinity is an attempt to give richness, variety, mystery, internal relation, abundance, and freedom to the ideas of God. Unitarianism has got the notion of God as tight and individual as it is possible to make it, and is dying of its meager Deity. The new theism, filled with the sense of a divine life in the very being of the universe, furnishes that bath of a great general conception into which special doctrine must now and then be plunged for the renewal of its truth and freshness. That the Incarnation, the bringing of the divine idea out of its distance into our human life, so rescued and refreshed that idea, every Christian Jew, every John and Andrew, must have known in his existence. In the same way upon a different side the truth of the liveness of the universe fulfils for us the truth of God. The Incarnation brought into union with God's supremacy the sacredness of man. There may be a yet unreached though often anticipated theism which shall bring into union with God's supremacy the liveness of the world.

Of course we ask at once whether this is mere pantheism. In the midst of thoughts like these what becomes of the personality of God? We can see how it is in danger of being drowned and lost. We can see how it often is submerged. The new theism in the minds of many men who hold it is nothing but old pantheism. Nevertheless we are struck by seeing how those who teach it are eager to assert that it is not pantheism. The more they reject the personality of God as it is ordinarily believed, the more they assert that God is personal in a

sense which seems to them more true. "Our experience," says Fiske, "does not furnish the idea of a personality which is not narrowly hemmed in by the inexorable barriers of circumstance. We therefore cannot conceive such an idea. But it does not follow that there is no reality answering to what such an idea would if it could be conceived." What a shrinking from the pantheism which seems just at hand is in these words! Surely we Christians ought to understand how one feels who sees pantheism close at hand and yet draws back from it and will not be a pantheist. For the New Testament is always just on the brink of pantheism, and is only saved from it by the intense personality of Jesus and His overwhelming injunction of responsibility. Surely He gives us reason to believe that there is a real possibility of holding both together, the personality of God and the divine life in the universe.

Nor need we refuse to feel the help of a true anthropomorphism because anthropomorphic representations have been so often false and crude. The noblest of earthly natures must always furnish the type for our conception of that which is above the earthly. Thought will always stand upon the highest hilltop for its spring into the heavens. The Scripture statement that man is made in the image of God will always tempt man's soul to run back along the line of creation and seek to know the Pattern by the copy. At least man will always feel that to seek to know God by the irrational parts of nature and call him Force, must be less true to Him and worthy of Him than to seek to know Him by the higher reasonable parts of nature and call Him, as John Fiske hesitatingly calls Him, "Infinite Personality," however we may be aware as we use the word that it is overfull of the associations of our ordinary manhood.

Certainly the protest against anthropomorphism must

lead us to this—to a deeper study of what the manhood really is which may help us to conceive of God. It must compel us to throw out of our idea of man those things which are only accidents of his life and not essential parts of it. As I try to know God by man, I may become aware that all the tumult of passion, all the meannesses and jealousies and spites and torpidities and sins are intruders in my human nature, that nothing really belongs to the human idea except that which, glorified and multiplied and spiritualized, may be lifted up and thought of God.

And it is good for us that by such questions as the new theism is full of the whole question of personality should be reopened in men's minds, and that they should be forced to think of it in larger ways than they have been used to apply to it. It has grown very tight and selfish. It has partaken of the littleness of the individual human creature. See, for instance, how hard it is for many people to form any real conception of the personality of man, of an intelligence and will belonging to the whole human race inclusive of all but distinct from each of the intelligences and wills of men. To most people probably the colossal man, the aggregate human personality, seems to be only a figure of speech. And yet that is the personality, I imagine, from which a true anthropomorphism must set out to imagine God. The man which is made in the image of God is manhood. Not this man or that man save as he is an utterance of the universal manhood. Not this man or that man with his partialness and fixed simplicity, but the universal manhood with its multitudinousness, its self-related and various internal life, its movement and ever-opening vitality, its oneness yet its multitude, its multitude within its oneness—that is the man which was made in God's image and by whose study the image of God may dimly open again upon the soul. We create first an artificial simplicity for our individual life, and we

assert that only in such an individuality as that is there a real personality. The first enlargement of such a narrow conception as that is in the necessity of conceiving of the personality of man. The next is in the even deeper necessity of conceiving of the personality of God. The new theism finds itself face to face with that necessity. It hesitates about the possibility of solving the difficulty and reaching the conception which yet it sees that it cannot do without. The religion of the New Testament stands ready with its clear utterance of that divine personality long known and realized. As it offers to the new theism the definiteness and positiveness of its Christ, may it not hope to receive again from it something of the largeness and breadth which the very definiteness of its Christhood is always in danger of losing? In the search for the "Infinite Personality" may not the old theism give to the new its vividness of personal beliefs, and may not the new theism give to the old its realization of Infinity?

There are times when you want to loosen men's thought of God as there are times when you want to tighten it. All loosening is preparatory to a better tightening by and by; but for the moment it is a loosening and not a tightening that you want. You bid a child open his hand so that he may get a better hold. Or is it not like a ship that lies frozen in a sea of ice? She stands solid and firm, and is in no danger of sinking. In the spring the ice begins to melt, and the ship is afraid. The hold of the frozen water upon her seems to be giving way. But when the melting is complete, she finds herself surrounded and held up by the same element, only now unfrozen and offering her not only safety, but the chance to go freely on her way. So is man's faith in the personality of God when it has been allowed to come into free relation to the liveness of the universe and the endless mystery of the development of nature.

And so have we not reached some notion of the direction from which the wanderer will return from his wanderings and of what it is that he will bring with him when he comes? I have mentioned two books merely because they seem to lie very naturally in our way. But the disposition which they illustrate is not confined to them, nor is it to be read only in the fields of thought to which those books belong. In ethical culture, in social life, in the regions of mystical and psychical research as well as in metaphysics and in the science of nature, the same pervading sense of the vitality of the universe is felt. A new sense of purpose, a deeper teleology, is filling the frame of life. Effort is crowding itself upon the idea of energy, and God more than force is becoming the word in all men's lips.

Is it not true that with such a return of the tide the pools of faith which have been standing in the hollows of the rocks must be filled with new freshness and brought into a new union with the universal sea of human life and thought? The thing which this great inflow of nature half moralized and half personalized needs is to attain a complete morality by which alone can come a complete personality. That the religion of the ages has to give. Its continual assertion of God as the source of duty must give substantial clearness to this universe, which thus far seems in the new theism almost to reel and tremble with the intoxication of its immanent Deity. The word of David must be the story of what is to come: "He commanded, and it stood fast." When that has come may we not look to see the great idea of God made no less clear and yet truly infinite? May we not look to see a Christ in whom the whole need of all the living world shall find their satisfaction? May we not look to see a Church which shall truly express the meeting of the whole of manhood with the whole of God and the perfect satisfaction of the human and the divine?

ADDRESS AT THE TWO HUNDREDTH COMMEMORATION OF THE FOUNDATION OF KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON, MASS., DECEMBER 15, 1886.

During the past seventeen years I have owed a great many of the pleasures which I have enjoyed to my connection with Trinity Church. I owe the privilege of being here to-day, and the fact that I am the rector of that church, to a certain scene which took place on a bright April morning in the year 1734, when Mr. Commissary Price, who was then rector of King's Chapel, went down to the corner of Summer Street and Bishop's Alley and laid the corner-stone of Trinity Church. One year after that time, at the same place, in the building which had been erected during the year, the services of Trinity Church were inaugurated by a service held and a sermon preached by the same Mr. Commissary Price; and the life of the new church at once began, under the rectorship of Rev. Addington Davenport, who up to that time had been in some way associated with the services in King's Chapel, but who then became the first minister of Trinity Church. And so our histories are bound together.

Mr. Davenport is now to us a very dim and misty person, but everything that we learn of him is altogether to his credit; and he gave at once to the services that were held at Trinity Church and to that new parish a very dignified and honorable position. He stands to us now mainly as a link to connect the lives of the two parishes, and to let us feel that we belong to the same line of

succession to which the parishioners of King's Chapel belong.

When one has a happy life, he feels thankful to those who gave him a chance to live that life. And when a parish has lived the happy life which Trinity Church has lived, while trying in its way and time to do some useful work, it is thankful to those who gave it the beginning of its existence and the opportunity to do that work; and so we are thankful to those from whom you sprang, and from whom we sprang, that they founded Trinity Church in that year 1734.

I have tried to think what is the real relationship between the King's Chapel of to-day and the Trinity Church to which you have given your invitation. It is not easy to fasten it. It is not simply that you are the mother-church and we are the daughter-church. It is something like the relation which has come to exist between the life of our own country and the life of the England across the seas. We talk in a pleasant way about England being the mother-country and of this country of ours being the daughter-country; but when we come to examine this and to study the relationship, we find that we have not stated it exactly as it is. The England of to-day is not the mother of which the United States is the daughter. The England of to-day and the United States of America are sister-nations; and the mother of us both lies two centuries back—in the rich life of the seventeenth century, out of which we and so much of the best of English life have sprung. England is the daughter who has remained at home; we are the daughter who has gone abroad. We are not her daughter, and she is not our mother.

So it is—is it not?—with reference to the relation which exists between your parish and the parish which I have the pleasure of representing. We are both the children of that peculiar English life—the life of the English

Church transported to this land and planted here—which has been so felicitously described to us this afternoon. You are daughters of that history; we are daughters of that history, not of a daughter-parish.

Let us look for a moment on the face of our mother. She does not shine in the history of America. The attempt to establish the English Church in the colony of Massachusetts in those older days was not a successful, happy, nor shining part of our history; and yet I am sure that there was something that passed from it into the mental, ecclesiastical, social, and perhaps even the political life of America which it would be a pity to have lost. Our mother, the English Church, trying to establish herself in the colonies, came somewhat awkwardly, as might have been expected. She tried to plant herself in the midst of an antagonism that made her awkward and ungraceful in her coming. But she did bring with her something of that profound reverence for the past, something of that deep sense of religious order, something which she had clung to as the true form of devotion, something which had all the respectability of form and communion which characterized the life of the English Church throughout her history and experience in the old land. The trouble was that she came and remained a foreigner; and just as soon as the foreigner was no longer to be tolerated, she passed out of the life which had been gradually acquiring its own national character. The beauty of her life was that these two children she left behind —King's Chapel and Trinity Church—were thoroughly American, in spite of her old associations and her unfortunate life in a foreign land. She stamped upon those two congregations a distinctively American character. I do not learn—though those who are wiser than I am may correct me—that the congregation of King's Chapel was largely broken up by that exodus in which the rector of

King's Chapel departed, carrying so much with him that was representative of her history. Certainly the body of the congregation remained, and perpetuated the life which has resulted in the history which has come from that day to this. And I do feel proud that the congregation of Trinity was the only congregation of the Episcopal Church anywhere in this neighborhood which did so deeply retain association with the life of the colonies and the cause with which they were identified that she had their spirit of independence, that she preserved her service throughout the whole of the Revolutionary War, and that she formed the nucleus around which the life of the Episcopal Church was gathered after the war had closed.

So our mother the English Church at least succeeded in this, that she made others American, if she did not become American herself. She succeeded in inspiring that spirit which must always be cherished—that while the great Christian faith is one everywhere throughout the world, it is one part of Christian duty, and must be one element of a church's successful life, to identify herself with the national life in the midst of which she lives; that she shall sympathize with every national misfortune and wrong, and shall always be ready to rejoice in the progress of true usefulness and the larger happiness of the nation in which she belongs.

I congratulate King's Chapel that its history has been a patriotic history from the beginning to the end. There was no lack of patriotism so long as she sprang from and associated herself with the life of the colonies in the days of the Revolution. From that time she has had her typical men among the noblest, purest, holiest in our American pulpit. She has been ever ready to catch the spirit of every new cause—not rash of impulse, not throwing herself into the stream of every enthusiasm of the hour, but always ready to sympathize deeply with every wrong of

the land, and to help every right which was striving for assertion. And when the great crisis of our history came, she sent her young men—none nobler, none more numerous, from any city or country congregation—she sent her young men into the field; and there they bore testimony to the life which they had learned to live here at home.

It is a great thing for a church thus to have been associated with a nation's life—always ready to meet each new emergency which called it to its work, always ready to be even a little beforehand by a general recognition of that which was coming, and by preparing her children by the fundamental teaching of righteousness and truth that they should be ready when the time arrived.

One looks back over this history of two hundred years; and it is full of such associations as this—the imagination has so much room to wander in! One of the things to rejoice in on a great occasion like this is that this Chapel has stood for two centuries, imbibing such a multitude of personal experiences, representing such countless souls that have passed out of the world of living men and women and are now with God; that she has striven with issues, some of which have been settled, and others which have developed into larger issues, which have claimed in their turn the souls of men; that she has stood, generation after generation, for the simplicity, the dignity, the majesty, and the worth of the Christian religion and the Christian ministry; that she has had such men in her pulpit, men full of the spirit of Christian faith, righteousness, and love; men who, to the congregation which listened to them, have represented something more than the truth they preached—the dignity of Christian manhood and the sweetness of human character. It is a great thing that a pulpit should represent, not simply a gospel, but a man; not merely a truth, but a character; not merely doctrines which people are to believe, but also a ministry

which should gain the respect of young men generation after generation; that it should teach men to believe the truth that the Christian ministry is indeed the noblest occupation, the grandest profession, in which men can engage. When the time shall come, as it certainly will come, that young men shall know that truth; when there shall run through our schools and colleges a new perception, that, great as are the glories which belong to other occupations—and I would not undervalue them—there is none that can compare with those attaching to the preaching of the gospel to the children of God—then the voices that have thrilled from the pulpit of the King's Chapel shall have a testimony to bear which shall deepen the impression of that truth as it comes home to the minds of young men. It shall bear testimony to the way in which that truth has been gloriously manifested in the lives and characters and speaking experiences of those men who have stood here; who from the very fact of being here have preached the nobleness of life, the richness of the pursuit of truth, the worthlessness of everything that does not somehow fasten itself to the law of God, the brotherhood of mankind, and the assurance of a universal Fatherhood.

One of the beauties of such a day as this is that it takes up a long history, and gathers it together within the embrace of great principles. History develops itself here and there in a vast multitude of incidents and in scattered ways. These commemorative days take the multitude of the events of history and gather them up together, and infold them in the great principles which have been ruling through them all, and in which they must all find their explanation.

It has been intimated here this afternoon that the history of King's Chapel has been a varied one; that men have differed in opinion; that there have been discussion

and dispute. It would not be a true picture of the thinking Christian world if it had been otherwise. It would not have been a true life of the Church if it had not represented men differing from other men with reference to the things which belong, not to the surface, but to the very depth and substance of our faith. Let us set ourselves, friends—we who belong to the common Church of Christ—let us set ourselves against the false teaching of the times that would disparage theology. Let us set ourselves against the false sentiment that would speak of theological discussion as if it were a thing of the past, a blunder in its day, and something which the world has outgrown. When the world ceases to theologize—to seek for the deepest and inmost truth with regard to the innermost nature of God—there has fallen a palsy upon it. Let us rejoice that the history of this church represents the thought of earnest men who have again and again differed from one another because they have thought and felt deeply about divine things. God has never left the minds of His children unstirred. But while they have differed from one another, let us rejoice in this—that we are looking back upon the history of men who were earnestly seeking after truth. And as that history gathers itself into our Christian consciousness to-day, let us rejoice that it lets us believe that God has vaster purposes in the history of this and of all His churches than those who have worked faithfully on these problems are able to understand. Who believes to-day that the things which took place in the beginning of this century have come to a final result? Who believes that the changes which took place in connection with this church and its re-formation at the close of the Revolutionary War have come to their final culmination? Who does not feel, as he stands at the close of these two hundred years and looks back upon the past, the necessity of believing that God out of these many

years will bring rich results in the future; that the problems which have been reasoned have not yet been solved? Who is not ready to rejoice in every disturbance of the past, so far as it has been the work of good and earnest men striving to get at the truth of God and Jesus Christ?

How shall we prepare ourselves for that future? Not by reviving old disputes, but by recognizing the earnestness which entered into those disputes—by consecrating ourselves in personal obedience to that Christ whose nature, earnestly studied, has led men apart from one another, as they have tried to understand that which is beyond the understanding of men only because it is infinite and cannot be reached by their intelligence, not because it is denied to their study by any wall of prohibition. It seems to me that any one who looks back on the past and recognizes in history the great providence of God in His dealings with men—so much deeper than men have begun to comprehend—simply wants to say to any church, speaking for his own as he speaks for others: Let us go and seek that Christ, that infinite Christ, whom we have not begun to know as we may know Him—that Christ who has so much more to show us than He has shown; that Christ who can show Himself to us only as we give ourselves in absolute obedience to Him. May that Christ receive from us, in each new period of our history, more complete consecration, more entire acceptance of Him as our Master; and so may we receive from Him rich promises of new light, new manifestations of His truth, new gifts of His Spirit, which He has promised to bestow upon those who consecrate themselves to Him in loving obedience, unto the end of time and through all eternity! If one may turn a greeting to a prayer, may I not ask for you, as I know you ask for all of our churches, a more profound and absolute spirit of consecration to our Master, Christ, that in Him, and only in Him, we may seek after and come to His ever richer life?

ADDRESS AT THE THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, BOSTON, MASS., JANUARY 21, 1889.

I COUNT it a great privilege to be allowed to join with General Walker in speaking of the institutions that in this neighborhood have become established, and I rejoice to have the institution with which I am connected among them. It is some years since the Institute of Technology gave to us its welcome. As Trinity Church established itself here, as the Institute of Technology came, and as one by one the growing group increased, we have rejoiced that the recognition of what man had to do for himself and for his fellows found its expression here. And this gives a certain exhilarating and inspiring picture of the largeness of man's conception of the work that he has to do both for himself and for his brother-men.

Every institution finds some particular day on which it particularly exercises itself and expresses its influence. I suppose that on this day this association, finding itself subdivided through all the things that it has to do during the year, gathers itself up and thinks what it is. It is for its history, as well as for its present condition, that it has to be thankful. Anybody who has known the history of the Young Men's Christian Association looks back upon the good men who have given so much care and thought to it; looks back upon the number of homes that it has built, till at last it has clothed itself with the full richness of this beautiful building in which we are to-night; looks

back upon and remembers its conveniences, its methods, its experiments, upon the ways in which it has striven to make its life effective in the life of the city; and remembers the almost countless numbers of young men who, scattered now in all parts of the land, look back to the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston as the source of much of their first inspiration.

Let us think for a few moments about this institution, and what it means as the representative of the condition (as we may say) to which the city, and the age, and the world has reached just in the position in which we are now standing. An institution comes in its true time, and cannot come before its time; and it passes away after a time, and it is good that it should pass away. We cannot think about the institutions that have been in history and ceased to be, as if they were all blunders and mistakes. Institutions are to the religious life of man what the leaves are to the trees. You cannot bring them out till the springtime comes; you cannot take them away till the winter approaches. So you cannot bring an institution out of the life of man till the life of man has reached that place where it calls forth that institution; and so you cannot keep that institution on the life of man, really, after its work has been completely done. Therefore the interesting thing is to see how there is, beneath and beyond all the institutions of mankind, the great religious life of humanity within these things that are perpetually changing, like the green and unfolding leaf of the tree. There comes out in the different institutions, which are as the masses of leaves which express the ever-growing life of the tree of humanity, this same identical life with which it has been full from the beginning.

There are certain great things which all institutions have expressed from the very beginning, and must express to the end, which, although they put on different

forms, are the same. What are they? Man and his nature, and those things which make him the being that he is. Man has not changed from the beginning. Man has been always the same. And in man there has always been the consciousness of a higher power: man has felt it more or less dimly and more or less clearly. Now he has rejoiced in it, and now he has been sorry for it, but man has been always conscious that there was something greater than himself. And in all the range of religious Christian history, besides the essential life of God and the continual life of man, there has always been the life of the Christhead; that is, the recognition of how God and man are bound together. These are the things that never change, that never cease to be, that never began to be, except at the beginning of our human life: the life of Christ, which represents, which declares, the perpetual union between God and man, the way in which God is forever uttering Himself in love, and man may forever utter himself in obedience. Every institution may represent this. The institution which stands with its great tower just opposite this institution, our institution farther down the street, where we try to bring our people close together for the worship of God, and this institution, with all its relations of part to part—all these and all other institutions are but the particular forms in which these ideas come forth in different ages and in different men. No other institution has any genuine life that is not a representation of the life of man, or God, or the Christhead. So every religious institution, and every institution which in its highest view is capable of being called a religious institution, is the true manifestation of this perpetual life, of man's life, and the God-life, and the Christ-life, that is filling the whole world from the beginning to the end.

And then we look at each age and time, and see what

institution, what phase of life, each has called forth. In what form may we look for the life which the present time should produce?

Now, an institution such as this must answer the conditions of the time, or it has no business to be. It never would have come into the vigorous life which it has to-day, it would have failed of the object in which it has been growing during the year, if it was not suited to the times.

May we consider the meaning of the times, and see what sort of religious institution this ought to produce? There are certain conditions that might declare what sort of an institution will be the religious institution of the latter part of this nineteenth century.

And there are three great characteristics of religion to-day that everybody recognizes: First, the humanizing of it, as it may be called—that is, the way in which it has in these latter days burst the shell in which it lived for many years, and became, what it has not been in other days, the property of all men. When the priesthood lost its power, when the Christian Church became no longer simply a body of men with peculiar forms, doing certain things which no other men were supposed to do; when it ceased to be the clergyman's Church, and recognized itself, as it is recognizing itself to-day, as simply the great aggregate of all men who love their God and love their fellow-men —a great change took place, which showed that a new time had come, and that the institution which represented that time should be different from the institutions of medieval times. The modern Church is different from the medieval Church, in that it no longer takes its votaries from certain men, but says that in every man who loves God and his fellow-men is found as true a minister of Christ as any ordained preacher. What a great change is that!

Another change has come into the Christian Church in modern times. It is the distinct recognition of things as sacred which have not been regarded as sacred: not certain acts which are technically religious acts, but everything that relates to man; man in his completeness, the whole man, has got to be religious, has got to be touched by religion. This, and more than this, the conception of religion has to add to it. Man must be religious; that is, must be bound to the highest forces under which he can possibly live the whole man into subjection.

The third of the great changes that religion has undergone is, that it now constitutes itself, not simply a function of man's life, able to believe and worship, but also as the aggregate result of all these things. It is bound to work and influence the world in which it lives, each religious generation leaving the world, not full of the mysterious incense of prayers that it has prayed, but leaving the world better in every part of its life, made to be better, and to live more for the religious life that has been in it in any generation when that generation passes away.

These are three things which constitute the characteristics of the religion of our time. Its greater humanness extends what it believes to every man; its larger conception of sanctity finds its operation in fields that used to be counted secular; and its conception of work, of labor to be carried on and effect to be produced, find expression in its practical activities.

To go back: Every institution that springs out of this time must embody these things, or it is not a true institution. Every institution that calls itself religious now must find in itself the power of the religion of this day. What shall this be? A true recognition of religious things, which belongs not simply to any priesthood but to all religious men—the right to count everything sacred by which man can be made a more complete being, and

the recognition of man's work as the final function of religious life.

What shall we say of the Young Men's Christian Association if, in the influence that goes forth from these walls, every young man is taught that he is a priest of God; that other men are to be reached by him; that God is to shine through him, no matter what may be the special form of the activity that makes his life transparent; if within these walls, with not simply a chapel, but with a library, with the museums in which the pictures of the good works of saints shall be an inspiration, in the gymnasium, where men's bodies are trained—through all there runs one spirit, so that it is a Young Men's Christian Association from the turret to the foundation-stone, so that no part of it is secular, so that its gymnasium and its library are sacred, from its prayer-meeting-room to its amusement-room; if, again, there is entire recognition of its spirit, every part for devotion, if the great final purpose of it all is work, influence, and effect and operation to be produced—then this is a true Christian institution, this is a development of a Christian age. It declares the ripened religion of the world in the form in which it has taken its manifestation, from the simple influence of a few years ago to the beautiful building of to-day, through all the religious ideas of its builders and founders.

I have no fear of that which some good men have feared, when they have asked about the Young Men's Christian Association, of its interference with the Churches of Christ. It *is* the Church of Christ. There is no question of the hand interfering with the heart. Each is a minister to the other. It is not simply that they have one spirit and divided functions, so that we shall say that the churches are the heart and that this institution is the hand; but Church and institution both have heart-power and hand-power in them, each of them, and they are as

close as one part of the life can be to the other part of the life.

If I were to group together all the things that I have tried to picture to you, and remember that religion is nothing in the world but the highest conception of life—the word that is to express this all, the word that is to carry forward men as they come to believe in it, what shall it be? In every department of life, whether I look at politics, at government, at social life, and the relation of ethics thereto, whether I look at religion, there is only one word that expresses the cord that binds the human race: that word is sympathy. Present and past religion seems to have been developing conditions under which sympathy might work. The characteristic word of the past hundred years has been Liberty. Liberty is a negative term—the removal of obstacles, the setting free of conditions under which the essential and absolute and positive power of sympathy, of the relation of man to man under the recognition of their brotherhood, should find its place and expression.

This is a great year. Suppose you look back and think what the year 1789 was. Suppose you draw back the curtain, and what would you hear and see? You would see the last downfall of tyranny, and the first manifestation on this new continent of the power of representative government, which is the power of organized sympathy and human brotherhood. You would see the National Assembly gathered in France, and, before the year was over, the Bastile in ruins. And you would see George Washington being inaugurated the first President of the United States. In the sight of these two events in the year 1789, you have most correctly the meeting of the old and the new: that which was ready to perish, all that feudal life which we dare not believe had not its purposes in the providence of God, but which had done its work

and was to pass away; and, coming reverently into the presence of that august American, you would have that symbol of the future—who took the rulership of the nation with every assertion that he took it as no personal privilege, but as the representative of the men who had called him to be President.

Let us believe that this institution, and all which are flourishing to-day, are those which are expressing, and must more and more express, the sympathy which is curing more and more the evils of social life; which is making harmonious the differences of our commercial life, and entering more and more into the obstructed ways of secular life, which is coming to elevate manhood in its relations.

Am I talking too largely, examining too great questions, when this is only an anniversary meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association? No man ever, and no institution ever, did anything great, anything worth doing, anything that was a feeble apology for existence, unless it felt moving at its heart the spirit of the world, the spirit of its time, the Spirit of the Christ, who in every developing power is the Holy Spirit itself, and brings to completer and completer fulfilment that human life which He saved and which He forever renews.

Therefore cultivate the power of sympathy, because it is the spirit of your age and of the coming age. Think of none of its developments as impossible; do not forsake them to gaze simply upon the past or the present, but in your own personal life, and in the institution which you love, and which has done such good work in our city, and every city, extend out from the center: that does the good work, for the city must do it for the world. May you ever rise and expand in your work of sympathy, making every anniversary more glorious than the last.

ADDRESS AT THE INSTALLATION OF REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D., OVER PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y., JAN. 16, 1890.

From the moment when we met this morning, my friends, every one of us has realized how impossible it was for us to look forward without looking back. It is so in every great and critical moment, in every moment which brings to a focus that which has been, and then opens up the prospect and the promise of that which is to be. But it has been especially so here; and as I stand for a very few moments where I count it a very great privilege to stand, in the place in which he has so often stood whom we counted the foremost preacher of America and of our land and of our times, I cannot help feeling with what beautiful fitness our minds have ever been turning from the bright prospect which is opening before this church to the bright promise in history which lies behind it. You have had in Plymouth Church the greatest preacher of America and of our century, and, whatever has been said with regard to the abundance of his power and the vast diversity of his gifts, it seems to me that the feeling which we have to-night—that we have had all to-day as we have thought of him—has been the simplicity and the power that belonged to him, and it is in the simplicity of the past and in the simplicity of the future that the great power of Plymouth Church abides. Mr. Beecher was many things, but he was in everything the Christian preacher; and the one greatest of all things, it seems to

me, which this land has to thank him for is that he has borne testimony—a testimony which shall be heard forever—to the greatness and dignity of the Christian preachership. I do not mean simply by the uttering of sermons, though they were fine, and no sermons have been heard that were like his; but he has declared that everything the Christian minister does in every department of his work, whether it be in the administration of charity, in the management of parochial machinery, in the administration of the Christian sacrament, in everything he is the Christian preacher manifesting the power of the Christian preachership and the administration of the Christian gospel. In everything he is making felt upon mankind the power of the eternal Christian truths of the fatherhood of God and the sonship of mankind, of the love of heaven and of the possibility of earth, and that which we look forward to is the regeneration of the Christian ministry in its great preaching-power. Whatever your new pastors shall find to do, they shall be preachers forever and continually; and, therefore, any one who in any degree and in any place is struggling with the work of Christian preachership rejoices in the past and for the future, and is thankful for what to-day we have been prepared to look forward to and believe is to be.

The one thought that is upon my mind to-night is the power of that Christian preachership, which, with the abundance of the ways of its exercise, always concentrates itself in this great power of the human voice by which the man always attaches his soul's belief to other souls, which, making it their belief, shall find in it the power of their life; but having its essence in this, that the Christian preacher must have his nature open upon both sides—upon the one side to God, and upon the other side to man. All missing things are to be supplied by truth and the God who comes through truth to men. All commu-

nication between God on one side and human nature and its needs on the other side is of the essence of the Christian preachership. And so it is in the great preachership of the past and in the rich preacherships of the future that we rejoice that we are able to stand here and congratulate Plymouth Church to-day.

It seems to me the one thing we want to assure ourselves of, my friends, is this, that there is no problem before the Christian Church and the world, however puzzling it may be, however it may seem to be puzzling to the most ingenious of our thoughts, that does not really, must not really, find its solution ultimately in the increased energy and power, the increased energy and strength, of the Christian ministry, and most largely the Christian preachership.

What are the problems that are before the Church to-day? I would not think for one moment that there is anything strange in the fact that I should have the privilege of standing before you to-night, that there should be anything strange that a man calling himself by one Christian name should say Godspeed to a brother of another name as he starts forth on the great road of a ministry like this. But we do know how men whose hearts are one are separated in their divided lives; we do know how denomination draws itself apart from denomination, each bearing its different name and waving it upon its banner as if it were the sign of a separation, and not of a common loyalty to a great Master and a common cause. Is there anything that is going to bring our broken Church together and make it one great body of Jesus Christ? With all my heart I believe it is nothing but a deeper fidelity within the Church, a more complete energizing of every one of these particles of the Church. It is not by arrangements, it is not by pronunciamentos, it is not by constitutions, it is not by conventions; but when every part of

the Church shall be fired by the furnace of its spirit with consecration to the Master, with love of His truth and with entire love of the souls of men, there shall be nothing left of the disunion, the disruption, of Christendom; but the great Christian communion shall build itself with the perfect fidelity of the entire inspired Church.

And what is another question that is before us perpetually? It is the question of the separation of dogma and life. Men are driven foolishly to say on one side that dogma is everything, and on the other, that life is everything. As if there could be any life that did not spring out of truth! As if there could be any truth that was really felt that did not manifest itself in life! It is not by doctrine becoming less earnest in filling itself with all the purity of God. It is only by both dogma and life, doctrine and life, becoming vitalized through and through, that they shall reach after and find another. Only when things are alive do they reach out for the fulness of their life and claim that which belongs to them.

What is another problem that is before us? The relation of the Christian Church to this great human world. It is not separate from it. It has no business here except when it represents the ideal of that life which is in reality all around us. The Christian Church is nothing except a specimen of that which all humanity ought to be struggling to be. The Christian Church, if it completely realized itself at this moment, would be nothing except the fulfilment of that which is the possibility of all mankind. Let the Christian Church, then, be energized; let it be full of its virtuous spirit; let it be animated with all the love of truth, the love of God and of the world, and then how it shall reach out and claim in unsuspected places those things which belong to it! Wherever there is the power of God, wherever there is the wisdom of God—that is to say, wherever there is the essential Christ, the Christ

that is manifest and historic in the soul—the Church shall send forth its claim and say, "That belongs to us."

One of the strangest and richest phenomena of the future is going to be the Christian Church finding herself where she least expected to find herself; but she will find it not by less believing, but by more believing, in herself and in the power of the Christ whom she serves.

It is because these vast problems are pressing upon the souls of men; it is because of the separation of Christian from Christian under different names; it is because of the separation of doctrine from life, as if those were antagonists which are part of one living whole, neither of them having any real existence except as it is welded to the other; it is because the Church stands off from the world when she ought to be forever claiming the world and finding the power of her own life in that humanity of which she simply represents the divine ideal, the purpose and the ultimate perfection; it is because these are the great questions that are on the soul of man to-day, the questions which once settled the world shall have come to the fulness and completeness of its life; it is because of their earnest ministry, the consecration of devoted men—that we rejoice to-day to see two consecrated men giving themselves in this great field, sanctified by all the past and opening out of all the past such a rich and glorious future; that we rejoice to see them consecrating themselves and receiving the cordial welcome of the Churches as they begin their work.

The next twenty years of the Christian ministry may be something in this world such as no ministry has been in any twenty years of the past. For the next twenty years, and many more years to come, if it pleases Him, may God's blessing rest upon these brethren of ours who to-day are made the ministers of Plymouth Church.

ORTHODOXY.

(Clericus Club, Cambridge, Mass., June 2, 1890.)

In Sir Henry Taylor's drama, "Edwin the Fair," Fridstan, Bishop of Lichfield, and Leofwyn, Bishop of Lincoln, are discussing the arrogant behavior of Dunstan, the Abbot of Glastonbury. "This is not right," says Lichfield. "No, nor canonical," answers Lincoln. It is a truly ecclesiastical response. It refers the matter instantly to a judgment-seat distinct from that which the universal conscience knows. It seems to count that second judgment-seat the most important. At any rate, it considers the verdict of the general tribunal to be distinctly strengthened by the special judgment of the Church's law. One might have put up with the things being "not right," but that it should be also not canonical put it entirely beyond the pale of tolerance.

"Right" and "canonical" are words applying to behavior. The corresponding words applying to belief are "true" and "orthodox." When one man says of any statement, "That is not true," and another voice replies, "No, nor orthodox," once more we have the two tribunals, one which is recognized by all men, the other which involves initiation, and which is familiar only to a few. And once more we are set to wondering which of them is in the speakers' mind the most important; once more at least we feel that in the mind of the last speaker the second judgment makes a distinct addition to the first. It is good

that the statement should be true. It is better still that it also should be orthodox.

Let us make some attempt to see in what relation the two words and the ideas which they represent stand to one another. It is one of the cases in which etymology fails us. Merely looking at their forms, the two words are identical, except that one is short and simple Saxon and the other is long and lumbering Greek; they both describe the same qualities of conformity to essential verity. But they must have some different tone and meaning, or they would not both be used. If truth and orthodoxy were always identical in shape and size and color, the presentation of both of them before our eyes would be a useless repetition. The Bishop of Lincoln must add something when he responds, "No, nor orthodox," to the Bishop of Lichfield's "This is not true." And no doubt in the very forms of the words there is an indication of the difference. Orthodoxy or straight opinion has in its very sound a suggestion of standards of judgment, of conformity, and therefore of possible nonconformity to some embodiment or expression of the essential verity. We feel in it the ideas of acceptance and approval, of that which is relative to the thought and convictions of men as well as of that which is absolute with its fixed nature in itself. This *is* the distinction between orthodoxy and truth—the presence of this personal element. Orthodoxy is *accepted truth*, and all the questions of by whom, and when, and where the acceptance has been made fly open the moment that we say the word.

The old Fathers who made the word "orthodoxy" seem to have made another corresponding word, a delightful word, "kadodoxy," which has not maintained its place. Instead of it the distinctly personal word, "heresy," has become the familiar opposite of orthodoxy. There is significance in this if it indicates how truly the personal ele-

ment is in the whole conception, though it has forced the declaration of itself more on the negative than on the positive side.

We define orthodoxy, then, to be truth as accepted and registered by authority. As soon as we say this, and remember how much of truth there is which man does not know, and so cannot accept or register, we see at once that orthodoxy must be less than the absolute truth, and begin to discover what must be the kind of relation which exists between them. If man's acceptance and registration of truth is perfectly correct so far as it goes, and simply incomplete, then truth and orthodoxy lie like two concentric circles, the circle of orthodoxy within the circle of truth and a ring between them, into which, when orthodoxy is falsely allowed to confuse itself with truth, the mind enters with misgiving, sometimes almost by stealth, as if it had no business there. This is the region where often the very existence of the idea of orthodoxy does most harm.

If that which is accepted as true is not merely imperfect, but absolutely incorrect, then another evil comes. The circles then are not concentric, and however small the circle of orthodoxy may be, it overruns the line of truth, and the man who is most orthodox, by the very intensity of his orthodoxy most earnestly believes a falsehood and breathes its essential poison. It is conceivable, sometimes, no doubt it has happened, that the center and whole circumference of orthodoxy lies outside of the circle of truth. Then belief becomes death and not life, and reverence is the degradation and not the exaltation of the soul.

This is the difference of orthodoxy from truth in the matter of size and situation. But quite apart from this, and even more important, is its difference in color. That which is believed because it is orthodox is believed in a

different way from precisely the same thing believed because it is true. And if it is of consequence not merely what we believe but how we believe, then the mechanicalness and dryness and selfishness and fear with which we believe the orthodox must ever stand in contrast to the freshness and enthusiasm and freedom and self-forgetfulness and hope with which we believe the true.

We understand, of course, that the conception of orthodoxy comes in wherever men are capable of seeking and of holding truth. Every science has its orthodoxy as well as theology. Art has its orthodoxy, declaring itself in royal exhibitions. Literature has its orthodoxy, and builds its French academies. The orthodoxy of language in embodied in the Standard Dictionary. The orthodoxy of dress and society is what we know as fashion. The Massachusetts Medical Society sets forth the local orthodoxy of the healing art. The party platform is the orthodoxy of politics. In every region truth attained and truth attainable are the two presences, and the less is forever lifting up its voice and claiming to be the greater.

According to the fineness of the material it deals with will always be the evil which any evil principle can do. And so the mischief of orthodoxy, mistaking itself for truth, will be most mischievous of all in Christianity. That the principle of orthodoxy has its rightful place and use is clearly enough manifested in the New Testament. When Paul bids Timothy "Hold fast the form of sound words which thou hast heard of me," he is clearly enough declaring that for immediate use the truth so far as it is at present known may and must cast itself into a definite and available expression, but his prayer in the next chapter, "The Lord give thee understanding in all things," is not therefore a meaningless or hopeless prayer. When Jude exhorts his hearers that they should "earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered to the saints,"

he is beyond all doubt asserting that there is an accepted substance of the religion which he and they believe. But no one surely reads that overburdened text aright who does not ever hold in his remembrance that the faith of which Jude speaks is more moral than doctrinal, more personal than abstract, and that being the word of life it can be effectively contended for only as it is constantly expected to open new richness in the advancing relations to the life of men. In that great text truth and orthodoxy meet and blend, not by the limiting of truth to that which the disciple has already consciously appropriated, but by the enlargement of orthodoxy till it potentially possesses all that is included in and to be unfolded from the Word of God, the Christ who is the inexhaustible possession of the Christian and the Church. On the other hand, the evil disposition of orthodoxy was never more perfectly displayed than when St. John himself said to the Lord, "Master, we saw one casting out devils in Thy name, and we forbade him, because he followeth not us."

I am not prepared to trace the history of the idea of orthodoxy and to see how it has given its harm and help in all man's search for knowledge, and in all the life and progress of the Church. Everywhere it comes to this: that the desire of orthodoxy dwells on the secondary tests and uses of truth, and not upon the absolute evidence and essential value of the truth itself. It thinks of truth as a possession and as an instrument, not as a being whose very existence is the subject of congratulation and delight.

Let us see what some of the ideas and impulses are which this character will import into the preservation of orthodoxy, but which have little or no place in the pure search for truth.

1. It will make much use and wrong use of the principle of authority. Authority as a contribution to personal

judgment is always good. Authority as a substitute for personal judgment is always bad. The first difficulty, though not the deepest, lies of course in the impossibility of finding the authority in whom reliance can be placed. The determination of men that they will find such an authority results in what? Either in the arbitrary clothing of a certain man or group of men with a trustworthiness to which a careful study of their history can give no sanction, or else in the amazing blindness which catches out of the mouth of some foolish Vincentius of Lerins a definition which seriously applied would describe no single article of actual or possible belief, and goes about talking of *Quod semper ubique, et ab omnibus*, as if there really was a practicable canon of judgment infolded in those precious words. But the real trouble with authority is that even if the oracle were found, the thing which its utterances would inspire in the mind would not be real belief. It would not have present reality and force. Authority builds its system of truth as if it were a bridge resting on piers, not as if it were a road with the solid earth under it all the way along. There are long stretches in which if a pier long past, or a pier far ahead, gives way, the traveler is drowned. The traveler is always in the power of the future and the past. There is no solid earth at the moment under his feet. The Psalmist's promise that "truth shall flourish out of the earth" is not fulfilled to him. The system of orthodoxy living upon the principle of authority loses the clear conviction of the present Christ, and trembles with a sense of impiety when it feels itself moved to say that we *now are* the authoritative Church as much, nay, *more*, than the Church of any most revered of the old centuries.

2. Again, the idea of orthodoxy is always haunted and hindered by the sense of the need of immediate *utility* of truths. This is one of the secondary notions concerning

truth which it is all right to remember for a while, and which then it becomes quite necessary to forget. To remember it when it ought to be forgotten defeats the very purposes of its remembrance. Truth is always useful, but to insist that truth shall report itself every evening at your counting-house and prove its usefulness and take its wages, is almost certain to turn truth into a hypocritical lie. And so we find that the lower orders of the Church's workers, the mere runners of her machinery, have always been strictly and scrupulously orthodox. While all the Church's noblest servants, they who have opened to her new heavens of vision and new domains of work—Paul, Origen, Tertullian, Dante, Abelard, Luther, Milton, Coleridge, Maurice, Swedenborg, Martineau—have again and again been persecuted for being what they truly were, unorthodox. Genius is never orthodox, and genius is a very useful thing, just because it does not set out to be useful. And those of us who lay not the least claim to genius must often claim the privilege of genius, and cease to ask whether a truth is *useful* and simply ask whether it is *true*.

3. It is evident enough here that the idea of *unity* must associate itself with the idea of orthodoxy. If unity is thought of as consisting not in sympathy of purpose but in identity of ideas, it must be that the limited circle of ideas in which it is possible that men should agree will be counted the true range of human thought, and all excursions beyond their line will be looked on with suspicion. The great conception of catholicity which ought to be instinct with the spirit of freedom is thus made a power of bondage. Personal search for truth disturbs what seems to be the unity of the Church. Possessed by this idea, much of the speculation of religious writers is always beset by a second consideration. Here is the essential limitation both of the interest and the importance of two

much-read and much-talked-of books of our own day. The authors of "Lux Mundi" and the writers of "Progressive Orthodoxy" alike are asking not simply what is absolutely true, but what can be reconciled to certain preëstablished standards of unity, outside of which they must not go. This makes the unsatisfactoriness of both the books. They have no primary or intrinsic value. They are uninteresting except as considered in relation to the positions of their authors. They are rather psychological studies than investigations of truth. All such secondary questions besetting an argument or exposition destroy its reality and make even the unity which it tries to preserve an artificial thing, a mere *modus vivendi* of parties, conscious of but trying to conceal discordance, rather than a true harmony of frankly differing but sympathetic minds.

4. Another notion by which the thought of orthodoxy is inspired is the notion of *safety*. When error is dreaded more because of its *danger* than because of its *untruth*, the mind is always on uncertain ground. Whenever in discussion the popular argument comes in, not that such and such a statement is set forth on insufficient evidence, but that it will do men harm to believe it, the soil under our feet grows soft and treacherous. Error is dangerous, but so is truth. Orthodoxy is an attempt to free—shall we not say to rob?—truth of its essential peril. Here comes in the whole of that misleading distinction which many men love to draw between essential and non-essential truths. "Essential for *what?*" you ask; and immediately, almost always, the clear distinction becomes mingled in confusion. In one sense and for some purposes *all* truths are essential; in another sense and for other purposes *no* truth is essential; truth and life are always pressing on each other. They cross each other on grade, and are always in collision. Orthodoxy is an attempt to carry truth over life on a safe bridge. The result of the attempt to

make truth safe is that what you ultimately make safe is not truth. Every seeker after truth is bound to feel—if he is serious and earnest he must feel—the danger of error. The great question is what effect that sense of the danger of error will have upon him: Will it paralyze or will it inspire his search for truth? It is good for him if it makes him sure that there is no chance for him except to pursue the most cautious but the most free inquiry, and to leave the fortunes of God's truth to God. Alas for him if it sends him not to the market-place, but to the napkin, with his talent; if it sets him to singing the timid psalm of the man who is thankful for the refuge of orthodoxy—"Thou hast set my feet in a small room."

5. There is still one other disposition which is very strong in many natures, which seems to find satisfaction under the working of the principle of orthodoxy, namely, the disposition of fixity. Perhaps there is nothing in which men differ more from one another than in the presence or absence in them of this disposition. Fixity is as necessary to one mind as change is to another. Change is as indispensable to this man as fixity is to that. Where the disposition of fixity is strong, it is among the strongest. It craves the satisfaction of feeling the sameness of truth not merely everywhere to-day, but in all times through history. It is the perpendicular identity, as unity is the horizontal identity of thought. The only trouble is that you cannot have—you have no right to desire—fixity without finality, and "the end is not by and by." For in every belief there are two elements, the truth which is believed, and the mind of the man who believes it. The first of these two elements is fixed and absolute; the second is always variable. The same things were true in the days of Augustine or Calvin which are true to-day; but the Augustine or Calvin who is to know their truth is very different to-day from what he was in the fifth cen-

tury, from what he was in the sixteenth century. Therefore of that faith in which the two elements of truth and the believing man unite, there is no fixity. You can only make it seem as if there were by stating truth so generally and abstractly that the human element shall be left out. This is what orthodoxy does. Here she perversely seems to disown her special nature, and make too little, not too much, of the personal element. She behaves either as if the human mind had nothing to do with truth, or as if the human mind had done all that it had to do with truth. Orthodoxy is a false crystallization which has forever to be broken and redissolved in life. The vice seems to lie in the whole thought of the Church which is put in charge of the truth, as if it were a ship which carried a deposited thing unchanged from shore to shore, and not as if it were a *soil* which *kept* a seed only by turning it into a tree.

Authority, utility, unity, security, and fixity—these then are the secondary considerations which come in to mingle with the pure desire for truth and turn it into the preservation of orthodoxy. A man sets out to seek for what is true. Little by little it comes over him that what he is to find and hold must not only be absolutely true, but it must be held by certain persons who have special opportunities of knowing truth; it must be evidently fitted for doing the work which the world needs to have done; it must be the same which the great mass of truth-seekers are finding to be true; it must be such that it will bring the man who holds it, or the world in which it is held, into no danger; and it must be identical with what has been, and is to be, held in all times. No doubt all these conditions present themselves to the man's mind as the criteria of truth. They are the signs by which he shall know the truth when he sees it. No doubt each of them, rightly used, has value of that kind. But no doubt,

wrongly used, each of them is a restriction of the absoluteness of the idea of truth, and by the pressure of them all together that inner ring is formed which we call the circle of orthodoxy, between which and the circle of truth lies the zone of distrust and suspicion, where men wander, wondering whether they have any right to wander there at all, and where men are almost as ashamed of their triumphs as they are depressed at their defeats. It is the power of these secondary considerations given free play in the life that by and by substitutes for the student of truth, who is humble and reverent, the champion of the faith, who is arrogant and patronizing.

Orthodoxy is, in the Church, very much what prejudice is in the single mind. It is the premature conceit of certainty. It is the treatment of the imperfect as if it were the perfect. And yet prejudice is not to be ruthlessly denounced. It is not only to be accepted as inevitable; it, or that for which it stands, is to be acknowledged as indispensable. If prejudice can only be kept open for revision and enlargement, if it can be always aware of its partialness and imperfection, then it becomes simply a point of departure for newer worlds of thought and action, or, we may say, a *working hypothesis*, which is one stage of the progress toward truth.

It is possible to think of orthodoxy in that way, and then it clearly manifests its uses. It does beyond all doubt put into forms of immediate effectiveness great truths which in their large conception seem to stand so far away and so to wait for their full revelation that they are hard to apply to present life. It does no doubt seem to make capable of transportation and transmission truths which in their deeper spirituality it is not easy to think of except as the sacred and secret possession of the individual soul. It has no doubt served to carry the Church over, as it were, some of those periods of depressed and weakened

vitality which come between the exalted and spontaneous conditions which are its true life. The same service, perhaps, it renders also to the personal experience, bridging the sad chasms between the rock of belief on this side and the rock of belief on that side with the wooden structure of conformity.

These, briefly stated, are the uses of orthodoxy. Against these meager uses are to be set the vastly predominant evil which the whole principle of orthodoxy brings to personal freedom and reality, on one side, and to the purity and extension of truth upon the other. The indictment which can be sustained against it is tremendous. Orthodoxy begins by setting a false standard of life. It makes men aspire after soundness in the faith rather than after richness in the truth. It exalts possessions over character, makes more of truths than of truthfulness, talks about truths as if they were things which were quite separated from the truth-holder, things which he might take in his hand and pass to his neighbor without their passing into and through his nature. It makes possible an easy transmission of truth, but only by the deadening of truth, as a butcher freezes meat in order to carry it across the sea. Orthodoxy discredits and discourages inquiry, and has made the name of "free-thinker," which ought to be a crown and glory, a stigma of disgrace. It puts men in the base and demoralizing position in which they apologize for seeking new truth. It is responsible for a large part of the defiant liberalism which not merely disbelieves the orthodox dogma, but disbelieves it with a sense of attempted wrong and of triumphant escape. It is orthodoxy, and not truth, which has done the persecuting. The inquisitions and dungeons and social ostracisms for opinion's sake belong to it. And in the truths which it holds it loses discrimination and delicate sense of values, holding them not for their truth so much as for their use

or their safety; it gives them a rude and general identity, and misses the subtle difference which makes each truth separate from every other. Orthodoxy deals in coarse averages. It makes of the world of truth a sort of dollar-store, wherein a few things are rated below their real value for the sake of making a host of other things pass for more than they are worth, and in the lives of those who live by it orthodoxy makes no appeal to poetry or imagination. There, too, it delights in the average condition. It would maintain the sea of belief and emotion at one fixed level. It would give no place on one hand to great floods of fulness which uplift the soul, nor on the other to pathetic periods of ebb and emptiness which lay bare its deepest, most unsatisfied desires. It has its own tumults of the lower sort, tumults of envy and contempt, of suspicion and dislike, which it stirs in human minds, but the loftiest and profoundest passions and struggles it catches sight of only to shudder at and denounce.

These are the evil things which the spirit of orthodoxy does and is, all of which sum themselves up in this—that it is born of fear, and has no natural heritage either from hope or love.

The Greek Church stands for orthodoxy. The Latin Church stands for catholicity. Protestantism stands for truth. The Church of Rome and Protestantism both fail in large degree of those great ends on which their hearts are set. But the ends are great, and their hearts are truly set on them. But the Greek Church is dead because the thing it cherishes and worships is not a living thing. And where that thing becomes the desire and idol of any soul, that soul, too, loses its vitality.

It all, then, comes to this: that the idea of orthodoxy is a natural idea and will always present itself and claim men's interest. But it must be compelled to know its very inferior importance and to keep its very inferior place.

It is an arrogant and pushing thing. It is always crowding itself into thrones where it has no right. So long as it simply represents the temporary and local coincidence of opinion, furnishing the general meeting-ground for minds which have reached about the same degree of truth; so long as it thinks of itself as a convenient expedient for enabling Christians to understand each other and to work together; so long as it joyfully recognizes that there are regions of truth supremely true outside itself, and sees brave and devout spirits going forth into those regions and gives them cordial Godspeed—so long it is absolutely good. As soon as it tries to set bounds to reverent thought and speculation it is bad, and by a noble law of their nature men will feel its badness, and it will lose its power over them.

We cannot but believe that in the future the whole conception of orthodoxy is destined to grow less and less prominent. Less and less men will ask of any opinion, "Is it orthodox?" More and more they will ask, "Is it true?" More and more the belief in the absolute safety of the freest truth-seeking, in truth-seeking as the only safe work of the human mind, will deepen and increase. Truth will come to seem not a deposit, fixed and limited, but an infinite domain wherein the soul is bidden to range with insatiable desire, guarded only by the care of God above it and the Spirit of God within it, educated by its mistakes, and attaining larger knowledge only as it attains complete purity of purpose and thoroughness of devotion and energy of hope. As that truer understanding of what truth is grows wide and clear, men will cease to talk or think much of orthodoxy, and the humble service which it is made to render it will render all the better when it is stripped of the purple and the scepter, the dominion and tyranny, to which it has no right.

Is not the sum of the whole matter this—that orthodoxy

as a principle of action or a standard of belief is obsolete and dead? It is not that the substance of orthodoxy has been altered, but that the very principle of orthodoxy has been essentially disowned. It is not conceivable now that any council, however ecumenically constituted, should so pronounce on truth that its decrees should have any weight with thinking men, save what might seem legitimately to belong to the character and wisdom of the persons who composed the council. Personal judgment is on the throne, and will remain there—personal judgment, enlightened by all the wisdom, past or present, which it can summon to its aid, but forming finally its own conclusions and standing by them in the sight of God, whether it stands in a great company or stands alone.

THE CONDITIONS OF CHURCH GROWTH IN MISSIONARY LANDS.

(Church Congress of Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, Pa., November 13, 1890.)

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen: Both of the gentlemen who have been reading to us this evening have begun with the statement of the immense importance of the subject with which we are called upon to deal. I may remind you that the more important a subject is the more we are led, in dealing with it, to revert to its largest principles. In considering subjects which come before us we may allow a multitude of complicated circumstances to distract our minds, but as soon as anything seems to be of great importance it lays hold of the sense of responsibility in us and becomes absolutely simple. We have not been able to shut out from our minds the thought of the religious character of heathen life, the religious element which is always present there. We cannot speak of that religious character in any disparaging or narrow terms. It is to be recognized, in the completeness which belongs to it, as a part of the universal manifestation of the Fatherhood of God to man, His child. Everywhere throughout the world God has made Himself known to His children. He is making Himself known to His children everywhere to-day. It is not a mere relic of some primary revelation, as we have sometimes heard. Our estimate of it is a distinct and cordial recognition that in no part of the world is there a child of the Father to whom

the Father is not manifesting Himself to-day with all the abundance of which that child's life is capable. There is no religious life in the world that is not of the Spirit of Christ. There is no life to which the missionary goes in heathenism to which he has not freely to say, "There is the work of Him whom I preach to you." That, it seems to me, lies at the very basis of the thought of the way in which the great Church of Jesus Christ is to be built up in the lands of heathenism.

Then comes the question as to the way in which that which has been plainly committed to us is to be communicated to this great heathen world. God has committed to certain parts of the world that message which He would have communicated to all. It must of necessity be that any truth carried and spread abroad from certain centers must have advantages and disadvantages which belong to such a method of its extension. The advantages are clear enough. In the first place, it carries with it that power of testimony; it is the declaration of that which is already tested and proved and developed in the life of those who have already lived under its power. In the second place, there are certain large, suggestive forms of its organization and development which have appeared in the history of lands that have been long Christian. In the third place, there is the power of Christian love which gives impetus and force to the message which goes from the Christian to the unchristian world. These are the great advantages, I take it, of missionary effort.

On the other hand, there are certain disadvantages which come by necessity from such a method of communication of the truth, which would not come if it were suddenly dropped out of the sky or sprang from the earth, under men's feet. There is, first, the fact that much has mingled itself with the very nature of the religion which we would extend, which has been associated with our long

and loving experience of it. And a second disadvantage of the missionary method of communicating truth lies in the natural disposition to communicate the form of organization of spiritual life. The fixity of religious methods and ceremonies has, again and again, hindered that which has to go into the great stream of human life from close and absolute communion with that life. In the third place, there is the fact that all which constitutes the civilization of Christian lands, the evil as well as the good, goes together to the new lands which it invades. The ship carries across the sea at once the missionary and the whisky. The force which sends across to heathen lands the energy, the vitality, and the spirituality of a Christian country sends at the same time the covetousness and corruption of its people. It is our Christian civilization with all the stains and pollutions of it which goes with our missionary brethren across the sea. And this grows more and more clear as each land is opened to the invasion of other lands.

These are some of the advantages and disadvantages which are mingled in the missionary work of those who all believe in a certain truth, and are disciples of a certain Master. We can see the same mingling of advantage and disadvantage in the communication of truth from parents to children. We can see the same in the New Testament, where the religion of Judaism at once lent its strength and communicated its impressions to the earliest Christianity of Christendom. The total result of such a condition of things will show us what must be some of the conditions of Church growth in missionary lands. We have already been pointed to the necessity of a native ministry as absolutely essential to the conversion of a heathen country.

Equally necessary is a native literature. The true Church of Christ in any land can never be built up and

fed by the communication of thought through a translated literature or books which have been shaped by the necessities of foreign lands. Along with the native literature, it seems to me, we must, by and by, come to a native architecture for the churches. On the heights of Lebanon, in the streets of Tokio, and in the jungles of India, it cannot be that the true church building shall be permanently the poor copy of such temples as exist in Western lands. There must be also, as early as possible, in every land that which will truly be the Church of that land. Colonialism must speedily pass away. There must be no reproduction of the melancholy history of the early days of our own Church in this country. And of necessity, I claim as one of the essential requisites of our Church's work abroad that it shall be in cordial communication with the work of all Christians of all names, not as an unfortunate necessity, but with joyous thanksgiving for all that they are doing. I can picture to myself a certain sort of despairing heroism in the condition of those two missionaries of our Church who, we are told, stood the other day, in the midst of all the gathered missionaries of China, the sole representatives of our communion. I cannot picture to myself the condition of mind in which they stood there excepting as in absolute sympathy with all their brethren who were doing precisely the same work that they were doing, who were seeking the same great ends, and were to be satisfied with the same results. I cannot help saying that I always feel that it is to be the privilege of that heathen world to exercise some power backward to help us in the life which we are living here. It is no imagination, no mere foolish dream. If the missionaries of America, of every name, could meet upon the shore as they leave their own land, could sail together across the ocean, and, linking hands in those days in which their work grows clear to them,

could stand apart at last on the other shore, knowing that what they had to do was absolutely and entirely one, forgetting every difference that separated them from one another, leaving behind all that had made their work at home divided and distinct, then, I believe, we might lift up our hearts with hope, and in a short time should find our hearts aglow with triumph.

Another thing seems to me to be true: that whatever the missionary Church presents to the heathen to which it makes its appeal it must present upon the divine warrant of its practical usefulness. If I believed that the threefold organization of the Christian ministry was so bound up with the existence of the Christian Church that without it there could be no Church, I never would present it to the heathen world, except in such a way that it should have the opportunity to testify of its divinity by the power which it should display to give effectiveness, solidity, and richness to the life to which it made its offer. I do not believe that the threefold organization of the Christian ministry or the existence of the episcopate is essential to the being of a Christian Church, but I am ready enough to hope and to expect that something corresponding to it would come forth in the development of the new Christian life, as it came forth in the development of the life of the Church of the Apostles' time. There is, it is true, warrant as the intention and will of God; there is the divine purpose manifested in it. All missionary work must start with absolute simplicity of dogma. It is inevitable that truth should draw to itself that with which it has been associated in the individual life; but when truth passes out from life to life, it once more gathers itself into its simplicity. It presents itself to the new life, sure that in the experience of that life it will once more be developed into complexity and richness. But it offers itself in its pure and simple substance, and

leaves for the development of time an application which must be a separate and novel thing for each new mission as for each new soul.

These, it seems to me, are the conditions of Church growth in missionary lands, which it is possible for us to lay down: in the first place, simplicity in bringing our truth and the knowledge of our Saviour to the new land which they are to rule; in the second place, absolute liberty for that new land to develop the truth in the service of the Saviour in its own form and way; in the third place, a genuine respect for those to whom we go; and in the fourth place, a distinct expectation that the mangled bit of Christendom which we behold to-day is to be enlarged and filled out with that which shall come back to it from heathen lands. These conditions must exist in the soul of the missionary, and under them the Church in missionary lands must grow.

There is to come no universality and no perpetuity of Christian life throughout the world, except by the simplicity of Christian faith, in obedience to Jesus Christ, and in the unity of all Christians in virtue of that obedience. When that has come about, then we may look for missionary triumphs, then we may look for the growing of the Church of Jesus, which is the expression of the world's obedience to Him uttered in a multitude of forms, and operative always to the same great end of the redemption of human life, the salvation of human character.

THE TEACHABLENESS OF RELIGION.

(The Twenty Club, Boston, Mass., 1892.)

THERE is a universal desire on the part of religious people to impart to others that which is the treasure and inspiration of their life. It is a recognized law of the spiritual experience that the truth which is not imparted withers, and the character which is satisfied with its own attainment dies.

And yet there always has been and there is to-day a certain inevitable misgiving with regard to the possibility of giving to others that which we are sure that God has given us. Men who believe that natural science and political economy may be satisfactorily expounded by the professor to his class of pupils believe that religion is unteachable. Some sense of the fineness and subtlety and also of the intense personalness of spiritual truth makes it seem incommunicable. It must lose its essential quality as it passes from lip to ear, from mind to mind.

This misgiving shows itself in a crude way in the familiar talk of many people who, holding a true Christian faith themselves, declare that they will never undertake to teach their children to be Christians. The children must find their own faith as they grow up. They must think for themselves.

The same misgiving also appears in every mystic search for the direct illumination which must come directly from the Source of Light, and can be reflected from no jewel, however pure or precious. The Hindoo sitting by the

Ganges, Buddha under his bo-tree, have no faith in any teaching of religion. The most that the oriental priest tries to do for his disciple is, by ascetic practices and theosophic rituals, to make a state of soul into which the unhindered truth can flow out of the burning central soul of God.

Between these two extremes, so far from each other, the same misgiving constantly appears and reappears in many ways. It has at least this significance: it indicates that if religion is indeed capable of being taught at all, it must be taught in a way peculiar to itself, which gets its character from the nature of that which the teacher is trying to communicate to his disciple.

And there is nothing strange in that. All teaching varies in its character with the changes of the three elements which enter into it. These elements are the teacher, the learner, and the subject-matter which is taught and learned. The third element is most of all important. It entirely controls the method of instruction; and so it is not strange that when men think about teaching religion and have no richer thought about what teaching is than that which they have gathered from their experience in imparting facts of science or of history, their attempts to teach religion should seem woeful failures, and by and by they should fall back on the conviction that religion is unteachable, and send their scholars out for the sun to shine on and the winds to blow on in the vague hope that so they may somehow gather the knowledge which the teacher is powerless to give.

This, then, is fundamental. The method of teaching anything must depend upon the nature of the thing which is taught. The method of teaching religion must depend upon the nature of religion. And no definition of religion satisfies us except that which declares that it is the completeness of the life of man. We are always taking man

apart and treating him in fragments. Every highest consideration of him insists upon the restoration of his unity. The total man, like every total, is more than the sum of his parts. He has a quality in his entire life which no examination of his partial qualities can account for. This is the most significant fact concerning him. Without the clearest and most constant recognition of this fact all treatment of him is confused and ineffective.

Religion is the completeness of the life of man. Religion then lives in this truth of human unity. Whatever else you may impart to any portion of the divided humanity—as learning to the human intellect, or strength to the human body, or vision to the human imagination—religion must be imparted to the total man. It is not possible, strictly, to speak or think of a religious intellect or a religious body or a religious imagination: you must think of a religious man. St. Paul prays for his Thessalonians that their whole body and soul and spirit might be preserved blameless; but these are only fragments of his larger prayer—"The very God of Peace sanctify you wholly." And sanctification does not put on its fullest meaning till we hear the Divine Man declaring, "I sanctify Myself."

This is the first fact concerning the nature of religion, which must always dominate the method of its teaching. It belongs to the whole man in his unity. It is a possession, a condition, a quality of the total, undivided human life.

And from this follows the first necessity of religious teaching, which is that, as it is to reach and occupy a total being, so it must issue from an entire life. However it may for the moment present itself as duty to be done, truth to be apprehended, or emotion to be felt, it must start in its origin from a source which includes all these, and which also, besides its inclusion of these elements,

has in itself a quality greater than the sum of all these elements which it includes, a quality answering to the unity or totality of the humanity to which religion proceeds and from which it offers itself.

Nothing can fulfil these conditions except personality. Nothing can match and correspond with personal unity but the unity of a person, and therefore we are led at once to the conclusion that all teaching of religion must be included within the communication of personal life. Whatever be its details, they must all be inspired and directed by the truth that what is going on and what they minister to is the approval of a total person to a total person—and the person who approaches is God—the person who is approached is man.

If with this statement in our ears we turn and suddenly open the New Testament, do we not feel the great Book filled with the confirmation of it? The great word faith, which shines on every page, is the word of personal relationship. As soon as it is separated from personality it grows unmeaning or confused. The failure of every attempt to digest the New Testament into a system of dogma or a code of law comes from the presence of personal life and love beating through it and breaking the limitations of law and dogma by a higher, irrepressible vitality. It is the book of a Person. And when that Person manifests Himself not merely as truth but as teacher, not merely as the power to be received but as the type of the everlasting method of its reception, it is impossible to make Him seem a mere teacher in the ordinary and limited meanings of that word—life pressed on life—not merely a voice to be heard, but a friend to be loved, a shepherd to be followed, a bread to be eaten; so does the Christ of the Gospels present Himself in word and sacrament and every presentation of His personality.

This fixes, I conceive, the first great general conception

of the teaching of religion which must decree its character and regulate all of its details. It must be, not the imparting of truth, but the presentation of a person. What the true teacher of religion does is not to declare and prove certain propositions to be true. It is to introduce man to God, that the total divine nature may move upon the total human nature and the perfect unity of God and man be reached.

Within this conception of the teaching of religion the most detailed instruction may have its place, but it loses its power if it is taken outside of this conception. Religion instantly becomes irreligious if you carry it away from its great enveloping truth of the mystic union of God and man. Mysticism is the heart of religion, without whose ever-beating life the hands of religion which do the work, and the mind of religion which studies and thinks, fall dead.

The invitation, "Come to Jesus," is not then the unmeaning cry of a fervid exhorter who has lost his head and says whatever hot words come easiest. It is the exact utterance of the Teacher of religion describing what His disciple is to do. It is the perfect echo of what Christ the great Teacher of religion was perpetually saying, "Come unto Me" and "Come through Me to the Father." It describes a complete experience in which are infolded the communication of knowledge, the imposition of commandment, the awakening of affection, but which is greater than the sum of all these, as the whole is always greater than the sum of its parts. It declares the type of religious communication to be not a lesson learned but a friendship established.

And it is not possible, I think, to maintain the distinction which is often drawn between teaching religion and teaching theology. If you teach religion you must teach theology. You can no more leave out the element of

definite intelligible truth than you can leave out the element of earnest feeling or of the obedient will. On the other hand, if you teach theology you must teach religion. If the "heart makes the theologian" it is impossible to conceive of the enlightenment of the intelligence as the complete process of theological instruction. The preacher in his pulpit and the professor in his chair are doing the same work. They are both bringing man to God and bidding him hear the words which God is speaking.

With this clear sight of religion as something which proceeds from the personality of God and reaches the personality of man, we are compelled to feel that any means of communication which come between God and man, any subordinate teacherships, must also be personal, and can be effective just in proportion to the clearness and warmth of their personal nature. You cannot teach religion by a book. It is not the New Testament which teaches religion to the Christian world. It is Christ whom the New Testament makes a living Person and through whom God shows Himself to us as He showed Himself to the Magdalen and the Apostles. And the great teachers of religion who have done the most Christ-like work have always been those whose personality has been most complete and who have been in truest human relation to the souls they taught. Parents, friends, pastors, have been the truest teachers of religion. The work of scientific theologians has come to practical effectiveness through them.

And they have been effective simply as they kept their humanity beating and quivering like a living atmosphere between the life of God and the life of man, so that all the life together made one open system through which light could pour. The minute they closed themselves to God their power of teachership was gone. They could give ideas, but they could not awaken life, and religion is life.

Here is the limitation of all teachership. It can create nothing. It can only awaken, or rather, it can open itself into a medium through which God may claim Himself in the disciple's soul. "I knew all about God before you told me," said little blind, deaf, dumb Helen Kellar to me one day, "only I did not know His name." It was a perfect expression of the innateness of the divine idea in the human mind, of the belonging of the human soul to God, and of the limits of the teacher's power.

Next to these nearest persons there comes close upon our nature the vast personality of man. Humanity, and all that contact with humanity which we call life, becomes our teacher of religion—life as the manifold interpreter of God, as the first awakener of those powers which any specific commandment must direct, as the first suggestion of those questions to which any particular revelation must give answer. Life, personally conceived as the pressure of the universal humanity on the individual human nature, must always have its place as the greatest and broadest approach of God to man. This found its perfection in the Incarnation. Through the divine humanity of Jesus God was manifest in the flesh, and therefore all that Jesus taught and ever teaches, whether by word or action, is the consummation and fulfilment of that presentation of Himself which God is ever making through humanity to man. That which had struggled through the imperfect medium as law shone in its brightness through the Son of God as grace and truth.

And if the Church is in one thought of it the ever-present Christ, and in another thought of it is the ideal human society, then the Church as teacher—*Ecclesia Docens*—is the condensed and realized expression of that utterance of God through human life which is struggling for expression wherever God through humanity is seeking

man. The diffused light here is gathered and poured through the lens. For the Church to hold and impart the truth of God is something far more than for her to be the repository of certain statements which she takes on one side from the mouth of the Eternal Certainty, and utters as through a trumpet on the other side into the ears of human ignorance. The process is vital, not mechanical. She is one both with God and man, made of human stuff, holding her human Bible, sharing the fortunes of the world she lives in, presenting power and love through her simple sacraments, which in their fixity of form are yet so simple that they are different to every experience which receives them. The Church fulfils the best idea of teaching, and anticipates and prophesies the time when all humanity shall be the utterance of God *to* all humanity, when not in single rays of light shot here and there to lighten special ignorance, but in a universally diffusive radiance, each particle reflecting light on every other, all shall know God, from the least even to the greatest.

Let us sum up, then, what we have said about the general method of the teaching of religion. It comes directly from the soul of God laid immediately upon and pressing itself into the soul of every one of His children. It is the gift of the total nature of God to the total nature of man. Therefore it can utter itself only through the total human life, which is personal life. And it is by the primary personal relationship, and by the great universal personality of man, and by the Son of God who is also the son of man, and by the Church which is the anticipated fulfilment of humanity, by these as media that the Eternal Father, who at the same time is always giving Himself most of all immediately, bestows Himself on man.

It would seem as if in this truth of the largeness of the

method of the teaching of religion lay the explanation of a good many things which sometimes puzzle us. Let us see what a few of them are.

First, there is the way in which people acquire their beliefs and lose them. A man declares himself a believer in the Christian doctrine. He claims his place in the communion of the Christian Church. I am rejoiced and grateful; but I am bewildered and almost dismayed when I recognize how absolutely little he knows about the evidence on which the Christian doctrine rests, and which constitutes for me the ground and justification for my holding it. Perhaps he gives me what he calls his reasons for believing, and I know that not one of them, nor all together, would hold a cobweb's weight, far less would hold a structure such as he thinks that he has built upon them. What then? I know that these are not his reasons for believing, though he honestly thinks they are. Through other doors the truth has entered in. Through spiritual and moral, almost through physical necessities of his nature, Christ has claimed him. There is confusion enough about it all, but still the fact is certain that the man, the total man, believes, though he cannot begin to tell the reason why any more than the flower can account for its color.

The same applies to the loss of belief as well as to the gaining of it. Your friend ceases to hold what you and he have held together. You ask for an explanation of the change, and he can give you none. No process of destructive reason has dislodged his old conviction. But that does not prove that he has been whimsical or wilful. Since his belief was the possession of all his nature and not merely of his reasoning mind, it might be attacked and overthrown at any one of many points. That was the danger of it which lay in its essential quality, as the dangers of all things do. Therefore a new view of some

of his truth's applications, a new sight of it as it took form in another's life, some question about its effect, if it were universal or perpetual, some conflict even between it and his taste or sense of humor, might shake it and dislodge it from its pedestal. Since it belonged to the whole man, wherever the man could be invaded the belief might be attacked.

In the days when Dr. Colenso was the object of denunciation for a large portion of the Anglican world, somebody wrote a nonsense-verse which seemed to many people to perfectly demonstrate the feebleness and vacillation of his change of thought. It ran thus:

> "A bishop there was in Natal
> Who had a Zulu for a 'pal';
> Said the savage, 'Look here,
> Ain't the Pentateuch queer
> Which converted my lord of Natal?'"

If a part of the bishop's reason for believing the Pentateuch had been his thought of how its revelation formed and commended itself to the simple human intelligence, then he might well have been set to self-examination by the barbarian's question. Not by being queer, but by being natural, does religion justify itself. And so by that door, as well as by any other, the skepticism might come in.

We do not know how to deal with doubt unless we know how to consider it a condition of the total life. It is of course of various kinds and different tendencies. Sometimes it is a dislodgment which means advance, like the loss of equilibrium in walking, which is the necessary preliminary to each forward step. Sometimes it is simply loss without advance or gain, like the dissolving of elements in decay and death. But in either case doubt is very rarely, perhaps never, a condition of the intellect

alone. The whole man doubts, just as the whole man formerly believed. The very body, the nerves and blood, partake in the disorder and dislodgment. The affections are bewildered and distressed. The mind lacks evidence, and each part of the nature reproaches the rest with, while it contributes to, their unbelief. When we know this then we see how helpless must be the panaceas for doubt which the doctors of the soul compound and the Church bookstores sell. Every true man's doubt is his own, different from any other man's, and there can be no treatment of it which does not take the man in his entirety into a higher and a healthier region where the whole being of God can meet and act upon the whole being of His child. Surely this was what Jesus meant when He spoke again and again of men coming through Him to the Father. In that embrace of the life by God the evil doubt is dissipated and the good and healthy doubt is ripened to the higher faith.

And if what I have said about the teaching of religion is true, then we may also understand another thing, which the teachers of religion are always discovering, and which often perplexes and puzzles them. No teacher is the only teacher of any soul. Whenever God leads a soul to teach another soul, He still keeps that other soul in His own teaching all the time. He ministers to it directly, and also He sets all His other teachers at work upon it, nature and history and society and literature and art, sorrow and joy, pleasure and pain, all pour in upon it their instruction. The consequence is that when the appointed instructor comes, when the missionary lands on the beach of the life to which he has been sent, he finds that God and God's truth is already there before him. When Paul climbs Mars' Hill he catches the echoes of "certain poets," who already have been singing of the Fatherhood of God. There is no teachership so absolute that it is not met by

this discovery. Wise and happy is the teacher who is able to rejoice in all that God has done and is doing for His own child directly and by other means, and makes what he has to teach blend freely with what the soul already knows.

And yet again the vitality of the teaching of religion involves one other necessary consequence. It is inevitable that the truth which is taught, entering into living union with the learner's nature, should become in him something different from what it was in the teacher's mind and life who gave it. Until we recognize this necessity we are perpetually disappointed and bewildered. When we have once fully accepted it, we rejoice to find that which we have known and taught in our own shape opening into new luxuriance of form and color in the nature of him to whom we have imparted it. Truth taught is not like a nail driven into a board, which remains forever the same nail that it was when it lay in the nail-box. It is the tree planted in the soil which mingles its nature with the ground; or, rather, it is fire communicated to fuel which burns with the color of the new wood which has been kindled; or, rather, to come back to our first metaphor, it is like friend introduced to friend, so that the two know each other in their own way, and not according to the method of the friend who introduced them to each other.

Evidently any statement of belief in which two men or more than two unite must be of sufficient simplicity and breadth to freely hold within itself these vital differences. This is the beauty and value of our Church's Creed. We all believe it, and no two thinking men hold it alike. It is as various as their various personalities with which it has entered into living union.

The Church has no unwritten law, no interpretation of her creed to which her children must conform. That is a truth concerning her on which we always must insist.

She has her creed, in which all her children alike believe and all believe differently. Thus she keeps the union of identity and variety, which all living things must have. Thus she bids each believer be a sharer in the belief of all, while at the same time he holds his own personal conviction clear. Dogmatism loses the liberty and life of personal conviction, skepticism loses the largeness of the universal faith. The Church, if she holds her creed as a creed ought to be held, is neither dogmatic nor skeptical, but keeps both the special and the universal, and makes them minister to each other. This is why she is the home of generous belief. This is why, if one may recognize how, as is the case with most epigrams of comparison, not merely the laureate's famous words but also their reverse is true:

> "There lives more faith in honest creeds,
> Believe me, than in half the doubt."

All tolerance has its justification and its security within the compass of these two truths, the first, that God is the direct Teacher of His children, and the second, that belief is a condition of the total man. He who holds both of them cannot be intolerant. He is kept always aware that truth may enter through either of several doors, but having once entered is truly the possessor of the house, and that every nature must hold truth in its own way, but that its hold on truth is not less but more strong because it is its own and different from any other nature's.

It is on these two truths as giving the color and meaning to all teaching of religion that I have wished to insist. If I were writing a homiletical lecture, there are certain inferences of a practical sort regarding the minister's work on which it would be easy to dwell at length. But I must not touch them now. Let me go back where I began. It is possible to teach religion—nay, it is neces-

sary. The Boston boy left to pick up his religion where he will, and the saint by the Ganges scorching out his religion in the furious sun, are both being taught by their surroundings, by their traditions, whether they will or not. The struggle must be not to refrain from teaching, but to keep teaching large and vital, to think of it always not as putting facts into a box, but as putting truth into a nature. And the teacher of religion can preserve not merely his joy in his work but also his fitness for it only as he always counts himself an under-teacher in the school of Christ, and rejoices that beyond and around what he can do with his Sunday-schools and catechisms all the children of Jerusalem are being taught of God.

THE HEALTHY CONDITIONS OF A CHANGE OF FAITH.

Let us try to trace the healthy way of passing from one aspect of religious truth to another. I prefer to speak of that which a man leaves and that to which a man comes as one and another aspect of truth, because, while it is not good to make the differences of opinions and convictions seem less than they really are, it is good, it is even essential to such an inquiry as we are undertaking, to keep in sight always the inmost central truth after which all earnest thinkers are striving, which they are all ready to own that none of them sees completely, and the confessedly imperfect sight of which by all means must furnish the first ground both for the toleration and sympathy for one another among men who differ, and also for preservation of the sense of continuity in the life of any man whose thoughts have undergone great change.

It seems as if the time had come when such a study as I propose were necessary. For an advance from one set of convictions to another is the experience of our time in almost all its active minds. Who of us holds the same opinions to-day that he held twenty or ten years ago? And who of us is prepared to say that his opinions are not destined to change in the future quite as much as they have changed in the past? These are questions which the members of any clerical meeting might no doubt have

asked of one another in any age of history. We doubtless form too low an estimate of the amount of intellectual vitality and movement which has existed even in the most stagnant times. But in our day change of opinion is the rule, persistency of opinion is the exception. To-day, therefore, it is especially needful that we should understand, if we can, what is the healthy way of passing from one aspect of truth into another.

It is not the most interesting sort of inquiry. It has too much of self-consciousness about it. It may be dangerous to the best growth to try to find out how that growth takes place. But if we can examine the roots without pulling up the plants, we may be able to help them more intelligently and to protect them as they grow.

In general, then, is not the great principle of the healthy development of opinion this, that it is always good to go away from old positions, not because they have been overthrown and made untenable, but because something more attractive and valuable is discerned beyond? The journey is from truth to greater truth.

I do not think we realize at once how universal such a principle may be. It seems to us at first as if it were one method of movement, but not the only one. You may advance from the imperfect to the more perfect truth, still letting the imperfect truth out of which you go stand, still giving it respect and gratitude. But if, so it is said, that which you leave is not merely imperfect truth but positive error, then it must come down even regardless of whether any other shelter is offering itself beyond—then you must leave your disproved falsehood even though you see no truth to flee to, and can only stand waiting in the cold. And that is true; but also it is true that there is no falsehood which man has once earnestly believed which has not in it truth enough to furnish a point of departure, and that there is no direction in which a man

can earnestly look for truth in which he may not see some partial truth which is large enough at least to furnish him with temporary lodgment on his way toward the entire truth which is still out of his sight. Therefore I believe that we may claim that our principle is practically universal: that the healthy law of all change of opinion is not the abandonment of overthrown positions, but the pursuit of something still more attractive and important that is discerned beyond.

If it is a true principle, it certainly is an important one, because it decides what shall be the meaning and spirit of the restless changes of opinion in the midst of which we live. Christian thought has altered its positions wonderfully in the last quarter of a century. What shall we think about it all? Is Christian thought on the retreat or the advance? Is the army reluctantly abandoning fortresses which it would like to hold, but which are no longer tenable, or is it moving forward and occupying wider fields and only deserting its own strongholds by the welcome necessity of its advance? According to our answers to these questions will be the spirit of despondency or of hope with which we live in these times of changing doctrine. I believe that our principle, applied to these times, may give us the right to live in great encouragement and hopefulness.

We can understand ourselves best if we take some special truth with regard to which the opinions of many people have undergone and are undergoing change, and speak of that, remembering always that we are speaking of it as a specimen of many truths to which the same principle would equally apply.

Let us take, then, the truth of the punishment of the wicked in the future life. It is a truth. The changes of opinions with regard to the nature and duration of future punishment have mostly gone on within the recognition

that sin bears its fruit beyond the grave as well as here. Within the recognition of that fact, however, we all know how many men have come to believe, first, in the *essentialness* of punishment as distinct from the *arbitrariness* of punishment—that is, that the misery which follows and accompanies sin is bound up in the very nature of the sin itself; and second, in the possible expiration of punishment by the possible restoral of the sinner to goodness. I think that this order of ideas must be observed. All the doubt about the necessary endlessness of future punishment, which is intelligent and earnest, is preceded by a change of belief, more or less clearly recognized, about the *nature* of punishment and the relation which it holds to sin.

We may ask, then, on what grounds it is conceivable that various disbelievers in the doctrine of necessary everlasting suffering, settled for those who die in sin at the moment of their death, have reached their disbelief. Each of the several grounds on which it is conceivable that such a belief might be reached will be recognized as the ground on which some of the disbelievers in the doctrine have actually reached it. And I hope the difference between the unhealthy and the healthy ways of reaching it will appear.

1. The first ground, and the lowest, is the ground of fear. A man disbelieves that which he dreads. The wish is father to the thought. The wicked man says, "If this doctrine be true, then my prospects are horrible;" and so he says, "I will not believe that it is true." The mixture of the will with the judgment is such a familiar sight. We are so used to seeing how even in matters which are far more vividly forced upon them than are the terrors of an unseen world, men have a certain large power to choose what evidence their minds shall receive and what they shall neglect, that we should know beforehand that there

would be a class of disbelievers such as these in any such doctrine as that of necessary everlasting future punishment. No doubt this grossest of all motives has been often basely attributed where it did not exist. No doubt it has sometimes existed where the disbeliever honestly thought that he disbelieved on higher grounds. But no doubt it always has had, and has now, and always will have, its power. It is of course the lowest and most cowardly and least reasonable ground for the abandonment of any faith. It is so low and cowardly that it always covers itself with other pretexts. It is the base desertion of the fort by soldiers who are afraid to hold it, who are unwilling to meet the dangers and duties which its continued occupation will involve.

2. And next to fear comes taste. Many men who are not timid are fastidious. Their freedom from timidity may be owing partly to a lack of imagination, by which they fail to realize that which is far away. But what is close at hand they feel, and in the doctrine which we have taken for an illustration it is the unwelcome seriousness which it makes in life, the discord between it and what they think is the general tone of the Christian faith, the harsh eagerness with which it inspires the characters of those who earnestly believe it—it is these things that make the skeptic from taste disown the doctrine of everlasting punishment. I do not mean to deny some true significance to his skepticism. If the recognized beauty of a doctrine brings, as we constantly claim, some assurance of its truth, the recognized ugliness of a doctrine may well give some presumption of its falsity. Only we need to have some warrant of the spiritual perception of the man who judges before we can know how much his spiritual taste is worth, and at its best the power of taste to deal with the evidence of truth has very narrow limits.

3. Higher than the disbelief of fear or the disbelief of

taste, much higher, is the disbelief of reason. This comes when the mind is persuaded that there is proof that the doctrine which it has been holding is untrue, or, what comes to the same thing, that there is no proof that it is true. In the case of the special doctrine of which we are speaking, the argument of reason involves the whole consideration of the Scripture on the subject, first of the authority of Scripture, and then of what it says on this especial point. The disbelief of reason is peremptory and absolute. The soul cannot hold what the reason declares to be untrue. Whether any other refuge, any substitute for what it leaves, is offered it or not, the faith must leave the dogma which has no support in reason. Yet, none the less, it is not the highest or best door by which to go out of a belief.

4. I mention next a curious form of disbelief which we can call nothing else than the disbelief of good nature or of complaisance. A man has no objection to a creed himself. Neither his reason nor his taste rejects it. If he stood alone in the world he would hold it freely. But other men are troubled about it. Some things about it they cannot make to seem true. The spirit of the time is out of sympathy with it. To a certain class of minds, amiable and very anxious that other men should be believers, this state of things presents a strong temptation. To make believing easy, to remove as many as possible of the hard points of the faith, seems almost a duty. And what the man has told his friend that it is of no consequence whether he believes or not, it is very likely that he will by and by disbelieve himself.

"On a recent Sunday evening," said the newspaper, "a stranger, tired and dusty, leaned against a lamp-post at Rochester while he inquired the distance to Farmington. 'Eight miles,' said a boy. 'Are you sure it is as far as that?' The boy, with his big heart overflowing with the

milk of human kindness, replied, 'Well, seeing you are pretty tired, I will call it seven miles.'" Somewhat like that are the charitable concessions in doctrine with which we are familiar. If he met many such dusty travelers and was as kind to all of them, the Rochester boy must have come at last to think himself that Farmington was only seven miles away.

5. There is another way of leaving a conviction, which is by simple restlessness, and the love of change for change's sake. I think there never was a movement forward of the whole line of thought in which this spirit had not its share of power. Men whose nature it is to love the old for its oldness probably have no idea how disagreeable to another kind of men, just because of its oldness, is the venerable thing which they admire and love. It is not a high spirit, this discontented restlessness of faith. If it were made universal it would turn the army of belief into a mob. It always has a certain air of bravado, and bravado is what above all things the man who is changing his belief wants to avoid. No man wants to leave a faith which has been a home for his soul, but which it has become impossible for him to live in any longer, without something of tenderness and regret. To spring out of the door with a wild shout, only delighted to be free, declares a superficial soul. And yet I am sure, in spite of this, that in some low degree the mere restlessness of faith which belongs to lighter men has its true function. It keeps the self-satisfied faith of the heavier men from falling quite to sleep, and it helps to maintain the life and impulse of a movement when it flags.

But now all these five ways of departing from a position we have held have this one thing in common: they are all retreats. They all confess defeat. They all leave the old fortress because it is unpleasing or unsafe. A

clear line runs between all of them and the other motive, which consists in the invitation which is held out by the prospect of a fuller truth. Suppose that our believer in the assertion of God's justice by the everlasting torment of the wicked catches sight of a higher justice which shall assert itself in the very nature of things, in the essential linking of suffering to sin. When suffering, instead of being the vengeance of an angry God, becomes the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual disgrace, what then? Under the power of this conviction, the man inevitably disbelieves in the necessary unendingness of all the punishments of the other life. The other life, as we feebly call it, and this life become not two, but one. The same laws of punishment apply to both. No longer does he think of mercy and justice as rival claimants of the soul. The soul is God's always and forever, and God's mercy and God's justice, which are not separable from each other, because both are God and God is always one, are both of them forever present with the soul. What has become, then, of the old belief? The man has left it, but without bitterness, without reaction, simply and naturally, and almost unconsciously, as the child passes into manhood.

Again let me remind you that I use the special instance only as an illustration. I am anxious that the discussion should not be drawn away to the particular instance, on which we might very likely disagree. Whether we agree or disagree about it, it makes the principle clear. The principle once made clear may be applied to any other doctrine in which advance of thought is possible, as to the question of the inspiration of the Bible, of the vicarious suffering of Christ, or of the authority of the Christian priesthood, or to any other question. In every case the principle is that he leaves a belief unfortunately who leaves

it *solely* from a discovery of its imperfections or untruth. He leaves a belief healthily and hopefully who goes forward from it to a more complete belief beyond.

This principle, it ought to be said, does not exclude the lower, lesser motives of departure from an opinion which one has held. It simply surrounds them with its higher spirit. The garrison which leaves its fortress to advance against the enemy may still, as it goes out, rejoice that it is to be shut up no longer within walls which it has found to be uncomfortable and unsafe. But the real reason of its advance is in its hopes and not its fears. It goes because the new land tempts it, not because the old repels it. So it goes hopefully and with enthusiasm.

Of course our whole discussion takes for granted that there is such a thing possible as a progress in the knowledge of truth. Of that it is hard to see how any thoughtful man can doubt. It must be possible for man to know more of God, because the knowledge of God by man involves two elements, the known and the knower, God and man; and however perfectly God may have revealed Himself, man is but half developed and has only half possession of his knowing powers. The faith has been "once delivered to the saints," as Canaan was given to the Israelites. To "go in and possess the land" is still the duty of the Christian Israel. Who shall say how far it has been occupied in all these Christian centuries? We may be yet only at Jericho and Ai. Some most adventurous and earnest tribes may have pushed on to Bethel. Some very determined and aspiring souls may have climbed to the mountain-tops and even caught sight of the flashing sea which bounds the Promised Land upon the western side. However we may estimate the progress of the past, there still remains "very much land to be possessed." Surely the strongest way to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints is to go forward reverently till the

saints shall perfectly possess the land and know all that it is possible for them to know of God and of His Book and of His ways.

With regard to all advances in theology, whether by the race at large or by the single thinker, there are one or two observations which may be made, and which, it seems to me, ought constantly to be kept in mind in times like these, when the world of theological thought is so full of free activity. For the first time in many centuries the hand of external restraint is absolutely taken off from theological thinking. Neither painful penalties nor social disesteem—hardly, except in the extremest cases, even ecclesiastical reproof—will attach themselves to free speculation in theology. To many people this state of things seems full of danger. To many others it seems full of hope. But those who hope the most from it must be supremely anxious that those who feel the spirit of the age should feel it worthily, and move from conviction to conviction, not lightly and frivolously, but seriously and calmly, always valuing each special movement only as a stage in the long, never-forgotten search of the soul after the perfect truth and God.

With this anxiety upon his mind, one must feel and want to say that every change of opinion ought to strive after general conceptions and not be content with merely adding to or refining some special point in the details of faith. Of course each change of opinion must, by the nature of the case, deal with details. But every point to which any opinion relates is part of the large system of truth, and the change of attitude with reference to any point ought to bring us new light upon the whole great system and the first principles which are its source and strength. We ought to be dissatisfied with any change of opinion which does not go as far as this. Mere changes of views are insignificant and petty. It is a change of

view that is important. Many people find fault with changes of opinion because they go too far. Is it not quite as often the trouble with them that they do not go far enough? They stop in the criticism or denial of some special doctrine. They do not go on to some height where they can see more of God, where they can see God anew. To take again the same illustration which we have been using, the thinker who has come to believe that no man shall necessarily suffer everlasting punishment has altered one view of one doctrine. But he who has come to the sight of the essentialness of all God's working, so that thereafter, like a new sunlight, it saturates all his thoughts, has come to a new and fuller faith. And it is only in seeking and reaching a new and fuller faith that the alteration of one view of one doctrine is healthily made.

The second statement is that every advancing theology must be always cordially ready to be tested by the first simple standards of devoutness and morality.

Men's first demand of a religion is that it should be religious. Any theological movement that seems to diminish instead of increasing men's devoutness naturally and rightly incurs men's distrust. Now any one can see that a theology which is advancing to new ideas will stand in its peculiar own danger of being undevout. It is of necessity involved in intellectual processes. It is more or less tempted to engage in controversy. And it has to lose some of the accumulated associations of which devout dispositions make so much, on which, with many people, they so much depend. All of these are conditions which are unfavorable to the exhibition, and in some degree also to the cultivation, of devoutness. Often, therefore, the advancing thinker will seem less devout than he really is. Often he will be tempted to undervalue devoutness because of some of the narrow and fantastic forms in which he has seen it exhibited. But he must be devout

or he is nothing. It is the devout men among the advancing theologians, such men as Cudworth and Hales and Tillotson and Schleiermacher and Channing and Coleridge and Maurice, who have made the real advances of theology.

And yet it would not be right to say this without saying also that while advanced thought is bound to be devout, it is bound also to raise the standard of the kind of devotion after which souls are to aspire. Devoutness is the same quality in the boor as in the sage, but to say that the sage in virtue of his wisdom does not have the chance opened to him to be devouter after a loftier and finer sort than is possible for the boor would be to break in pieces the unity of human life and to dishonor some of the noblest gifts of God. When Jesus came He found the Pharisees devout. The truths which He taught made men capable of a devouter devotion than any Pharisee had known. And in the long run theological speculation which claims to be a true advance over the speculations which have preceded it must of necessity submit itself to these two tests: first, Does it still make men devout as the old doctrine did? and second, Has it a tendency to reveal and establish a higher kind of devotion than the old, one freer from superstition and more healthily enlisting all the life of man?

I need not stop to say that in its presentation of this higher kind of devotion, the advancing thinker must often disappoint the expectations of the older standards; and so advanced theology, however devout it may know itself to be, must often be content to be thought undevout.

I have space for only a word upon the other point. Every change of religious thought ought to justify itself by a deepened and extended morality. Here we are on far simpler ground than that on which we trod just now. The manifestations of devoutness are variable and mistak-

able. The manifestations of moral life are in comparison with them invariable and clear. About my being humble and full of faith any man may be mistaken. About my being honest and pure it is far less possible to err. Therefore it is a blessed thing for all religions that the standards of morality stand clearly facing it and saying, "Can you do this? Can you make men brave instead of cowardly, kind instead of cruel, true instead of false?" For every new form of religious thinking it is a blessed thing that, full of its first fresh enthusiasm, it is compelled to pass along the road where the old solemn judges sit who have judged all the ages, the judges before whose searching gaze many an ardent young opinion has withered away and known its worthlessness, the judges who ask of every comer the same unchanging question: "Can you make men better men?" No conceit of spirituality or wisdom must make any new opinion think it can escape that test. He who leaves the plain road where the great judges sit and thinks that he can get around behind them and come into the road again beyond where they are sitting, is sure to fall into some slough of subtlety and to be seen of men no more.

I should be glad, if the limits of this essay would allow, to go abroad into the fields of history and gather illustrations of what I have written from all the great times of theological advance. They would be found abundantly, I think, first in the time when "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," then in the great movement of the Protestant Reformation, and again in what some persons choose to call the melancholy disturbance, but what it is certainly quite as possible to consider the spiritual advance and aspirations of our own time. I must not linger for any such large study as that would be, but must be content with having pointed out how every progress of religious thought in order to be healthy must be the conse-

quence not merely of dislodgment from the old, but of temptation toward the new; must seek not merely for new notions and ideas, but for a larger and deeper sight of God; and must test itself and freely let itself be tested by the eternal and universal standards of devoutness and morality.

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES.

LITERARY AND SOCIAL.

POETRY.

(Howard School, Alexandria, Va., 1859.)

I THANK you for this opportunity of joining in your meeting of to-night. It was no slight puzzle, I confess, to find a subject that was just the thing I wanted. Not that there were so few, but that there were so many, all clamoring with their fitness for a meeting and a society like yours. Young men with life before us, we have practically all life to choose from, and take my text where I may, the daily reading of some of our experiences will verify or confute it in the course of time.

An old book tells us that the Babylonians had a way of bringing out their sick into the public squares and standing by their side all day begging each passer-by to recommend some medicine for the sick man's cure, and adds, "No stranger is so bad as not to tell the best he knows." They let no man pass till he had tried to play the doctor. Passing through your Babylon to-night, you have caught me in the public street, and, sick or well, demand of me my medicine. Stranger as I am, I will not be so bad as "not to tell the best I know," and if you find it, after all, an old prescription that has grown yellow on your files already, give me at least the credit of sending you to look it up and see if there be not some healthy power in it.

When one has lived much among young men, it needs no particular discernment to discover that in almost every group among them there is one marked man. The others,

if you told them that he was their leader or their better, would reject the notion with an honest sneer; but if you watch them daily you can see that, though they do not know it, there is something in him that has bound fast their human loyalty, always most loyal when most unconscious, and made them his servants in a servitude that does them honor. They love and try to do the thing he does, to say the thing he says, to be like him in little acts, because by human instinct they recognize what neither he nor they have ever articulated from a feeling to a thought, the deep, pure sentiment or principle or truth which lies below the thing he does and the thing he says, and makes both word and act worth copying because they are truly noble and trustworthy and true. Critical as we are, and must be, I pity from my heart the man who has no pattern man whom he can thoroughly admire and esteem. Admire—yes, wonder at, look at, as something beyond, above, and truly better than himself; dreaming no more of being jealous of his superiority than you were jealous of William Shakespeare when you wrote your last verses for the paper; honoring his friend so purely that he himself is purified and dignified by the worthiness of the honor he bestows. You cannot find the man who fully loves any living thing, that, dolt and dullard though he be, is not in some spot lovable himself. He gets something from his friend if he had nothing at all before. And so these marked men that stand forth among young and old for men to love and reverence and praise are the great reservoirs of Heaven's bounty; they are doing the sun's work on the earth, making dull moons and stars that without them would go grimly and grayly groping through their cheerless life, all athrob with deep and restless fire as they turn in Parsee-worship to their glorious Lord.

Of course, to-night, you and I need not go about to

prove that young men are the best men. The field is ours, and we may take it for granted that most of the good deeds earth has seen, and so the most of what her old eyes have still to see, are done and shall be done by hands with young blood throbbing impatiently about their finger-tips, crazy with messages from fervent, warm young hearts, that they will publish to the world in worthy deeds. Let us take for granted, too, the old axiom of the "reverence due from the old to the young." I have spoken of the reverence due from young men to one another, of how one young man standing out to claim a reverence that is fairly his does good to all the rest, by charming selfishness into unselfish faith and kindling cold jealousy to admiration.

If there be one thing above all things that a man tries to do, it is *to make something*, and to have something he can point to and say, "See, were it not for me this thing had never been." He comes the nearest then to being superhuman, to getting outside of the chafing humanities, the weaknesses, the limitations, the hard harness of routine that galls him. If you want to know, then, what it is that gives one young man such a preëminence above his fellows as I have spoken of, it is, I think, this *making-power:* it is because he can create and they can only alter; it is because things grow in his mind from the seed, and theirs are only sand gardens where children stick up rootless flowers and pretend they grew there; it is because he is—if you will excuse one easy Greek word among so many English—because he is ποιήτης, which is what we call a *poet.*

Even at this late stage let me announce my subject—Poetry—the power and purity of the young man's life.

Need I tell you, after all that has been said, that poetry here does not mean verse-writing? I am thinking and speaking of something worthier and purer than a pretty

jingle at the ends of lines, and if you care to listen I will try to tell you what I mean by poetry being the power of our life.

I need not remind you how often in our old English writers the word "poet" catches its old literal meaning and is simply "the man who makes something."

But first, in brackets, let me say one word about this same much-abused verse-writing. I am going to venture the broad assertion that all men may be, and ought to be, poets all the time. Evidently I do not mean by this that we ought each of us individually to be raving with that rhyme-madness of which we have so much already. But yet it seems to me that there are times when it is good for any man to perpetrate a page or two with the lines ending similarly. There are moods of mind and circumstances of condition when utterance, and utterance in that particular form which we call verses, is eminently healthy. But notice the distinction between general and special poetry. There is a great deal of poetry that it is perfectly justifiable to write but utterly inexcusable to show when it is written—verses, like the papers in lost pocketbooks, of no possible value except to the owner, and yet of real genuine use to him. They help him to establish his identity, to prove his right to old hopes and thoughts and fancies, to his whole past self. But found in a stranger's hands, they are simply proof positive that he has no right to them. Up to this mark, then, of poetry for private use, it does seem to me well that every man once in his life at least should come. There are dumb hands feeling round us that like the mesmerizer's magic fingers must now and then find us impressible and charm us into a dream. There are times when the dullest souls among us fledge unguessed-of wings and turn to sudden poets. There are brooks whose singing is contagious, and sunrises which turn all live men into Memnon statues. We find poems

written in the world that we cannot help reading and singing. Out of as prosaic a car-window as your road can boast, I saw God write a gorgeous poem this very morning. With a fresh sunbeam for a pencil, on a broad sheet of level snow, the diamond letters were spelled out one by one till the whole was all aflame with poetry. I could have defied the deadest soul in that hot car to have looked out of that window and not heard that song of the Almighty sing itself within his brain.

So much for our parenthesis. If any one of you has written poetry by stealth and is ashamed of it, don't show it; but if it came from the heart, thank God who put it in your heart to write it. Keep it so long as it can sing itself to you. Only don't show it, least of all publish it. You break the spell as soon as any one but yourself sees it.

But this is not the poetry of which I would principally speak. What I would say a few words about is too subtle far for pens to carry or paper to hold. I have reference to poetry in its widest sense as the great making-power. I pass to that.

I believe that almost all of us have a closet in our soul that is not often opened. Now and then we get the door ajar, or through a tiny gimlet-hole get just a moment's look, and wonder at the strange machinery that fills it. It is a perfect labyrinth of mechanism that we cannot understand. But what gives us the strangest and the saddest feeling is that in the rich luxuriant life of all our other nature this closetful is still as death. Sympathies and desires and antipathies and hopes and fears are all huddled in with one another, but they never stir one another nor by any chance are jostled into motion. Great bands of motives run over the silent wheels but never turn them, and loose limp springs lie like tired serpents among the dead machinery that they were meant to stir and sting to life. We are chilled at the cold deadness of the place, and

go away and sit down and try to reason ourselves into thinking that it was all a dream, and there never was such a closet, and we never went there, and that we are *not* keeping the best half of our working nature useless lumber on our hands. But there is the closet still, with its silent enginery going to decay, and in our hearts there is a truth that answers to it. Man is born with a profusion of powers that are never used. He is born with a sense of beauty, but beauty is born and dies unnoticed by his side every day. He is born with an admiration for the holiness of noble deeds, but noble deeds pass unadmired into forgetfulness before his very eyes. He is born with a desire for friendship with the truth, but truth is spurned and slighted every day. Meanwhile there stand the powers, there is the old machinery, and now and then we get the door open and look in at it, but the key that sets spring and wheel and band in motion is lost. Nobody seems to know just where. I think it must have been in the wild hurry of that fearful flight, when with the blazing sword behind them the man and woman went out from the garden into the world. No matter where or when. The true poet is the forger of a new key, and true poetry is the grand moving again of all that dead machinery. When sympathy grasps hold of sympathy, hope seizes on affection, the whole nature moves anew and the old dust drops off, and dead eyes open and dead senses start, and the wonderful richness of God's miracle of beauty comes for the first time on the new-created soul. Poetry *is* the sense of beauty, a thing as much higher and purer than verses as a tree is harder to make in the green glory of its summer growth than its name is to spell with its four little letters. This, then, this poet-power, this creator-power of making a world of beauty in the soul out of the beauty of the earth outside of us, is what makes one young man stronger and purer than his fellows. See

how it girds him with a new, a changeless strength! See how it is a new genesis of power in him!

The shrewdest thinker in our country, in computing the working-power of machinery in the whole of England at the present day as that of three hundred million men, estimates that one man now is worth as much in making-power as two hundred and fifty men were fifty years ago. A working-man can *do* two hundred and fifty times as much now as he could then, and all because the uses of steel and steam and iron, of shaft and wheel and pulley, have been found out and applied. Just so it is, I think, in all the little monarchies within us. A man *makes* more, is more a *maker*, more a poet, the more machinery he gets in use. And so what I mean by a poet is just a man who *uses* all his nature, who, when he finds he has a sense of beauty, stops on the brow of Shooley Hill and uses it, brings from his closet all that silent enginery and sets it into work, makes, by the sympathy that is his plastic power, the whole expanse of rich material from one eye-straining to the other—the blue hills in the distance, the happy river that is singing over its message to the sea for fear it should forget it, the dusty little city that has crept down to the bank to drink its coolness and to bathe its tired feet, the generous valley, dotted with tossing trees in summer and with the winter ghosts of trees to-day, flecked with the drifting cloud-shows, and haunted with the cawing birds, all, up to the desperate grass-shoot at his feet—makes out of this whole material a thing that he can carry with him, and be cheered and strengthened by the thought of it as he is cheered and strengthened by the sight. Thus once this *poet-power* has put a new something in the man. He finds again in this neglected closet a human love for nobleness unused, and when he uses it the dead names in his history grow out of names to men, and he is stronger for their company and for the counsel of their lives. He

finds a human appetite for truth, and all the old truisms of the reading-book are magnetized into new certainties of faith.

The poet, then, is the widest man on earth. If England stands firmer in the waves to-day because every man in her is worth two hundred and fifty of his grandfather, then the young man stands stronger, firmer, truer, when he gets his whole machinery to work. That is the time when this unseen leadership is won—that moment when the young man first calls his powers around him as Adam did the beasts of Paradise, and gives them names. That right of naming vests him with the right of governing them too; when he lays his strong hand on their restless heads and says, "This be thy name," it is that he may know them all henceforth, that they may know him when he calls for them, and come to minister of their comfort to his despairing weakness. Do not think these are feeble and unmanly dreams. The man who knows himself hates and despises all unhealthy dreams all the more heartily because of his self-knowledge. He knows what he is about. He knows the work that he is doing is manly, real, and true; and other men are sure to find it out and feel it too, as they always sooner or later reach the truth about a man who is sincere and clear. There is a great deal of strange talk about the unhealthiness of fancy and imagination. No doubt there are unhealthy kinds. They are like the stories authors write about wonderful adventures in wonderful lands. First there is the Baron Munchausen kind, where the land is real and has old familiar names, but the men and things done are wild and visionary and absurd. This is, I grant you, thoroughly unhealthy and untrue. Then there is the Robinson Crusoe kind, where the land is unreal, some fancied island in a fancied sea, but the men are plain homespun brother-men to all of us. This last is a good deal better

than the first, but it is not quite right yet. The true thing comes when men of flesh and blood tread flat on solid ground, and then imagination and poetry become the healthiest diet of the soul. Out into the world of beauty God has made, beauty the realest of all things in it, goes the man that God made too. A young man, you dare not say, is made less manly by being made a whole man, by feeling himself a real person, in whole reality doing real things on real and sturdy ground—nay, widening his notions of reality till they reach outside of earthly things and live in daily sympathy with the beauty of spiritual natures. Such a soul travels fast. A moment's sunlight builds a bridge for it to leap to heaven up the shining stairs; and then to come back again to earth and see its bright bridge broken into fragments and go on singing through the dark the snatch of angel song it caught that moment while it stood in heaven—do you say this man, be he old or young, with all his rounded nature, is not strong? I should like to see you by his side, and see how your human heart would prove itself human by gravitating to its leader and its rightful lord.

But we find out by and by that there is something better than to be strong, or rather there is something deeper out of which strength springs, and that is truth. I do not know how near to perfect truth a man can get, but I do know that the lives that many of us, men and boys alike, are living are untrue. Strange how soon the young immortal learns the trick of shutting up his eyes when they are dazzled by an inconvenient glory. Now here the young man who goes out in poet spirit to read nature finds that glory creeping in and making his blindness self-convicted. His unreality meets face to face with reality, for Nature will not stand a lie—it is her only unreclaimable sin. She can forgive a man anything else, but here her grand truthfulness confutes him. I believe in this,

and trust not a little to it. If, as we profess to believe, all right is forever antagonistic to all wrong, then what a lesson there is for us in the steadfast law and faithfulness of all the universe around us. How each day coming to its task of crowding labors, each night bringing in its blessed peace of sleep in obedience to the old command of Genesis, brings with it a remonstrance against our faint-heartedness and constant wavering of loyalty and truth. The stars in their courses fight against us as they fought against Sisera. The duty that they are doing cries shame on the duty that we are leaving undone every day. I know no way in which poetry can make our lives more true than by the power that it has to help us to appreciate other men's endeavors after worthy things, even if they be different from our own. It is a noble and a beautiful thing to feel ourselves outgrowing our contempts, to recognize each day that something which we have been despising as mean and poor is high and pure and rich in worth and beauty. While this morning's sunrise is rosy with the memory of last night's sunset, while noon looks longingly down the eastern sky that it has traveled, and fondly onward to the night toward which it hurries, while month links in with month, and season works with season, and year joins hand with year in the long labor of the world's hard life, there is a lesson for us all to learn of the unity and harmony of our existence. Let us take the lesson, and with it in our hearts go out to be more tolerant, more kindly, and more true in all our dealings with our fellow-men. Let us carry it back with us into history, let us carry it forward with us in all our dreamings of the years to come. It will make us better and happier. For after all it is sympathy, it is love, it is healthy interest in one another, that all these great teachers make their lesson.

Every earthly scene is imperfect, as Eden was, without man's presence. Hills and trees and clouds, waves on

the sea-shore, willows by the river's side, fields with their broad green beauty stretching out of sight, lack with all their loveliness one element of poetry, gain it only when a human home stands in their midst, and the signs of human work are seen among them. Man may mar the beauty of their first creation, spoil or soil them with his clumsy efforts to turn them into use, or even in mere human wantonness take pleasure in turning the use that God has given them into uselessness; but, in spite of all this, earth gains more from human life than she suffers from human mischief. It gives a point and purpose to *her* life, gives her that without which all life is death. Step now inside the little world that you and I are carrying within us. Here, too, there is deficiency till man comes in. The beauty of dumb nature may be there, the grandeur of abstract truth, the delicacy of refined imagination, but unless there be among them all some home of sympathy where our fellow-man may have a dwelling, where he may live the true ruler of all the nature around him, the true center of all the world there, acknowledged and served by it as such, unless we feel for one another as well as live with one another, we have, consciously or unconsciously, a deep want within, poets are things we do not comprehend, and poetry, no wonder, is jargon to our ears.

The more we love truth the more we see how true earth is. What a change the one great opened eye of Christian poetry has made in the way men look at Nature! Once she was man's plaything, now she is his teacher and his queen. Once she was *pretty*, now she is *holy*. Take the highest strain that you can find in the songs of ante-Christian singers, the most sublime, the most picturesque, and how trivial and truthless they read beside the simple music of some untaught poet whose Christian faith inter-

prets to him the million parables that are written in God's cipher in the field, the stream, the snow.

Poetry the power and purity of the young man's life. I have not been "so bad," kind Babylonians, "as not to tell the best I knew." I will not go without leaving my prescription here to do what good it may. I have spoken of poetry because I believe our lives are too prosaic, because I think we all might live up in a purer air. I have taken for granted all along that we might all be poets. I believe at least that we all have more poetry in us than we use. I think the strange beauty of the nature here around us might be more fully grasped. I think that, made strong and pure by thoughts like these, we all might make our lives to poems:

> "Be good, be true, and let who will be clever;
> Do noble things, not sing them, all day long;
> And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
> One grand, sweet song."

While we are speaking of the poems that may be lived, does there not come up to every one that ever read it that noble passage of Milton in which he lays down the life that the true poet ought to *live* before he dares to *write?* "And long it was not after when I was confirmed in this opinion," says he, "that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that is praiseworthy." I know no poetry like a young, true heart, recognizing its duty to its God and its brother-man, going unflinchingly about that duty, fearing no taunt, because it is up out of the reach of taunts as

the stars are out of danger of the storms, going to daily work in cheerful, Christian, manly faith, going straight up where the blessing waits in spite of sneer and pointed finger by its side, standing strong in the hope of things unseen, rich in the chartered mercy of its God.

I cannot go before I say that the truest piety is the truest poetry on earth; and the young Christian has crowned the strength and truth of the poetic nature with the thorough goodness of the perfect man. Somehow the stars take life to do him reverence, and come down through the puny taunts that thoroughly prosaic natures fling against him, to claim their brother who like them is trying to do the work of God.

If this old world of ours ever grow poetic, it will be in things like this. Not in new volumes on your shelves and pretty couplets in your heads, but in the trueness and the strength of quiet, earnest lives of duty, lived here in Howard or wherever duty calls, in playground or in pulpit, in school-room or in senate-room, where men are praising or where the heart works out its way in silence. If it be poetry, as I think it is, to go out to-morrow morning with all our closets open and all our moral enginery in play, ready to see the miracle that the sun will bring up over the river and the hills once more, ready to learn the lesson of the earth, a work to do and manly strength to do it, ready to sympathize with and love and worship all that is worthy of our sympathy and homage, ready to grow more human in our charity for man, ready to grow more godlike in our reverence for God—if this be poetry, then fifty poems may begin to-morrow, with earth's grand music for them all to sing to, and heaven at last to crown the victor with a sweet "Well done."

THE PURPOSES OF SCHOLARSHIP.

(Phi Beta Kappa Society, Brown University, Providence, R. I., August 31, 1869.)

Mr. President and Brethren: I beg you to believe that I would not take my place here this morning without gratefully acknowledging the kindness which has bidden a brother from another branch of our one great family to come to speak to you at your anniversary. I have felt it deeply, and it has given me, I think, a confidence which I could not otherwise have gained.

Such anniversaries as ours have their clear character and purpose. They are not Olympic contests for the display of oratorical skill or of intellectual gladiatorship. Still less are they the lectures of a teacher or adept in any art, delivered by him in virtue of his superior accomplishment. If they were that, I certainly should not be here to-day. They are the gatherings of scholars, met in the perfect brotherhood of scholarship, to consult with one another, not so much, if I understand our name aright, upon the interests of pure learning and culture in themselves, as upon their relations to the manifold and tumultuous life about us. Such days are the open windows between the college and the world, through which they look in upon and learn to respect and profit by each other. The relations of philosophy and life in some shape or other must be the theme of such meetings. It is the largest, the most practical, and the most constant of all subjects, and it is the one which is peculiarly pressing and continually reappearing in our midst to-day. This makes it not

the more easy but the more welcome topic to select for the guidance of our thoughts.

I am to speak to you this morning, by your kind permission, of the purposes of scholarship.

To one who at all comprehends the infinite range of the ideal scholarship, the name of scholar becomes the humblest that he can assume—one that he is ready with the largest charity to grant to any earnest, intelligent, and laborious seeker after truth. Once realize truth as infinite, and then it becomes hopeless in an instant to dream of being scholars in any sense of complete attainment, and the only ground which is left is that of faithful effort. We must call any intelligent man a scholar who with courage and conscience (the two fundamental requirements and tests of true scholarship) is seeking in any right direction for the truth. Else, in the endless variety of degrees, all so infinitely far from the ideal perfectness, I do not know where we shall draw the line. In general, we draw no clear lines; but by a certain touch or flavor which belongs to certain lives we separate them instinctively as scholarly lives, giving a sort of designation whose fitness we feel more than we can define it, but whose essence, as far as we can reach it, seems to lie in this, courage and conscience in seeking for the truth. I would say this at the outset in order that some of us may be sure of the right which we have in such a discussion as is before us, and that we may be surrounded through it all by the earnestness and humbleness which is the true atmosphere of scholarship.

Whether we draw our lines or not, then, here there are before almost all men's minds two things clearly distinct, philosophy and life. Here are two sets of men, one gathering knowledge, the other living life. Here are two kinds of houses standing side by side, the college and the store. The two sorts of men may both be represented in one sin-

gle man's life. The same man may be both learning and living. But if so, it is clearly understood that there are two men within that single figure. The two, scholarship and life, are separate from each other. What have they to do with each other? That is the question which grows very pressing in these times of ours.

And the purposes of what is called life—the ordinary practical labors of mankind are so evident, they bear their own justification so clearly before men, that the question almost always comes upon the other side, and scholarship is called on to announce its purposes and to give a sufficient reason for its being in the world.

And it does not shrink from the demand. It does stand up and give its reason. The only trouble is that it gives too many reasons, and men find themselves bewildered with two different theories of scholarship, each pretty clearly marked, which are set forward for their satisfaction. You know what those two are, for around their contest whirl and rage all the wild battles of our modern education.

The first asserts the simple worth of pure knowledge for its own pure sake. It does not look to, does not care for, the ultimate uses of the truth it seeks to learn. It believes, with Bacon, that "whatever is worthy of existence is worthy also of knowledge, which is the image of existence." "These things are in the world here. Let me know them. That is use enough for me to put them to. Must I show you just how they will make you warmer or merrier or richer before you give me leave to learn them?" It is a noble impulse. It is impossible to conceive of true scholarship among us unless some provision is made for its gratification. We are coming, and we must come soon, or we shall suffer deeply, to some provision in connection with our universities for this appetite

of pure learning. We must bear to see men misers in knowledge, gathering it for itself, not for its uses.

The other theory we all know still better, by the impatient eagerness with which it runs riot everywhere about us nowadays. All scholarship must minister immediately to life. Human wealth and warmth and happiness, these are the final causes. What that does not make these be has any right to be itself? We may waste what indignation we will upon the commercial theories of learning, yet the world believes them, is clamoring for them, and they have their beauty and truth. The picture of the waiting world, lying expectant until the fair heaven of knowledge above it is willing to let its glory and loveliness distil a fruitful rain and dew, to make the dead heart alive and glad, this is the noble and the everlastingly true and touching aspect of the utilitarian theory of scholarship.

Between the two, I said, the world hovers in doubt, not really knowing what the true purposes of scholarship are. It is not the world alone that doubts. Where is the scholar that can tell? The strangest thing about it all is that just now, when we are full of the passion of study as no age has ever been before, we should almost of a sudden wake up to find that we can give no clear account of what the purpose of all our study is. One man says this, and another man as confidently says the other. Perhaps, strange as it is, it is not altogether a bad thing to find. Perhaps it is only a witness of the great depth and reality of that divine instinct after knowledge which, with the other great human proof qualities, the love of country, the love of children, the love of freedom, the hate of falsehood, lies deep under all our being and will give us no account of itself, but fills us and our lives with strength and beauty nevertheless. Such inability to give a reason does not prove the absence of a reason, certainly.

The vagueness is not the stagnation of dead ideas, but the seeming unsettledness and hesitation at the meeting of two waves of live ideas where the stream seems only agitated without a purpose, but is really moving on seaward all the time. The two theories of learning are in endless struggle, but, after all, it is like the struggle of the gods in Valhalla, who fight and cut and wound one another all day, and come at night all fresh and whole to Odin's Halls to eat and drink together like brethren, and rule the world in perfect harmony. At the bottom they are not enemies but friends. This is our hope and confidence, and this allows us to be calm and patient in all the disturbance of this great question of the purposes of scholarship.

It is a great question, and it is not one that stands by itself. I know hardly a question which agitates the minds of thoughtful men to-day, whether it be the question of the classical and scientific educations, or the question of science and faith in religion, or the question of intuitive utilitarian morality, the most abstract question of the metaphysics or the most practical problems of labor and government, which does not either spring from, or is in some close way akin to, this old question of the proper purposes of scholarship.

How old the question is, and how various have been the answers that men have given it by the practical uses which they have made of the knowledge they have won! I look back over the history of scholarship in the broad sense in which I have ventured to use the word to-day; I look around upon the scholarship of our own times, and everywhere it seems to me that four great aspects comprehend the purposes of all the men whom I behold, in library or lecture-room, in the forest or the crowds of fellow-men fulfilling the function of the scholar, courageously and conscientiously pursuing truth. Either as prophet, philosopher, ruler, or saint, or in some combina-

tion of two or three of these characters, these studying men aspire to go forth with the results of their education. I wish to speak of the scholar in each of these aspects for a little while, and so gather, if we may, out of them all some large conception of the purposes to which in some sense and degree all our lives profess to be devoted.

1. The scholar as prophet. Let us speak first of him. The name carries us back in a moment to the remarkable series of men who for over a thousand years gave substance and character to the commonwealth and kingdom of the ancient Hebrews. What shall we say? Shall we number the Hebrew prophets in the list of scholars and count them the types of one great function of the scholar which has run through every age? Surely, nothing but a very bookish pedantry could be blind to the large claim which they present to the great name. Courage and conscience after the truth! Where have those ever been as perfect as they were with them? They were not the bookmen of their time. But then, as often, true learning had fled from the blindness of the men of books and set her perfect presence before the pure eyes of earnest men, whose truthfulness was to them the power of a superior insight. They were men of study; history, law, external nature, the human mind, the divine oracles—all these they had pondered to their depths. They had broad sight of how it stood in the universe. They had struggled after and attained the vastest grasp of nature and the supernatural, the simplest and profoundest view of how they were related to each other. They held the clearest philosophy of duty that any scholar has ever taught. And truth, God's truth, was the bread of their only hunger and the water of their only thirst. And clearly, sharply, as the very essence and spring of all their mental labor, there stood out its purpose, the strong *moral mission* which makes those prophets so completely the *guides* and *rebuk-*

ers of their people, that it sounds strangely to us when we hear them called their *scholars* too. But we cannot have such a morality as theirs without a mighty intellectuality behind it, nay, in it, and vivifying it all through. The Hebrew prophet knew but one end of truth, to make that Hebrew people better. Every idea was a commandment, every ecstasy of thought made the conscience tremble with awe as well as the mind quiver with delight. Knowledge was nothing to him but new inspiration for goodness, new force, new reason, new beauty thrown into the "thou shalts" and "thou shalt nots" of the decalogue. And as he studied, beyond the Book, beyond the nature, beyond the manhood which was his immediate lesson, there always stood up as the glorious prize of all, to be longed for and labored for until he died, the image of a righteous humanity, always in the Hebrew type and circumstances, but always intensely human because the *morality* is the center of the human life, and so a prize the desire of which may be understood and shared by the prophet-scholars of all time. It *has* been shared in. Everywhere the prophet-scholars have stood forth. That temper which is unable to separate between the true and the good, which is entirely intolerant of pure, *unmoral* speculation, which is impatient with any idea that is not always knocking at the barred gates of some fortified wickedness, or hammering at the chains of oppression, or blazing across the thick, pestilential marsh of some foul conception, this is one phase of the scholarship of the world which no one can ignore.

Its dangers are evident enough. It will certainly expose the pure truth to be colored and twisted by the passions and fanaticisms of the moral sense. It is the very birthplace of prejudice and superstition, this home wherein thought and conscience are passionately wedded. It is the nursery of pious frauds. Jesuitism has come forth

from it, the popish and the Protestant sects alike. But, all the while, men have clung to it. They have known that the moral nature is the central humanity, and that whatever would claim the highest honor must bind itself close to that. They have known that in the long, large aspects of history, increased knowledge must mean increased goodness, or else the imperious conscience would of necessity condemn man to the rudimentary virtues of barbarism and ignorance. Above all, only here has scholarship claimed for itself religiousness and seemed to be the true service of that God in whom goodness and wisdom meet and are but one. So that always the prophet-scholar has been among men.

If we understand aright our country and our time, it is the prophetship of the scholar which men are looking for and not seeming to themselves to find. The cry of the land is for a moral influence to go out from our schools and colleges and studies to rebuke and to reform the corruption and the sin which are making even the coldest-blooded man tremble when he dips his foot into some brink of the sea of politics or sails outside of a few well-grounded creeks and bays of the great ocean of social life. This we must not dare to hide from ourselves, that the people at large do not believe that the learned men care how bad the country is, and so the people do not care deeply for nor much fear the learned men. They see this strange phenomenon, that political corruption enters among what, with our standards of education, are called the educated classes, as much or more than among men who can scarcely read or write. They do not see issuing from the homes of thought of the country any such strong influence of mental and spiritual culture as can meet and modify and regulate and elevate the purely commercial disposition of a trading-people. Our common-school system, popular as it is, goes laboring under a certain dis-

trust among many thoughtful people who dread for the country the perils of universal half-knowledge, who fear its irreligiousness, and would gladly sacrifice something of the thoroughness of its training for a larger moral and spiritual power poured through its veins. A wide suspicion of the morality of scholarship has grown up among us, and it is not good. For, be the virtues of untaught humanity as generous and gracious as they may, the permanence and breadth of a people's true moral life must lie in the attainment and emancipation of its scholarship. Out of it must come the wisest judgments, the most valuable praises, and the sternest censure. The scholar is disgraced if the nation go mad with cheating, and his hand is never laid cool and severe with truth on its hot forehead. Woe to a land whose scholarship is not its prophet. Woe to a scholarship itself that dares forget or disuse its right and duty of free and open prophecy.

2. Let us pass to another theory of the purposes of scholarship, the most different from that which we have been describing. Farthest from the scholar who seeks for all his learning a moral influence upon the world there is the other scholar, for whom pure truth, independent of all uses and applications, the simple facts of life and nature, is itself sufficient prize. This, too, is very noble in its highest aspects. "There can be nothing higher than the truth," it says. Not because it is *useful*, but because it is *true*, the *fact* is worthy of a man's whole life to seek, his whole soul to hold. Here, too, we have our historic type of the scholar we describe. He is distinctively the philosopher, the lover of the pure truth for its own pure beauty, and that name carries us back, past all other wearings of it, till it sets us among the wonderful men who illustrated Greek history four centuries before Christ, and who have made the world a-light ever since with the glory of the Greek philosophy. Matthew

Arnold, the brilliant essayist of culture, has depicted the Hebraistic and the Hellenistic tendencies as the powers of action and of thought in their endless conflict for precedence. I would speak of them as two schools of thought; or, rather, as two different conceptions of the purposes of thought and knowledge. I do not speak of separate Greek masters or of specific schools; I do not speak of any of the characteristics of that marvelous culmination of human thought and inquiry except this one—that it was pure and simple; for knowledge, not for man; for the increase of wisdom, not in order that men might be better or richer, nay, nor even *wiser*, but only that their goddess might be magnified. Other characteristics have repeated themselves elsewhere in the history of human study. This has never been rivaled—never has knowledge itself, as an end, as a complete and perfect being, been so supremely crowned. Their sacred word "wisdom" found its way across into the opposite Hebrew world, but there it gathered in a moment moral associations which lost the pure, bare, classic simplicity of the Greek origin. Truth unhuman, divine, lighting men but not made to light them—as far off as the stars, as silent, as impassive, as single-eyed for the running of its own silver orbit.

There were exceptions and qualifications. Men were men still, even although they were philosophers. Out of some contact of their daily lives, or out of some human heart of their philosophy itself, some humanness, some care for man, would find its way among them, as either from the long-left shore or from the worn substance itself, dust, they tell us, will gather on the masts and spars of ships out in mid-ocean. But, with all qualifications, the Greek philosopher stands still, and no doubt stands rightly, as the type of the pure seeker after knowledge.

It is a cold mind, chilled with the forlornest utilitarianism, that does not kindle somewhat at the very calmness

and still beauty of such a theory of knowledge. It is a blind eye, blinded by too close scrutiny of a few narrow means of usefulness alone, which does not see that in some departments and by some men study *can* be pursued only in this Greek way. It has its dangers. Those Greeks themselves in all their highest walks were always trembling on the verge of sophism, and the weak heads among them toppled and fell in. That which is a lofty ambition when it deals with large, living things—the love of facts as facts—becomes but miserable pedantry and dilettantism when it comes to waste itself on little dead trifles. The research that is sublime when it is asking questions of the stars or the flowers or the nations goes down at last to the petty gossip of the local antiquarian society. There is a scholarship which cannot see the forest for the trees—cannot see the truth for the facts. What matter? Let it catalogue the trees, and some man, truly the scholar, shall come some day and see it all, and cry, 'Behold, a forest!" and paint it in its freshness with the breeze through it and the life in it for the world to see.

So that, with all its dangers granted, the pure philosophy is very noble. It must bear fruit that it never contemplates or cares for. We do not think that the sun counts the grass-blades or shines for them. Let a man tell me, out of the wondrous revelation of the spectrum, what the sun is, and I will not ask that he shall show me just how his knowledge is to make two grass-blades grow instead of one. I will believe that such knowledge cannot be in the world without men's being somehow the better for it. So I will have more faith in the philosopher's wisdom than even the philosopher cares to have.

Again we turn to our own time. In many departments do we not see a craving for pure knowledge? Men have grown suspicious of knowledge collected and used with a professed and previous purpose. In science they have

learned to fear that facts have been misread in order to suit some preconceived ideas of truth and right. In history they have learned to suspect that characters and institutions have come down to them colored by the thick atmospheres of party zeal or personal like or dislike. In religion, half the loose skepticism of the time comes of a vague misgiving that eternal truth in some trick of interpretation has been made to serve the purpose of a pious expediency. In all there is an instinctive appeal, which it is good to hear, for the pure truth—for the image as little as possible mixed and distorted with the nature and position of the mirror that reflects it—for pure and positive science. "Let us know just what the fact is, just how the matter stands, and we will stand with it." Even if he does not hear and is not any way seeking to obey that call, what we need, what we must have along with the prophet, is this philosopher who shall bring forth the clear, cold truth of things, which men enough will take up into warm, effective life.

3. There is a third view of the purposes of scholarship, which is different from both these two. The first of these has regarded learning as moral influence. The second has been content to value it solely for the truth that it accumulated. This other considers it as so much force or power to be applied to the government of men. The world is full of work to do, of powers to control. What force can the man of books and of ideas exert to turn other men at his will? What *authority* can he summon out of the special life he lives to make him a ruler among fellow-mortals? And to be a ruler is one of those ambitions so universal, so natural, that argument with it is useless. Government is good; and all that will make government forceful men will seek with their whole passion for being governors. And so when scholarship offers her discipline, promising to train the man like an athlete

for endless human struggle, then to some men, to some natures, she makes her most attractive offer. She offers to reduce the mere unavailable bulk which hampers action, by relieving her disciple of prejudices and falsehoods and superstitions, so he may be sure of carrying nothing with him that will fail him when the conflict comes. She offers to make every muscle firm by sending *proof* along the flaccid fiber of opinion and making the mental impulse persistent with certainty. She tempts men with the strong temptation of *force*.

If we look for our historic type again we shall find it, doubtless, no longer in Hebrew or in Greek, but in the scholarly type of that majestic nation which must always represent the thoughts of force and government in history. It is the Roman scholar who most clearly apprehends and most deeply values the power of the things he knows to work results, to do work in the world. His religious truth is no mere sentiment, no holy aspiration, no insight into the spiritual mystery. It must hold the mass in order and help to rule the state. His study of mankind groups itself not into theories of humanity but into codes of law. His philosophy, be it Stoic or Epicurean, is no system of pure speculation. It is chosen for and valued by its power to shape a life for the labor of the world, to make it strong to rule other lives, or, in the sadder days of a despotism which, summing all force up into itself, rendered that hopeless, strong to rule itself. It is the *work* that learning is to do, the *force* that is to come with it to the learned man.

The question becomes interesting when we turn and ask how far this idea of learning as force prevails among us—how far it is desirable that it should prevail. Vaguely, no doubt, we hold it. Knowledge is strength, we say, in general. But practically we do not look to see the immediate forces which work on men emanate from scholarship.

You scholars do not claim to rule the country or society. There is a most un-Roman satisfaction that things should go on as they please—anybody governing the country and nobody governing society, while the scholars are content to believe that their scholarship resides like a sort of atmosphere behind the turmoil of second causes, and does somehow send out influences which are really the rulers of the whole, which may be or may not be true—it is hard to tell.

Wherever there is any idea of an educated class as a governing class; wherever some vagary of our suffrage suggests the far-off possibility of a limitation of that privilege by education which it is at once wrong and hopeless with us to limit by any other arbitrary test; whenever a college wakes up an instant to the necessity of teaching something about the politics and history of the country which they are to live in and which they ought to aspire to rule to the young scholars under its charge; wherever we truly seize the idea of the Republic, which is self-government perfected by education, education being as truly a part of the idea as government; in all the application of profound study to the present problems of social science, labor, trade, food, poverty, crime, prisons, seeking to regulate them by intelligible principles instead of by interest or whim; in all the scientific perfecting of processes, moral, political, mechanical, that bring a little nearer the day of peace and sweep a little farther from the earth the unchristian enormity of war—in all these we have attempts to realize in special directions what we know is generally true all the time, the force of scholarship, the power of the scholar as a worker and a ruler in the world. Surely the millennial perfectness is as far off here as anywhere in the whole range of our life.

4. One other subject of scholarly ambition still remains. I spoke of it as the ambition of the saint. The word is

colored through and through with accidental meanings, but I do not know what other word will take its place. Its essential notion is of the personal character. I would strip it of every other association and let it signify to us simply this, the man of character. He has put everything else aside. The world's progress is little or nothing to him. He may despair of it entirely. The interests of pure truth and science are too vague and shadowy for his intense and eager gaze. There is one thing and hardly more for him in all the world, this personal life of his, this capacity of being something good and true, of ripening to its possible best his own special seed of humanity. He may be more or less distinctively and consciously religious. The special sort of character which he desires and seeks will be determined, of course, in part by his times and circumstances, largely by his personal nature. If scholarship be offered to him its treasures will be all swept into this one current, the personal culture, the perfection of the single soul.

Here, too, our historical specimen is not hard to find, except that everywhere and always the ambition which we are describing has been strong among men, and the specimens are only too numerous. But the name carries us at once to medieval associations and fastens our thoughts on the long series of wonderful men who for centuries illuminated human life with the intenseness of their piety and the eagerness of their struggle after personal perfection. Take away the accidents of their lives and leave only the essential; take away the superstitions, the special forms of self-discipline; take away the mysticism that almost always haunted their theories of life (though it may well be doubted whether some form of mysticism is not so necessarily bound up with the struggle after the perfect life that it cannot wholly be taken away); take

away its whole organization, nay, take away Christianity; remove the saint's whole special conception of what the goodness is which he seeks, so that he may be the brother of all earnest men who in the dimmest or the brightest light have set before themselves, as the prize and crown of all their work, the perfect grace of character—and then the medieval saint, in the essential purpose of his life, represents the great ambition which in the world of letters as well as in that of practical labor has been perhaps the mightiest that the human powers have ever felt pressing their subtlest and most sacred springs and calling them to action.

And there are points of view where one may stand to look upon this time of ours—points whence a very wide though still a partial prospect is commanded—where standing one would say that this last purpose of personal character was the strongest of all motives that animate the scholarship of to-day. The single personality is a clearer and more precious entity than it has ever been before. So many men are seeking truth as if their very souls were hungry for it. *They* want it—not the world has sent them to collect it. But their hearts are starved and character in them is consciously weak. They must have food and strength. They go in various ways to seek it. They run to and fro, and knowledge is increased. But whether it be the student of science or history or man—whether it be the Puritan with his Bible, or the Ritualist with his missal, or the Rationalist with his lexicon—there is a certain intentness in the study of our time which seems not like the easy industry of curious museum-makers gathering curiosities for their cabinets, but rather like the impetuous rush of the starved Hebrews in the gray morning after the divine manna scattered on the sand, which was to be, *in* them, new blood, new life. Not only to know

more but to be better men—*character*—this is at least one purpose of learning to which no champion of its claims will deny a foremost place to-day.

These are the types, then. Look back in history, and lo! the scholar has been all these—prophet, and philosopher, and ruler, and saint. Not ever solely one—always, in each, all of the others asserting by some protest that they, too, were the functions of the perfect scholar. The division by no means belongs to scholarship alone. It would be interesting to see how religion or social life, for instance, has put on successively these several aspects and so struggled after completeness. Thus it is that so many questions, as I said, are akin to this of the progress of the purposes of scholarship. What shall we call these four but the several studies, something in each of them forever bearing witness that it is *only* a study, for the consummate scholarship of the future, which, seeing its purposes as clearly as the sun sees its western horizon from the east, shall pursue them with perfect light and sure success. Then comes the great question, Are we any nearer that consummate scholarship which is to come out of the fusion of all these types than were the men of old? Let us see. These partial purposes of the scholar, so to speak, fall into two classes. What we have called the Hebrew and the Roman purposes have reference to other men outside the scholar, one to their moral improvement, the other to their government. What we have called the Greek and mediæval purposes have reference to the scholar himself, one to the increase of his learning, the other to the perfection of his character. Now scholarship with us must be Christian scholarship. In the largest sense, I mean, it cannot help being colored with the hues and pointed in the directions which Christianity has given to all modern life. But Christianity lives in two great ideas, both bound together in the one comprehending idea of the discipleship of Christ.

Those two ideas are personal perfection and humanity—culture of self and care for fellow-man. "Be ye perfect," "Love your neighbor as yourself"—those are its two poles. And the practical glory of Christianity is in the harmony which it has wrought between the two, so that instead of standing off from each other as repugnant alternatives between which a man must choose, they have come and bound themselves inseparably together by that strongest claim in all the universe which fastens the effect to its cause and the cause to its effect, so that the disciple of Christianity finds that he cannot grow perfect except by helping his fellow-men, and finds that he cannot effectively help his fellow-men except out of the resources of an ever-growing goodness in himself.

Now what if this most general influence of Christianity were to apply itself, as time goes on, for the harmonizing of these two different purposes of scholarship of which we have been speaking, so that in the end they should seem to be but one, self-culture and human benefit? What if the progress of Christian history should make this perfectly clear, which seems to be growing clearer now day by day, that no recluse in his study can gather into himself the best fruits of his hard work, and that no worker for the great human weal can be the help and blessing which a weak and wicked world needs, unless his force comes to it out of, *through* a clear good personality in him? Then would there not be a clear, new purpose for the scholar in the world, one in which an infinite future of growth and work would lie spread out before him—one which would nobly blend all the others, not moral influence alone, not abstract truth alone, not force alone, not character alone, but abstract truth transmuted through the alchemy of personal character into moral influence strong enough and clear enough to be ruling force? Personal character sought not for itself but to be the medium

of truth to others. Truth sought not for itself but to be transferred through character into life. So each would be attained most fully Above the cultivated pedantry and the crude, unintelligent work which are abundant in the world stands forth to hope the picture of the scholar ruling and lifting men by truth made forcible through his personality. This is the great ideal. For where is force except in persons? What is the force of truth except as true men make it effective on their fellows? Where is the power of the abstract ideas which, grasped into a mighty personality and grouped as the attributes of a personal God, make the universe tremble with terror or bow with a sob of love? "What is truth?" said the weary Roman, too listless to care to judge between the true and the false in his despair of the abstract truth. "I am the Truth," answered the personal Saviour, and through His personality the truth has saved the world. You read your volumes of sentiment or argument, and your face is hard; a child laughs at your feet, and the quick nerves answer and the quick tears come. We seem to see men choosing their philosophies by the cold, hard tests of impartial reason, and, after all, as Fichte says (and he would be a fool who doubted him), "What kind of philosophy one may choose depends upon what kind of *man* one is." I wonder if we realize how the personal instinct, the instinct which tells us that the only true medium of force on men is in personal character, is powerful among us everywhere in these especial times. Where do we see it? Where do we not see it? Look at our literature. What are our poets doing? The woods may bud and wither, and the suns may shine, and shadows sweep the ocean and the plain, nay, masses of men may move in nations or in armies as they will, almost unsung. It is the single, separate man that the poet wants, with the least possible robe of circumstance to hide the figure of character, or,

if the robe be there, it will be welcomed only to show by the dropping of its folds yet more of how the figure moves. So that, from Wordsworth's children of the English lanes down to Browning's villain husband and sweet, wronged wife, and brave, pure-hearted priest, and calm, clear-eyed Pope of Arezzo and of Rome, it is the inner life of men and women that subtle imagination has realized to thousands of readers, full of the spirit of their time, and waiting to hear what their brothers and sisters are. Nay, more than this; what is that strange, "pathetic fallacy," as Ruskin calls it, which gives human feelings to nature and makes a heart of passion throb under, and a voice of passion speak out of, the soft heart of the roses or the angry blackness of the sky? What is this but the effort to make the meanings of nature strong with the new force of personality and thrill us with them as only human voices can? Take our art, with all its common cant. Our architecture must have human "expression" and "feeling"; our pictures must be full of human "sympathy"; mere sensuous beauty of symmetry and proportion and nature's perfectness gives delight no more to many men, or gives them a delight of which they are half ashamed. Self-consciousness pervades that which was once so unconscious, and shows itself through all our social life. Or take the novel, the most characteristic literature of our time, the one by which it will be most remembered, as it seems to me. What is it all but a study of character, a painting of men and women, so that there has gathered out of rich human heart and brains a company of characters which never wore the flesh, but which are so real to mankind that they will live as memorials of this generation of ours long after every man whose feet really trod in it, more certain as a fact but less strong as a character, has gone and is forgotten. Or look at history: what is she busied in? Mainly in reviewing old

verdicts of character, seeing whether this villain was really villainous and that saint was truly holy, shading off the sharp blacks and whites in which the ages less critical of character painted these men, with something of the same intense and almost morbid analysis which marks also our conscientious scrutiny of ourselves and our social judgments of one another. What is theology doing? Leaving the old arenas of dogmatics, and fleeing to the personal in Christianity, writing lives of Jesus, and, full of faith in personal force, crying in faith and affection, "*Ecce Homo*," as it holds up a newly drawn picture of the powerful humanity of the Son of God. What is politics doing? Developing everywhere the principle of nationality, which is nothing but the personality of the nation, its capacity of character and responsibility and separate life. And then outside of all—mysterious, majestic, certainly real—there is the vast blind longing of the whole human race after a unity within itself, trying to make out in the past and to build for the future one vast, colossal manhood, one in origin, one in language, one in faith, one in worship, one in instincts, one in rights, one in destiny. Where is the department of science, natural or moral, that is not from its own side studying toward this one man of universal history, this colossal personality who shall give expression and force to the fact of human life?

We cannot lose sight of this personal instinct regnant everywhere. I point to it because the scholar cannot ignore it. He must not be merely the student of character. He must bring in himself such a character as shall transmit truth to men, and, gathering the light that lies above the stars, lay it in clear, soft rays upon the daily life and work of men so that they may not be in darkness. The scholarship of the world must be the atmosphere about the sun of truth.

Here all the functions of the scholar meet—prophet,

philosopher, ruler, saint. What shall we say? Let him be all in being—that he *may* be—the *priest* of the people. Behold, another of those old words tarnished with bad touches, but divine in its pure gold still. I think many and many such an old word is coming forth in our day to get rid of old corruptions and to fill out its original circle for the first time with its perfect meaning. The priestliness of the true scholar! How can we better put in one word all that we have said? For a priest is he who by virtue of his own character interprets the higher to the lower. Character is the first essential condition. Service is the final coveted end. In the scholarly character sought not for self-indulgence but for the service of mankind, is there not the harmony of all the efforts of the ages and the millennial hope of human learning?

We all feel, I think, that every study of the true purposes of scholarship ought to lead us on a step toward the right answer to be given to the problem of studies which is so prominent in our minds now. Evidently the purposes of learning must regulate the subjects of learning. The circle of possible knowledge has widened so immensely, every year sees it so much wider still, what shall we select out of so vast a range to be the proper training of our young men who aspire to the best results of scholarship? I am far from presuming to offer any thoughts of mine (with authority) on such a question. Only this seems clear as the first condition of the whole inquiry, that any study which has benefit to render to mankind, and any study which shapes and compounds the character of the scholar, to be the medium of transmission for that benefit may be the legitimate employment of the student, and that both must meet in proportion in each scholar's education. It is the partial view of what study is for that impresses us and disappoints us in so many of the current one-sided discussions of the subject. This aspect of all

learning *toward mankind* is the central secret of the whole. The true studies of the scholar must be "the humanities" in something more than an old technical and artificial sense. They must make men of men.

Judged thus, we cannot believe that the old classical culture can be spared from our colleges till some substitute far more satisfactory than has yet appeared is found to take its place. Its "training of the mind"—by which we all now understand something more than the discipline of the memory by roots and conjugations—its strange completeness and perfectness of life, will always welcome the mind that is capable of scholarly training, and, however dead it may be to the mere drudge or pedant, send it out richened and humanized with a humanity deeper than Greek or Roman ever dreamed of. It will be like the old stone fonts of which the legends tell, that, empty and dry to the profane, filled their dusty sides with sweet baptismal water by spontaneous miracle when they felt a worthy disciple coming up to certify faith. And judged by this standard, too, the sciences of *man*, of his mental and moral life, these, both for character and for service, must be the center of a true education, in spite of every positivism that would unhumanize our schools. Nor is it easy to see how, if the scholar is to transmit truth to the age, the country, the town, the ward in which his scholarship is to be an influence, our schools can long escape the difficult task of training their scholars in the political principles and histories which are forever lying under our feet and breaking above ground in the political issues of the day. And then, again, so long as this be clear, that the object of education is serviceable character, service by and through character, we can bid the progress of natural science go on to its fullest. It would be strange if science did not grow only more steady in its work of culture as it increases in its scope. It is the narrow learning that

wars with faith and character, that separates itself from man as the center of its orbit. It is the short knowledge that runs the wildest. You lengthen your clock's pendulum, and it runs all the steadier and slower. That is the true principle of liberalism and conservatism in their union. The great scientific miracles of usefulness that belong to these last years, the continent leaped and fettered by a railroad and the ocean fathomed and made vocal with a wire, these and such as these are the pledges of the perpetual humanity of science. Here, too, have we not possibly the true way of looking at the practical difficulty which I think haunts many of us who are gathered here in the ordinary labors of our life? We are professional men. We are compelled to bind our work into some definite channel and make it run over the often weary wheels of some narrow vocation. We build no race of scholars pure and simple in this new land yet. We are apt to hear of this as the great disadvantage under which our scholarship labors. No doubt it is a disadvantage so far as the depth and range of the single scholar's attainments and the enlargement of the absolute bounds of learning are concerned; but no doubt, too, it has its advantages, at least in the early stages of a national culture, when the millions are to be impressed with the importance of knowledge and inspired to seek it for themselves. The professional life is to the scholarly life in general almost exactly what the personal life is to the social life everywhere. A man's first care must be for himself. Through himself he finds his way out to others, through others he comes back to himself again with rich because largely unconscious returns of benefit. Considered thus, the life of the professional man does seem to realize in its idea, as actually the lives of the great professional class in our country, I believe, do realize in practice, our notion of the purposes of scholarship better

than any other application of study ever has or perhaps for the present can. Personal character, and, through it, service to humanity—the priestly scholar.

The dream of the scholar about his own future changes, I think, as the years go on with him, if he be a true man. We can well believe while the rose is but a bud, shut in between hard, glossy green leaves, gathering only the first dream of color into its pale petals, that its own color should seem to it the purpose of its life, just to be the perfect rose for the pure beauty of its perfectness. But when the bud bursts and the rose is born—what then? A world is waiting for its fragrance and its loveliness. To serve that world, to send the colorless light interpreted through its soft hues, and the odorless atmosphere translated by its fragrance, to be all that it may *be* for the sake of all that it may *do*, this is the larger purpose of its being, and, learning this, it ripens to the perfect flower. So may the scholar dream of pure self-culture for its own pure sake. It is a noble dream. God's first gift to him is that self. His first and clearest duty is to that, and so the vision of calm, lofty, separate scholarly repose, who dare say that it is wrong? But if the scholar grows he must outgrow it. He must grow in the direction of humanity. All the vast needs of life lay hold on him. All that we have said points to the drawing of the whole human life into one. He cannot be two men, cannot live two lives. He is hardly man enough to live one well. He needs his life for his philosophy, his philosophy for his life, both for the one rounded manhood. It is like the old story of the Iliad: mighty Achilles carries with him to battle, graven on his god-wrought shield, all nature and all life portrayed, from the sublimest to the lowest, from the master-mind and earth, sky, and ocean that surrounded all, down to the common scenes of village life, the heavy wagon laboring along the rugged road, the little child that labored

bringing home the scattered ears of the brown corn that overran his baby arms, the quiet hillside temple where the worshipers were gathered, the sports and battles, the harvests and the feasts, the marches of the stars and the happy bringing of the new-made bride, all the greatness of heaven, all the dearness of earth, went with him to the battle and stood by him as he fought. So all that the scholar knows and loves must go out with him into all his life, and his scholarship must be no separate thing, must be part of the father who sits in the family, of the citizen who votes at the polls, if need be (as need has been so lately) of the soldier who fights in the ranks.

And, going so, his scholarship will not merely do good, it will get good. It will learn to know always that out beyond it and all that it can study lies forever the human heart, with its instincts, its passions, its hopes, its infinite depths, very blind often, but very mighty always, the mightiest thing on earth, of which it must always be the humble handmaid. It will learn to count itself to be only like the boy who in the Greek play describes the omens to the blind prophet Teresias, and then waits meekly till his inspiration shall declare their omens. It will know its priesthood and stand by the altar of a higher power. And yet for this its humble task it shall labor with a new-found faithfulness and enthusiasm. It shall be full of courage and conscience, and out of their perfect union shall come a clearer and a clearer insight. And so the scholar, seeking personal character for the service of humanity, shall grow strong and successful with belief in himself, and still more with belief in mankind, and still more with brave and cheerful belief in the necessary progress of truth, which to the clear and devout mind means belief in God.

GRADUATION.

(The Gannett School, Boston, Mass., June 27, 1871.)

In thinking of coming here on Graduation Day, and knowing that I was to say a few words to you at the close of these exercises, from which we all expected and from which we have now received so much pleasure, I have been led to think of the whole idea of graduation, and of how it pervades all our life. Let me try to suggest to you, as briefly and as simply as I can, some of the aspects in which it appears. I am going to read you a little sober essay upon graduation, and it will not keep you long.

The idea of graduation implies *a graded life*, a life lived in certain stages, which succeed to one another, from each of which we climb into the next. We ascend a sloping path with more or less of struggle and trouble till we come to some level landing-place where we rest and take our breath. Then from thence a new slope, at another angle and set with a different verdure of circumstances, leads us to another starting-point. There we find ourselves at the foot of still a new ascent, and so, not in one continuous line, but by a line always broken by places of rest and of new start, by a course set with continual Commencement Days, we advance toward the highest. We are constantly graduating into some new life, we are always coming to Commencement Days. It is thus that thoroughness of work, clearness of view, continual incitement, and continual hopefulness are possible to us even to the end of life.

It is curious to see how we give the same accounts even of Nature, and make of her years and seasons something like the same series of graduations which we find in our own life. She, too, does not seem to advance in one continuous ascent, but her rests and pauses are a part of our whole conception of her progress. Each winter is a resting-place before every new spring. Each June is a commencement season when the spring-time seems to graduate into summer, and every year seems to come to a platform of pause whence its successor starts out at a new angle to mount to higher things, toward the perfect year. No doubt it is partly our own view of her, resulting from our own experience. The oak-tree and the rose, perhaps, have not our theory of spring-time. There is a vagueness about all these dividing lines, but neither have the stages of our human lives perfectly clear divisions. They shade off into one another, and so Nature's picture is not untrue to the human careers it seems to represent.

If we go further and ask what is the character of these successive graduations of which our progress seems to be made up, it must be answered, I suppose, that it is always from some school condition, some state of pupilage into the scholarship of some higher school, or else into the more directly personal responsibility of some freer life. This makes the leaving school, in which some of you, young ladies, are rejoicing—perhaps over which also you are a little sad to-day—a fitting time to try to point out some of the other schools that you will have to leave in life, some of the future graduations that you will have to make, some of the stages of the progress of which this is one, and of which altogether your whole life, if it is to be kept fresh and live, must be made up.

This is what I shall try to do.

You are graduating to-day in general from the *acquisition* of knowledge into the *use* of knowledge. The line

is shadowy and vague. You have not done acquiring and you have already begun to use, but that is the way in general in which it may be described. Let me say one word more of introduction. This graduation is far more evident and prominent in some lives than in others. There are, indeed, some lives in which it never seems to come. There are some shy natures, very deeply and very constantly cognizant of how much there is in the world to learn, to whom the time for using knowledge never seems to come. Some of the noblest, sweetest, and most interesting people I have known seem never to think of anything but of going on *collecting* all their lives. They are unpractical people, as the world labels them. They never seem to have got material together enough to build. They are in school all their lives. They never seem to put their hands to any work without being so impressed with the immensity of even the smallest work that they think themselves unready, and so they are not only learners all their days, as all must be, but they are *nothing but* learners all their days. They live a life like that which God made David live when he only let him gather the stones and timber for the future temple and then die and leave the temple for Solomon to build. When they die men call their histories failures, but who can say? There certainly is a fine conscientiousness and unworldliness and purity about them. They are continually inciting more superficial folk to thoroughness. Perhaps they do build without knowing it, and who can tell what beautiful structures their long preparation builds in some other life that follows this, for we are always forgetting that all the lives are one.

We will not call them failures; but, not presuming to judge of them, we may still point at the stages of the progress which most of us ought to make as we at least draw out the scheme and program of a full and rounded life.

And first there is *this* graduation, from the gathering of knowledge into *clear opinions.* The accumulation of knowledge is the school-room's work. The shaping of clear opinions is the work of life, and it is wonderful how many learners stop at the school-room's door and never get beyond its pleasant flower-twined gateway all their lives. Opinions are good for nothing unless they are built out of good materials. These materials are what you get from books, and history, and newspapers, and nature, and society. They are what you have been gathering and learning how to gather here. But so many people think they have got thoughts when they have only got knowledge. You cannot build the house without the stone and lumber, but then the stone and lumber, unbuilt, lying loose or piled upon the ground, are not the house. I can show you what I mean. Here is this war between France and Germany, which has been waging this past year: ever so many people know its great facts, when it began, how the armies met, the first defeat of the great nation, the quick prostration of what seemed the mighty army, the emperor's surrender, the slow majestic progress of the Germans, the siege of Paris, and then the dreadful horrors of the civil war. Men and women talk about them in their parlors. But the most striking thing about it, as one sits in the parlor and listens to their talk, is how much the men and women know about it all and how little they think about it all, how many facts they have learned, how few opinions they have, how little of rational notion, notion with any grounds for it, they have acquired of why it all began, and why it went on and came out as it did, and what is to come next.

I am not urging you, when I beg you not to be satisfied with mere *facts* but to try and graduate into *opinions*—I am not urging you to fill your brains with mere groundless prejudices and fancies. Those are almost worse than

no attempt at thought at all. Plenty of people have been calling themselves "French," or calling themselves "Germans," all the winter, and the only difference between them is the way they spell the names of their pet parties. Prejudices are good for nothing, because they are one-sided things. The very privilege and beauty of opinions based on knowledge, of such opinions as it is in the power of the graduates of a school like this to form, is that they may be many-sided and symmetrical. It is strange what a power belongs to any thought, even though not the wisest, that at least appears to see both sides. Have you ever tried to draw any chance medley of lines on paper and then fold it over and produce adjoining it just its *complement*, the same lines *reversed?* You cannot draw any figure so grotesque that, thus repeated, finished with its other side, it will not be symmetrical and probably pleasing, perhaps even beautiful.

I believe it is no uncommon, certainly it is a very fitting, subject to choose for an occasion such as this to speak of what men sometimes call the little, but what is the very great, importance of good manners. I have seen a commencement address full of wise and pure and useful suggestions on this subject, that was read, I think, before this very school; but if I chose that subject, one of the things that I would insist on most would be the dignity and grace and solidity of manners that could not come except from *thoughtfulness*. I think you can tell from the way in which a man or woman greets you on the street or in a room whether you are meeting one who is in the habit of thought, one who has opinions. It gives a quiet power that no culture of conventionality can counterfeit. It fills conversation so full at once that commonplace is drowned and great topics can float easily and without effort. The unthoughtful person's talk is always gossip, which is always vulgar, even if it deals with wars and

revolutions. The thoughtful person's talk is philosophical and interesting and elegant, even if it is about neighbors and servants. Wit and wisdom are not in subjects but in speakers.

I am not anxious to try, and I do not think I should succeed if I did try, to tell you how this graduation from knowledge into thought is to be made, how people must think. I believe our schools now try to teach their scholars to think. That is well. That is a great advance on the schools of other days, but I suppose it cannot be taught in any school to any great extent. It lies beyond school-life. It must come to each differently, and to each out of some personal experiences. But the first thing must be to feel its need and to be dissatisfied without it; then to any person with the ordinary powers of thought it will be sure to come. And so this is the first graduation which I set before you, to be desired earnestly and slowly reached—the graduation out of mere knowledge into thoughts and opinions. It is the first fresh, bright, joyous breaking of the buried seed out of the cold ground of school into the sunlight of life.

Another graduation which every full, eager-minded student asks for at the school-room door which has just been opened is into freer *action*. "What shall I *do* with this knowledge which I have been acquiring? It surely was not given me merely to make opinion of. What can I do with it? Action is more than thought. It is the fruit of which thought is only the promising bud." And so it is. But I think that our whole notion of what we can do with learning needs to be enlarged. I think that the whole idea which a great many learners have of what use they can make of the facts of history and natural science which they have been gathering is that if need comes they can teach them to others. They can keep school themselves. But if that is all, surely, then, things

have but a very artificial value, and perhaps it is not necessary, after all, that they should be taught at all. The school does not exist for the teacher's sake, but for the scholar's. There must be another use. There is—a more true and real one. It comes as the next graduation after that which has carried us from knowledge into thought. When you begin to think carefully about the things that you have learned, you will find it very beautiful to discover how all these facts have got principles or laws in them, like the meat in the nut, and how you may get the principle out and use it in some miniature need of your life, which answers exactly to the great need of the world's life in which you have seen it used upon the pages of your history. I call it beautiful, and no beauty can be more fascinating to the active and the intelligent mind. You may be more prudent to govern your little world by the study of the wise or foolish governments of history. You may copy the steadfastness of Washington and shun the vices of the rebellion in your own homes. You may make your little world more beautiful by bringing it into a more intelligent harmony with the great worlds of nature and of art of which you have learned at school. The Alps and the Parthenon may make your homes more noble and more beautiful. To take the universal rain and sunshine in and send it out again in its own private violet or corn-stalk, that is the activity of the little brown industrious clod. Again, I do not try to tell you just how to do it, but keep before you the clear idea of what you want to do, and be constantly determined to do it, and it must be done. The result will come in a brave, patient, fruitful, active life.

Then I want to speak of one more graduation, namely, that by which one grows to true and earnest feeling. I put this last, because the feeling properly comes after thought and action, as the result of knowledge. There

are, indeed, strong feelings that come long before, but they are apt to be mere *sentiments*, mere sentimentalities; but when one has known much, and thought much, and done much duty, then come those large, deep enthusiasms, whose warmth is the very vital heat of a large living character, the enthusiasms which give us warmth in all the coldness, and light in all the darkness of the world we have to walk through—the rich, ripe fruit of life.

It happens to some people—it may happen to some of you—through some blunder of life, or through some fault of temperament, to have to go through life thinking earnestly and working faithfully, and yet never coming out into the delight of warm and hearty feeling. The thought and work may still be duties, however dreary, they may have to be done, however coldly; but if they never go beyond themselves, they will always be cold and imperfect. There is no day more bright in all one's life than that in which one becomes conscious of this final graduation. I call it a "day," as if it came suddenly. The truth is, it comes very gradually. It begins to come with the first truth we learn, and it never is completely reached, because its range is infinite; but very often there is a certain point where we become *conscious* that it has been attained; when, having learned facts and having judged of their relations to each other, and having put their principles to use in daily life, we find our hearts as well as our minds and our hands dealing with them, we find their characters and qualities reacting on our deepest feelings so that we glow with affection or fire with indignation as we think about them; when, out of all our learning and thinking and acting, we begin to find ourselves at all "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love," as Tennyson so nobly puts it. Then life puts on its complete grace, then it is a great joy to live.

Our affections and our indignations are the deepest part

of us. They lie, indeed, all through our nature. They cleave right through from the surface to the core. We begin by using them upon the surface. We begin by thinking a trick of dress *lovely*, and a mere habit of awkward movement *hateful*. That is the mere playing of the great faculties of love and hate. By and by they go deeper. When they have got down to their deepest and are loving all that is pure and good and true and are hating what is mean and false and cruel, then their intensity comes out, then they ennoble and delight and inspire our life, then they become charitable and generous and give us charity and independence; then in their fullest use our human nature seems a glorious thing. When they get to their deepest, and love God and hate all that dishonors Him, then they have become religious, then the highest of all glories is reached, and heaven has nothing to offer except higher rooms of this highest school into which the soul has graduated now.

We ought to press forward to this highest graduation, to seek the noblest feelings and enthusiasms. Again, I cannot tell you how to win them, but to the soul that does not shut them out by frivolity or bitterness, they must come in, for they are all around us, and when they come in to us then our life is very rich.

I have not known how else to come before you on your graduation day than with some such attempt to show you what there is in life before you. You hear people talk about being tired with life, of finding it so long and so monotonous. You have not begun to think of such things yet, but if you ever do it will be because you have lost sight of the endless growth which is the only life. I do not wonder that people find life dull who never think or work or feel, who stop short in the little they have learned and let it grow tame to them in their daily drudgery with it. But always to let our minds play upon what we know,

and so always to be getting more use out of it; always to keep it close upon our hearts, and so to keep it always warm—this makes the world seem very rich and beautiful and fresh, as God meant that it should be, as it is to you to-day, as I pray that it may always be, as there is no reason why it should not always be.

It is this constant graduation that makes all the little things of life, manners, dress, conversation, household life, sweet, pure, and satisfying, full of deep and endless fascination.

This constant graduation finds its highest type in the sincere and joyous dedication which we make of ourselves away from every selfishness into the thoughtful and active and loving service of our Master, Jesus Christ.

It is completed in that final change when the school-doors of the world open at last, and the child goes home to live in the Heavenly Father's house forever.

This is my essay upon graduations. I thank you for listening to my words, which I hope you have not thought too many or too sober for your festival day, and I pray God to bless you with every best blessing through long and very happy lives.

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE MEMORIAL HALL, ANDOVER, MASS., MAY 30, 1873.

The employment to which this Decoration Day is dedicated, and in which many of you have been occupied this morning, is the noblest in which a free and grateful people can engage. The graves of the soldiers all over the land have once more burst into flower with the honor and affection of devoted hearts. Once more the stately obelisks and the little hillocks that are fast sinking back to the common level of the mother earth have become the flower-decked monuments of the truths and principles for which they died whose bodies lie below them. It is not the least of the debts that we owe to our Union soldiers that their very graves are vocal—that though dead they speak to us still. The soldiers who survived the war have passed into other occupations. It is the lives that stopped at loyalty and freedom that have left the strongest emphasis upon those sacred words. The men who from the bloody shore of the Rebellion embarked into the other life have left their footprints ineffaceable upon the margin where they planted them, and made it recognizable and dear forever.

The voluntary and continual commemoration of the soldiers who died in the war shows how entirely their lives and deaths belonged to the very substance of their land's history. Your friend dies by an accident, and you remember him and decorate his grave, but the country

does not come, year after year, to honor him with flowers. Or, if his character was so sublime and singular that all men gather at his tomb, that honor cannot be perpetual. Other men come who never knew him, and by and by his grave is left undecked, to sink back into the level sod. It is the Covenanters' tombstones to which Old Mortality does his pious duty. It is the soldiers of freedom and the Union on whose graves the freemen of the Union strew their memorial tributes. The friends who knew them may all pass away. The mere enthusiasm of the great victory grows calm. The excited party feeling all evaporates. The sectional dislike is all forgotten. But so long as the character of the people remains unchanged, those graves must still be monuments. It is because in them, in what they were and what they did, the best of our national character shone out, that these soldiers have won a dearness and a permanent memory that do not belong merely to their personality. The nation honors in them its truest representatives. The real life of the land sees in them the ideal life which is the true outcome of its institutions. They were the flower of its principles, and so it sprinkles its memorial flowers on their graves.

I have been led to these thoughts as I have considered the somewhat double purpose of the building for whose dedication we have come together here to-day. We are going to set apart forever a Hall which shall be a Memorial Hall of the soldiers of Andover who died for their country, and also a means of culture and education for the town to which they belonged. The Hall is to be consecrated at once to their memory and to the town's best uses. It is to be a Memorial Hall and a Library Hall at once. And surely that is good. If these Andover soldiers were indeed the best fruits of our institutions, the best specimens of our character, then all that can educate that character is the best memorial of them. If nobleness of

thought, intelligent devotion to their country, chivalrous emulation of the knightly lives of other days burned in those young men's bosoms, then let us feel that we honor their memory by every effort to keep alight these sacred fires in the breasts of others who are to live where they lived, and in peace, if not in war, are to be called to duties no less honorable, though less conspicuous than theirs.

We are to consecrate to the memory of the Union soldiers a Library Hall. Is there any unfitness there? At the foot of the tablet that records their names, quiet students will bend over the pages of peaceful books. But we learned something about all that during the war. We learned that even the culture of books, if it were true and healthy, made men fit for the only sort of soldiership we want—the soldiership for principles and truth. Our college students flocked out to the war. This hill of study sent its students to the field. In the old days, the poet Æschylus fought for his country's deliverance at Marathon. Sir Philip Sidney, the chevalier alike of books and arms, died his heroic death under the walls of Dutch Zutphen, for whose relief from the Spaniard he was magnanimously struggling. In these last days the German universities have poured their students and professors into the field for fatherland. Everywhere, always, good culture and the championship of principles belong together; and so to the education of the people we may well consecrate this memorial of the people's representative soldiers.

It is not for me now to give in much detail the history of this Memorial Hall. It is the town's gift to itself, in memory of its soldiers, and in the desire of perpetuating as well as commemorating their patriotism and virtue. Nor does it take from its public character that it is principally due to the munificence of one Andover man that the Hall stands complete in Andover to-day. If a stranger had built it for the town, it would have been far different.

But it was to a fellow-citizen of yours, my friends, to one whose character and history you rejoice to identify with your institutions, to one whose long life here has enriched your community even more by his personal influence than by his enterprise and the liberal bestowal of his wealth, it was to him, who, though not born here, has united his life closely with yours for many useful years, it was to him that the good idea first suggested itself, in foreign lands, the fruit of which we see complete to-day. I am sure that this must be a day of profound satisfaction to Mr. John Smith, whose liberal heart first devised the liberal thing which has now come to its consummation. I am sure that the town's gratitude to him is only the ratification, as it were, of his own pleasure in this good work done. A life of honest, manly toil, of wide and thoughtful liberality, of true devotion to religion and the good of man, must find, although it does not seek and even would disclaim, its own monument in the monument it rears to others. To him, and to those others, closely united to him in blood and business, who led the town in this good enterprise, this honor must be given, that there was in them the character which could appreciate the character of the men who fought our battles. It is an honor to desire to honor the truly great; and no man must stand here and be your orator to-day without acknowledging in the town's behalf the town's indebtedness to him whose patriotic heart conceived, and whose liberal hand has executed, this memorial to those whom we delight to honor. Long may he live to see its usefulness; long and happily may the gratitude of his townsmen surround his life; and years after we all are gone, may this Hall stand as a memorial not merely that there were Andover men who gave themselves for their country when she needed them, but that there were other Andover men who had it in their hearts to appreciate and honor that glorious devotion.

I suppose that we all belong to Andover and are proud of her to-day. We feel this day to be, in some sense, the consummate day of all her life. We want to talk of her together. We want to trace through all her history that union of active patriotism with the desire for educated character which is set forth in the double purposes of this occasion. Let us try to do this. The more we look into the history of Andover the more we feel how thoroughly it is a characteristic New England town. If I wanted to give a foreigner some clear idea of what that excellent institution, a New England town, really is, in its history and its character, in its enterprise and its sobriety, in its godliness and its manliness, I should be sure that I could do it if I could make him perfectly familiar with the past and the present of Andover. From the time when the first settlers came from Newtown, in 1634, and built their first cabins at Cochichewick, where the brook still falls from the Great Pond into the Merrimac, when Mr. Woodbridge bought the land of Cutshamache, the Sagamore, for six pounds and a coat, from that day down to this, when Andover adds another to the memorials of the soldiers that are springing up all over the land, there has not been one experience of New England in which she has not borne her part, or one good characteristic of New England which she has not illustrated at its best. Her settlers lived here in the wilderness. Their infant town was attacked by the Indians. Their meeting-house was burned, their cattle stolen, and their people killed. They built their blockhouses on the banks of the Merrimac and in the fields of the Shawshin. Andover caught the fanaticism which burst out on the darker side of the religion of the land, and three of the people of Andover were hung or pressed to death for witchcraft. It developed under the hard and healthy ecclesiastical system, and learned the severe but vigorous theology of the seventeenth cen-

tury. It shared in the religious movements of later times. It met the first need and the first difficulties of popular education. In 1701 it built its first school-house "at the parting of the ways by Joseph Wilson's." It had all the culture of the town-meeting and the training-field. It had its typical ministers and esquires. It was heart and soul in the War of Independence. It caught the new impulse of manufactures, which has altered New England in this last century. It opened its gates to the tide of foreign immigration. It has felt all the great moral movements—the temperance movement, the antislavery movement—which have had so much to do with the education of New England; and in these later years it has felt the stir of outraged loyalty, and was not wanting when the Republic called upon her sons to conquer the rebellion that assailed her life. Everywhere the true New England town! And where in all the countries through which one roams does he find any better or healthier type of life or society? A healthy soberness pervades its thought and action. Its men and women live out long lives full of calm, useful days. Full many here have rounded their complete century. It is a solid granite base of character for any history to build upon.

Nor can one know the old town well and not feel how even its scenery has the same typical sort of value which belongs to all its life. All that is most characteristic in our New England landscape finds its representation here. Its rugged granite breaks with hard lines through the stubborn soil. Its sweep of hill and valley fills the eye with various beauty. Its lakes catch the sunlight upon generous bosoms. Its rivers are New England rivres, ready for work, and yet not destitute of beauty. If everywhere our New England scenery suggests to the imagination that is sensitive to such impressions some true resemblance to the nature of the people who grow up among

its pictures, nowhere are such suggestions clearer than in this town, which is so thoroughly part and parcel of New England. Her sons have carried out her pictures in their memory, and in the camps of Virginia and on the shores of the great Gulf their native courage has been kindled to new life by the remembrance of the hills and pastures of their native town.

A town with such a character must be intelligently interested in every critical period of the country's history, and so our town has been. Let us look for a moment at the Andover of the Revolution. It will be good to see that the men to whom we dedicate our memorial to-day are the true sons of the patriots of 1776. As we read the history of the good town in the last century, it seems indeed as if we read, on yellowed paper and in old-fashioned type, the perfectly familiar story of ten years ago. Suppose yourself an Andover stripling, wide-awake and interested in all that was going on, clad in your prim child's square-cut coat and small-clothes, one hundred years ago —what would you have seen and heard? Here it is December, 1774. The town is meeting. The boys are hanging round the door and telling one another how it has just been voted that one quarter part of all the training soldiers should enlist. You are wishing that you were old enough to carry a gun. You are drilling with staves and wooden swords in mimic muster with the other boys along the road. Next April comes, and two companies under Captain Farnum and Captain Ames, with Colonel Frye to lead them, have gone down to Cambridge. In June the battle comes at Bunker's Hill, and the Andover company has had its fifty men engaged. The news comes up to Andover. Three of our men are killed and seven wounded. It is the Lord's day, but the meeting-house is closed. You have seen Parson French with gun and surgical instruments start off in a hurry for the little army. Long since

the town has voted that no person shall vend tea of foreign importation. They have appointed their committee to observe that the Resolves of the grand American and Provincial Congresses be strictly adhered to. Already, in May, 1775, you meet the watchmen in the streets, who stop each passer after nine o'clock and make him tell his business. Next year, in June, '76, the town has voted this, "that, should the honorable Congress, for the safety of the Colonies, declare them independent of the kingdom of Great Britain, we will solemnly engage with our lives and fortunes to support them in the measure." A town up to the mark, surely, with one foot boldly beyond the mark indeed! In October our town is giving in its allegiance to the new State government. In November it is voting its supplies to the families of the soldiers who are in the field. In one year more it is instructing its representatives to stand by the new confederation. It has its word to say about the currency, about the taxes. It recommends out of its town-meeting a plan of national office-giving and office-holding which might well have been a Civil Service Bill for all our history, and done us good. Finally, in 1788, it debated and divided about the ratification of the Federal Constitution; but when the convention in Boston voted in its favor, the town accepted it most loyally. Meanwhile, its soldiers were in the field; 98 men were in constant service during the war. The town's militia in 1777 numbered 670 men. Twenty belonging to this, which then was the South Parish, died in the Revolution. All these things, with their picturesque details, the Andover boy of the time knows by heart, and is proud of his town, standing firm and loyal and self-sacrificing among the towns that first fought for independence and then built up the new nation.

Ah, how alike all history seems! How old, and yet eternally how new, these elementary emotions are! How

the first instincts that make men fight for freedom and good government and truth last on from age to age! Old and yet ever young, like the eternal skies, the ever self-renewing trees, the gray and child-like sea! In 1776 and 1861 these Andover men are the same men still. The very names of this last war are the names of that old struggle. What were the captains called of the four militia companies of 1777? Johnson, and Lovejoy, and Abbot, and Holt. And were not these same names—Johnson, and Lovejoy, and Abbot, and Holt—high on the muster-rolls of 1862? It was the same town still, as our whole history is one in its continual fidelity to these principles which have forever and ever "the dew of their youth."

Such was Andover in the military history of the Revolution—a good strong soldier town. The battles of the country were not fought without her. And yet one is very glad to know that even then the thought of scholarship and education was at work here, not stifled by, no doubt really giving life to, the loyalty and military spirit of the time. It was here that the College Library found refuge from the dangers of the war. It was here, in the very thickest of the Revolutionary struggle, in 1777, that the Phillips Academy took birth, with a constitution all the more remarkable because it had no precedents to follow, no pattern to model itself upon. Some of the best thinkers in the hard new work of forming the National and State governments came from these hills. Yes, this same union of loyalty and education which is typified in our new Hall to-day, shines forth out of the last century's history. The soldier and the scholar came forth together from the culture of our town. A powder-mill and a paper-mill were its two first industries, and the same gentle Shawshin turned the wheels of both.

It was just here, at the close of the old and the beginning of the new period of our history, that the visit of

the great master of the work that had been done makes a day memorable in the history of Andover. Hardly can we dedicate our Hall to-day without remembering how, on the morning of Thursday, the 5th of November, 1789, General Washington passed by the place where it now stands, on his way from the house of Deacon Abbot, not far beyond it, where he had breakfasted. The veterans and children must have crowded on the little mound to see the father of his new-born country pass; and the town tradition has not yet ceased to tell of the kiss that he left on the lips of one of the town's daughters, which was kept there, sacred and unmolested, for a week. The same morning, on the common opposite the Mansion House upon the hill, he sat upon his horse and heard the grateful greetings of the crowd, and then passed off by the old Wilmington road to Lexington. It was a noble gift of Providence that in one man should be comprised and pictured, for the dullest eyes to see, the majesty and meaning of the struggle that gave our nation birth.

It would be interesting, but far too long, to trace how the experiences of the country, from the War of Independence down to the struggle for the Union, were all felt in this most American town. The strongest of them all, the growing love for freedom, the growing dread and hate of slavery, found many hearts that entered into it deeply. The honored friend of Andover, to whom it mainly owes its new Memorial Hall, was one of the antislavery pioneers. It is interesting to know that one of the choicest natural beauties of the town takes its name from a slave who was liberated because his master, Jonathan Jackson, of Newburyport, felt the "impropriety of holding any person in constant bondage, more especially at the time when his country was warmly contending for the liberty every man ought to enjoy." It gives a sort of commemorative luster to the silvery beauty of "Pomp's Pond."

Thus I have tried to sketch, in haste, the truly American character of Andover. Everywhere and always, first and last, she has been the manly, straightforward, sober, patriotic New England town. But as we read her history, it seems as if all thus far were but preparatory for the deeper experience that came—ah! is it possible?—twelve years ago. Shall I try to recount the history of Andover during the Rebellion? Shall I try to tell the story of the brave men bred here, who fought and died in the war for the Union, and whose names are written forever on the white tablets of yonder hall? There is no rhetoric that can approach the plain recital of the well-remembered facts; and all of us have reason to be thankful that in our midst a gentleman has come who has given such lavish time and labor to the noble work of collecting and recording all that can be known of the behavior of Andover, and Andover men, during the war. I cannot omit to honor the industry and to thank the courtesy of my friend, Mr. Samuel Raymond, who, led by the sacred impulse of honor to a pure and noble son who died in the glorious sufferings of a Southern prison, has prepared for this town such a record as hardly any town can possess of its heroes, and their deeds and deaths. You may not need it, but your children will. Fresh in your memories still are all those days with all their stirring scenes, all their inspiring thoughts. Do you remember? Surely you have not forgotten. On the 18th of April, 1861, only a few days after the first gun at Sumter, the people gathered for solemn consideration. Then came the great town-meeting only two days later. Its speeches, out of lips that are still speaking here among us, rang with unhesitating loyalty. Little we knew the whole of what was coming; but, come what might, these men were ready for it. The women were eager with their work. The men were drilling instantly. This church heard the bold, hopeful sermon that

was preached to them. The flag waved everywhere: over the church and dwelling, over the consecrated halls of the seminary, and above the traffic of the stores. In June the Andover company went out. The elders of the town sent them forth with a blessing that was full of lofty hope. Its soldiers were men who knew what it all meant, and rejoiced in their task. They took their "thinking bayonets" with earnest, faithful hands. Soon they were in the field, as Company H of the 14th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. They were the first, but other levies followed quick. I have read down the record, and know that this town of New Engand was always up to the duty of the hour. No call of the great war governor, echoing the summons of the noble President, ever found her listless or discouraged. In all, she put nearly five hundred men into the field. Twenty commissioned officers came from her citizens. Over and above all the State aid, she gave more than $30,000 for her soldiers and her soldiers' families, whom she never forgot. Her men fought in some forty regiments. At all the great battles of the Army of the Potomac—at Ball's Bluff, at Cedar Mountain, at Antietam, at South Mountain, at Fredericksburg, at Spottsylvania, at Chancellorsville, at Gettysburg, in the Wilderness—the men of Andover were in the ranks, and did their duty well. In the horrible prisons of Danville and Salisbury and Andersonville, boys whom Andover had nursed breathed out their starved and tortured lives. How the old Andover names stand out down the long list! Abbot, and Barnard, and Farnham, and Frye; Foster, and Holt, and Lovejoy; Marland, and Stevens, and Merrill. They came from all professions, from every work and class of life; farmers, mechanics, and students, all together, all with one common indignation, all with one strong determination that the country should be saved.

Do you remember the May morning in 1864 when the

news came of the battle at Spottsylvania, where the 1st Regiment of Heavy Artillery, in which so many of the men of Andover were serving, was engaged? The people gathered in town-meeting. They sent their letter of thanksgiving to their soldiers. They sent their representatives to help the wounded. They welcomed them as they came creeping back, and cared for them. They wrote upon their record for that battle, eight killed and forty wounded, and were proud of their champions and heroes.

Do you remember that July morning of the same year when the three years' volunteers came home? The people met them at the depot, and escorted them in triumph through the streets. Up the familiar road, over the ground where Washington had passed almost a century before, you carried these new defenders of their country to the town hall. You fed them and made speeches to them, and not alone in these two traditional American ways—for Andover is still the typical American town—but by every method of personal kindness and enthusiasm you made them know that they were welcome, and that you were proud of all that they had done.

It is pleasant to recall such scenes. But it is not the soldiers who came back whose names are written on the tablets which we are just about to consecrate with prayer. Those are the names of the fifty-two men who died. Some in the prison, and some upon the field; some by the Gulf, some by the James and the Potomac, some in the prison-pen, some in the sick-room here at home. That is the roll of those who sealed their consecration with their death. Oh, the mysterious power of a death for a noble cause! The life is truly given. It passes out of the dying body into the cause, which lives anew. It is good that not a stack of battered arms, nor even tattered flags, are the memorials that consecrate your hall. They would be good. Let them come there some day, perhaps. But a list of

men's names is better. It signifies the total manhood that they gave. It was not only their deeds, their strength—it was themselves they consecrated; and a man is always more precious than his work. I beg you, brothers, let us remember not alone the deeds; let the men of the war be present with us always. Let us be glad we lived under the same sky, drank of the same streams, ate from the same fields with them. So shall we get the truest blessing of their lives.

> "Earth will remember them with love and joy,
> And oh, far better, God will not forget.
> For he who settles Freedom's principles
> Writes the death-warrant of all tyranny;
> Who speaks the Truth stabs falsehood to the heart,
> And his mere word makes despots tremble more
> Than ever Brutus with his dagger could."

How fast the men of the war have passed away! Think of the great men who have gone. The martyr President went first; then the war-minister, the devoted governor, the far-seeing statesman, the victor of Chattanooga, the victor of Gettysburg, and only yesterday the chief-justice, who was the minister of finance during those anxious years. How soon they went! When the great ship had hardly rounded into port; while, standing on the shore of peace, we felt the solid earth still rocking under our feet with the remembered heaving of the sea, they who had watched and labored for her safety through the nights and storms out on midocean, one by one, as if their work was done, began to pass to their reward, and to what other tasks we cannot know, awaiting them in other worlds. What have they left behind them, they and the humbler dead whom votive monuments and tender hearts remember still in every town and hamlet of their land? Not only what they did, not only even what they were, but new tasks like their own for us who stay behind them.

They did not merely clear the field of treason. By the same labor they built up a new possibility of national character and life. They were like the men who, in these stony pastures of Andover, clear the rough field of stones and build the gray wall that is to surround and shelter it, out of the same material, at the same time. So these men left the new national life for us to guard and develop. Let us not allow their memory to die. Let no cynical skepticism scatter the enthusiasm with which we honor them. Let us freely idealize their characters. By purer social life, by finer aspirations, by more unselfishness, by heartier hatred of corruption, let us be worthy of them, and in our quiet duties build the true memorial to the characters of those who found their duty in the camp, the prison, and the field, and where they found it did it even to the death. They saw that their country was like a precious vase of rarest porcelain, priceless while it was whole, valueless if it was broken into fragments. What they died to keep whole may we in our several places live to keep holy! So may we be worthy of them.

> "What, shall one of us
> Who struck the foremost man of all the world
> Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
> And sell the mighty space of our large honors
> For so much trash as may be grasped at thus?
> I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon,
> Than such a Roman!"

It is not war but peace that we desire. Alas for him who now or in the years to come shall see these votive tablets shine with nothing deeper than the blaze of military glory! It is the peace which they made possible, the lasting peace with all its blessings, that the sculptured names of these dead soldiers are to preach forever.

There let them stand in our Memorial Hall! Andover is still the true New England town. Still, with her honor

for the dead, her teaching for the living, she stands up abreast of the best life of all the land. Upon her new Hall let the morning sun strike with its call to duty, and the evening gather with its benediction of repose. Let its shelves be filled with the noblest and purest literature, that shall speak the same infinite lessons that the tablets utter from its walls. Let the thoughtful and eager young men and women of many generations come to its quiet rooms for refreshment and instruction, and drink deep of its influence and go out stronger for the good work of life. Let the men of business, of the shop, and the farm pass under its shadow and feel that there is something better in this world than success. Let the little children play about its steps and tell one another wondering stories about the brave men who died long ago, and for whom this building, now grown gray with age, was built in those long-gone years that seem to the child like an eternity. We dedicate it to truth, to loyalty, to conscience, to courage, and to culture. That men should be true to their best convictions, and do their simple duty, this is the blessing that gives all blessings with it, and is the fountain of all charity and progress.

> "Not to scatter bread and gold,
> Goods and raiment bought and sold,
> But to hold fast his simple sense,
> And speak the speech of innocence,
> And with hand and body and blood
> To make his bosom-counsel good,
> For he that feeds men serveth few,
> He serves all who dares be true."

It is *truth* that we want in every department of our life. In State and Church we need it, at home and on the street; in the smallest fashions and in the most sacred mysteries; that men should say what they think, should act out what they believe, should be themselves continually, without

concealment and without pretense. When we have that, then we shall have at least a solid basis of reality on which to build all future progress. It is the benefit of great and solemn crises that they give us some characters which manifest this simple truth, that they make it to some extent the character of all the time. We lay our wreaths upon the graves of our Union soldiers because they were such men of truth; and we pray that their memory and influence may be strong among us so long as the nation lasts for which they lived and died.

MILTON AS AN EDUCATOR.

(Massachusetts Teachers' Association, December 29, 1874.)

The subject of which I wish to speak to you belongs to the history of education. That is a region into which any student may enter without being an intruder; and I begin by saying how desirable it seems to me that those who are training themselves, or who are being trained, for teachers should study, as it is not usual for them to study now, the history of education. No man to-day can practise any of the higher arts to the best effect unless he knows the history of that art. Our life becomes extemporized and fragmentary unless each man taking up his work in the world not merely attaches his work to the work of those who went before him and begins where they left off, but also knows something of the way in which his art came to reach the point at which he finds it, and so is able to make the labor which he adds a part of one consistent and intelligible progress. We want to know the blunders men have made, that we may not make them over again; we want to know the grounds of the partial successes they have achieved, that we may help to carry forward these successes toward their full result.

Let me remind you what are some of the values that belong to the study of the history of education. First, there is the great general value of experience. To know what other men have done in the department where you have been set to work will make it unnecessary that you should go over again what they have already done. The

student of the history of education finds, to his great surprise, that many of the educational ideas of his own time, which seem to him all fresh and new, were found out long ago, were used awhile and then were lost again, only to be rediscovered at this later day. A wiser study of educational history would have made this rediscovery unnecessary, and so saved time and strength. If every generation has to begin and prove over again that two times two is four, what generation will ever get beyond the proof that ten times ten is one hundred? And then, again, to know how different studies came to be introduced would often throw great light upon the values of those studies. There can be no doubt that many studies have been introduced legitimately, for reasons which were very strong, but which were temporary, and then have remained like ghosts haunting our schools long after their living necessity had died away. It is always hard to get any study out of our schools when it is once in. Each teacher learning it as a boy is naturally ready to teach it as a man. As John Locke says, "It is no wonder if those who make the fashion suit it to what they have and not to what their pupils want." Here, surely, is the key to a great deal of the conservatism and traditionalism of our teaching; and the surest way to break it down and to get rid of it would be such a wise study of the history of education by those who are to teach as should show them how the studies which they find in school came there, and so help them to judge whether those studies are to be dropped as temporary necessities which have been outgrown, or to be kept forever because they are forever useful.

Think, if you will, what light the history of education would throw upon the violently debated question of the value of methods of classical training. Was ever question so stupidly discussed as that has been? It has been

debated as if it had no history. But everybody who thinks about it sees at once that the strong hold which our methods of teaching the Latin and Greek languages have upon our schools comes in large part from the length of time for which they have held their ground. They come to us from medieval times. But when we go back to see what first gave them their prominence, we find, to quote the words of one of the noblest of educational historians, that "in the middle ages Latin was made the groundwork of education, not for the beauty of its classical literature, nor because the study of a dead language was the best mental gymnastic or the only means of acquiring a masterly freedom in the use of living tongues, but because it was the language of educated men throughout western Europe, employed for public business, literature, philosophy, and science, above all in God's providence essential to the unity and therefore enforced by the authority of the western Church."

In other words, we are perpetuating a certain method of culture which was established for reasons which have long ago ceased to exist. The clear recognition of the change would not banish the classical languages from our course of study, but it would liberate us in the methods of teaching them. It would set us free to teach them as if they are to be kept a part of the learning of mankind. They must come to be taught, not in the minute niceties of their grammar, but as the keys to rich literatures which the world cannot afford to lose.

But I only instance this as one chance illustration of the value of the history of education. I come now to what I want to make my subject for this lecture. I want to open with you one page of that history and see something of what is written there. I want to speak of the education, and especially of one great educator of two centuries ago, and see if we can learn anything from him. I turn

to this period with special interest, not merely because it is the one which has most attracted my own study, but because it is one that so profoundly merits the study of us all. The seventeenth century is really the first thoroughly modern century of English life. The seventeenth-century Englishman is the earliest English being whom we of the nineteenth century can easily and perfectly understand. It is not so in the century before. The men and women of the Tudor times are different and distant from us. They are as little modern in their character as in their dress and houses. But with the opening of the seventeenth century, almost taking us by surprise, we come on men whom we can comprehend—whose whole look is familiar to us. Who does not feel the difference between Cardinal Wolsey and Cromwell in this regard? One is all medieval and the other is all modern. Eliot, Hampden, Pym, Laud, Falkland—all the men of the civil wars, whether they were Royalists or Puritans, have this new intelligibleness. We have evidently crossed the line and are in our own land. They are hardly farther from us—in some respects they are not so far from us of New England—as the men of the last century, the men of our own Revolution. If history were taught among us as it ought to be, I think you will agree with me that there is no period of all the history of the world that ought to be taught to our New England youth more fully than that which is most like our own, and most intelligible to us, and the richest in seeds of fruits which we behold to-day —the seventeenth century in England.

Now in the midst of this great century there stands forth in England one picturesque and typical man. The strongest ages do thus incorporate their life in some one strong representative, and hold him up before the world to tell their story. And the most typical man of English seventeenth-century life was John Milton. I am drawn

to him because of his connection with the history of education, which I shall speak of by and by. But before I can speak of that, I must remind you of how in general Milton embodied in his life all those characteristics which make the seventeenth century strong and positive in history as we look back upon it. Not even Cromwell so largely embodied all its qualities. "He was," as Professor Seeley strongly says, "the most cultivated man of his time, perhaps we might say the most cultivated man that ever lived in England;" but his culture was all of that best sort which humanizes instead of unhumanizing its subject, and makes it more and not less a representative and specimen of the time in which he lives.

Milton was born in 1608, on the 9th of December, at a quarter past six in the morning, at the Spread Eagle in Bread Street, in London, where his father was a prosperous scrivener. That father had been disinherited by *his* father because he had become a Protestant and a Bible had been found in his chamber; already there was protest and reform in the blood. He entered at Christ College at Cambridge when he was fifteen years old, and left before his course was finished, in some sort of mysterious disgrace. One of the endless discussions of his biographers is whether he was flogged in college. Dr. Johnson, who does not like Milton, declares he was, but it seems doubtful; still he might have been, for flogging in the colleges was not yet obsolete, and there was that soul in the audacious schoolboy which always brings the schoolboy's body into peril. But he left college, and in a few years went abroad upon that European journey which is almost a prominent event in English literary history. Before he went he had already written "Comus" and "Lycidas," the "Allegro" and "Penseroso." Upon the Continent he saw great men, and they made much of him. In Paris he saw Grotius; in Florence, the imprisoned Gali-

leo; in Rome, the Cardinal Barberini. He made friendships that lasted all his life, and he filled his mind full of knowledge. But just as he was planning to go on to Sicily and Greece, the news of the civil war at home came to him, and, Englishman that he was, he hurried home.

Just with the same spirit with which so many of our young men who seemed lost in the fascination of foreign study turned at the earliest drum-beat of our war and hurried home that the war might not fight itself through without them, so Milton turned and left beloved Italy behind him and hurried home to give the Parliament and the Commonwealth the help of his pen and, if they needed that, of his sword too. Here he became at once the champion of the popular cause. He laid poetry aside, and for the next twenty years the press teemed with his pamphlets. He wrote against the bishops, against royalty, against the Church. He pleaded for the freedom of printing, for the right of rebellion, and, having his own home reasons for turning his thoughts that way, for the liberty of divorce. After a while he was Cromwell's Latin secretary, and gave the great Protector his best praises and best help.

So things went on, with Milton's heart and pen always in the very thick of them, until Oliver died, and then the melancholy Restoration came. The great champion of liberty became silent, and escaped the penalties of all the past years—nobody has ever been able to make out just how. He was blind now, and getting old. But "Paradise Lost" was yet to be written before he could have liberty to die. It was written in silence, and the world hardly took more note when it was published than it does when the sun rises. Then came the "Paradise Regained," and then the "Samson Agonistes," the last great outcry of his passionate heart; and then at last, on Sunday the 8th of November, 1674, he died in peace, and was buried

in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where probably his bones are lying still.

He was the most typical Englishman of the most typical and strongest English time; and this might interest any one who had red English blood running in his veins. But he especially belongs to us—he has his place here among those who are interested in education, because this typical Englishman was a schoolmaster, and one of the most thoughtful and suggestive reasoners on education that the English race ever produced. He is near enough to us to let us understand him, but he is far enough away from us to let us look at him with something of romantic feeling, as we think of the greatest of Englishmen sitting with a dozen boys about him, not merely teaching them, but reasoning about their teaching, looking over their heads and seeing the distant visions of the perfect education of the future, as true a poet when he sat in the teacher's chair as when before his organ he chanted lofty hymns and told the story of eternities. It came about in this way. Milton, returning from Italy when the civil war broke out, found in his father's house two children of his widowed sister, Mrs. Philips—Edward and John—and he began to teach them. Soon other boys, sons of his friends, came in, and his last biographer, Mr. Masson, who has left little for any one coming after him to learn of Milton, has gathered up, in all, traces of twenty or thirty youths who at one time or other were the great master's pupils. The school was always in the teacher's house, first in Aldersgate Street, where it was what his pupil Philips describes as a "garden house at the end of an entry"—a quiet spot, no doubt, with a little plot of ground, up a sleepy court, in what is now the very heart of "streaming London's central roar"—and then afterward in a house in what was called Barbican, where, when he was once settled, his pupil writes, "the house looked like a house of the Muses,

though the access of scholars was not great." It certainly seems not very inspiring. Philips tried hard to show that his uncle never was a common teacher.

"Possibly his proceeding thus far in the education of youth," he says, "may have been the occasion of some of his adversaries calling him pedagogue and schoolmaster, when, as it is well known, he never set up for a public school to teach all the young fry of a parish, but only was willing to impart his learning and knowledge to relations and to sons of some gentlemen that were his intimate friends."

And Dr. Johnson, churchman and Loyalist, who never liked the great Independent and rebel, says of his school that "from this wonder-working academy I do not know that there ever proceeded any man very eminent for knowledge." But still the fact remains that Milton had his school, and really taught it, that he wrote a Latin accidence, that he planned from time to time a scheme of a great school, that the strong hand that wrote the "Samson" flogged his pupils till they roared, and the genius that conceived "Paradise Lost" knew nothing unworthy or incongruous in the school-room drudgery.

Just think of being Milton's scholar! Every art slips down into technicalities and loses its first inspiring principles. It cannot keep the grandeur of *ideas*. What technical skill the great teacher of Aldersgate Street may have had, what discipline he kept, how he managed his markings and rankings, we cannot know; but at least we are sure that in that dingy room, with the dingy London roses blooming outside the window, the *ideas* of teaching, the *ends* of scholarship, the *principles* of education, never were forgotten or lost out of sight. No doubt we should see and feel this for ourselves if it were possible for us to open the old school-room door and go in and sit down among the scholars, where the great master, waxing dim-

mer of sight and getting on toward stony blindness every day, should not discover us. But this we cannot do, and so we are glad we can turn away from the mere mention of Milton's actual school-teaching, which is so unsatisfying, and find that he has written down for us what he thought and believed about school-teaching in his famous tract on education.

There was in Milton's time in London a well-known gentleman by the name of Samuel Hartlib. He was the son of a Polish merchant, who had married an English lady and settled himself in England. He seems to have had a fresh, bright, kindly mind. Everybody knew him; he interested himself in everything that was live and good; he talked with everybody who had anything to say. Every great city has just such men—we know such men in ours. This gentleman had often talked with the great schoolmaster about education, and was very much interested in what Milton said; and he had begged Milton often, as they sat together talking, to write down what he was saying, so that it might not be lost. The busy Milton at last complied, and the result is that we have a dozen pages of his stately prose, in which he pictures his ideal of school-teaching and gives us, it is safe to say, a prospectus of philosophic education within which almost all the progress of our modern schools has been included, and which it is very far yet from outgrowing. Surely it will be interesting to look at his ideas in the light of modern developments. I know how often practical teachers are impatient of new theories. They do not love to listen to a mere philosopher who sits in his study and tells them what a school ought to be. But remember, Milton's ideas were not wholly theories. He had seen some practice. And remember, too, that if the teacher's art be in any high sense an art at all, it must have a philosophy behind it. If we would not allow it to sink into a mere set of

rules, and depend for its success on certain mere tricks or knacks, it must forever refresh itself out of the fountain of first principles and inspire itself with the contemplation of even unattainable ideals.

This leads us to a brief sketch of the main thoughts which this essay of the great Englishman contains. I am surprised, when I enumerate them, to see how thoroughly they are the thoughts which all our modern education has tried to realize. Here they are fully conceived in the rich mind of the representative man of two centuries ago. This is the value of his treatise in the history of education.

Milton's ideas, then, about education are really reducible to three great ideas, which may be thus named: *naturalness, practicalness, nobleness.* These are the three first necessities of education, which he is always trying to apply; and what has modern education done more than this?

First, let us see what he makes of *naturalness.* His whole tract was a protest. He was always a protester, as every enthusiast and idealist must be. Education, as he found it, was unnatural. It was all *a priori* and deductive. Not yet had the Baconian methods invaded the school-rooms of his land. Milton raises his voice in behalf of an education that should read its rules in the *nature* of the scholars who are taught. See what some of the illustrations are. He pleads for the study of the *concrete* as necessarily previous to the study of the abstract.

"I deem it to be an old error of universities," he says, "not well recovered from the scholastick grossness of barbarous ages, that instead of beginning with arts most easie, and *these be such as are most obvious to the sence*, they present their young unmatriculated novices at first coming with the most intellective abstractions of logick and metaphysicks."

And he goes on to show how such an unnatural beginning leads either to an ambitious and mercenary or ignorantly zealous divinity, or to "the trade of law grounded on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contention and flowing fees," or to a statecraft with "souls unprincipled in vertue and true generous breeding." Again, he believes thoroughly that the right knowledge, rightfully given, is a joy and not a disgust to the mind that receives it.

"I doubt not but that ye shall have more adoe to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stalls, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefullest wits to that asinine feast of sour thistles or brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docile age."

It was a time of good, strong, plain words—and Milton was a man of his time.

Again, no apostle of the new education has ever more exalted *observation* as the organ and method of instruction.

"I should not then be a persuader to them of studying much then, after two or three years they have well laid their grounds, but to ride out in companies with prudent and staid guides to all the quarters of the land, learning and observing all places of strength, all commodities of building and of soil, for towns and tillage, harbours and ports for trade. . . . These ways would try all their peculiar gifts of nature, and if there were any secret excellence among them would fetch it out."

To learn the concrete before the abstract, to learn by appetite and not by compulsion, to learn as far as possible by observation and not by hearsay—tell me, have our schools so fully realized and accepted these great principles of learning that we can hear them laid down clearly and absolutely by a teacher of two centuries ago without

surprise? Is our education so true to nature that we can help wondering to see how he believed in the necessity of *naturalness?*

The second characteristic of all Milton's ideas of education was its *practicalness.* This stands out in his very definition of education:

"I call therefore a compleat and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and publick, of peace and war."

It is Miltonic in its comprehensiveness, but it is altogether practical. As his education must issue from the *nature* of man, so it must come home to the *use* of man. Again, see the illustrations. He has no patience with the teachings of language for its own sake. All that folly, still prevalent among us, which begins to teach a boy Latin and Greek, not as if it aimed to introduce him to two noble literatures, but as if it intended to make him a grammarian and philologian, so busying itself at once with all the niceties of grammar—all this he could not bear.

"Though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet, if he have not studied the solid things in them as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother-dialect only."

Things and not words was the watchword of the seventeenth century—and, once more, Milton was a man of his time. In all his treatment of the languages, we want to remember that Latin was still a tongue of use. Was not this very Milton Latin secretary to the Protector?

Another idea of his was that boys should learn their Greek and Latin by reading books which were themselves manuals of science, and so seek *language* only in seeking

something farther on, the knowledge of the *things* of which the world was made. Cato, Varro, and Columella, Celsus, Pliny, and Solinus, Hesiod, Theocritus, Aratus, "and the usual part of Virgil"—these are the books from which boys were to learn their Greek and Latin. We may not think the plan a good one, but at least it indicates the *practical* character of all his scheme. He claims strongly that English boys ought to be educated in England, and would only let them travel when they have come to "three- or four-and-twenty years of age."

"Nor shall we then need the monsieurs of Paris to take our hopeful youth into their slight and prodigal custodies, and send them over back again transformed into mimics, apes, and kickshoes."

When we read this, we feel like crying out with Wordsworth: "Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour." Would that he might preach this doctrine to our American fathers and mothers! I must not dwell on other of his practical ideas—but they are many. He would employ experts to teach the several arts—"Procure as oft as shall be needful the helpful experiences of hunters, fowlers, fishermen, shepherds, gardeners, apothecaries, and in the other sciences, architects, engineers, mariners, anatomists, who doubtless would be ready, some for reward and some to favor such a hopeful seminary."

His rules for exercise would satisfy the most eager champion of physical culture. Everywhere it is the *man*, the *citizen*, he wants to make. Mere aimless scholarship will not content him.

The third of the pervading ideas of Milton's education I call *nobleness*. We are struck instantly with the lofty tone that breathes through all. "Inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue"—so sounds his royal phrase. "Infusing into their young breasts such an ingenuous and noble ardour as would not fail to make

many of them renowned and matchless men"—so he declares his purpose. It was a noble age. Enthusiasm was in the air. Marston Moor and Naseby were fresh household words. Puritanism, which Carlyle calls "the last of all our heroisms," was at its best. And Milton's heart and soul was in it all. Besides, he was a poet; and a poetic elevation, a constant sense of all the deeper meanings and loftier purposes of human life, was in all he thought and said. While he was musing, the fire burned, and then he spake. In days like ours, when there is so much to make us fear, in all the high development of education, a certain decay of nobleness, a certain prosaical minuteness, a certain sordidness, a certain dry economy—in our days, when the highest culture is distrustful of enthusiasm, when eloquence is not in favor in our schools, when the average teacher is more afraid of exuberance than of dryness in his pupil, when a sort of aridity is felt upon our fields of education—in such a time there is nothing better for us to study than the *nobleness* which the poet-teacher always flung like an atmosphere about all his thoughts on the true training of the young. "Stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages"—those are his words about his imaginary scholars. If they seem strange and sentimental to us of this later century, it is well for us to ask whether we have not lost something that made them real and natural to him.

Of the methods of Milton's noble education I must not speak at length. The school-house that he dreams of is a "spacious house and ground about it fit for an academy." There his scholars were to make their home up to the limit of their general education. They were to be taught "the exact use of their weapon, to guard and strike safely with edge or point," so to be kept "healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath, as the likeliest means to make them grow

large and tall, and to inspire them with a gallant and fearless courage." In the Puritan's scheme there is no mention of any of the fine arts but one. Their times of rest between labors and before meat were to be "taken up in recreating and composing their travailed spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of music heard or learnt —either while the skillful organist plies his grave and fancied descant in lofty fugues or the whole symphony, with artful and unimaginable touches, ardour and grace, the well-studied chords of some choice composer; sometimes the lute or soft organ stop waiting on elegant voices either to religious, martial, or civil ditties." And after meat, music again "to assist and cherish nature in her first concoction." Then again they are "to be reduced in their nightward studies wherewith they close the day's work under the determinate sentence of David or Solomon, or the Evanges and Apostolic Scriptures." We may not think it well to have our scholars rest and digest to organ notes; but these are only touches which show the effort after nobleness, the moral and poetic loftiness which fills the master's whole idea. And over all and under all there is that love of responsible liberty which was the passion of his soul.

Naturalness, practicalness, nobleness—these are the words which characterize this ideal education. The whole plan is pitched upon the highest key. The ease with which he talks of vast achievements takes our breath away, and has made many educators and critics turn away from this remarkable tract with something almost like contempt. Milton talks of how "some other day might be taught them the rules of arithmetic and the elements of geometry *even playing*."

And again he says that "either now or before this they may have easily learnt *at any odd hour* the Italian tongue." Political economy and a few Greek tragedies are thrown in as mere trifles. It is not a scheme to be perfectly car-

ried out in any ordinary high school, with average teachers and average scholars. Indeed, it is not a scheme to be perfectly carried out anywhere by anybody. Milton himself believes that "this is not a bow for any man to shoot in that counts himself a teacher, but will require sinews almost equal to those which Homer gave Ulysses." But where the special methods fail the spirit still survives, and is what we want in our education now, as much as Milton saw that it was wanted then.

It is interesting to see how certain of the problems that are uppermost among us did not trouble the speculations of our philosopher then at all. They had not loomed up into sight. In that *religious* age the question of religious and secular education was not mooted. Education was presumably and necessarily religious. The Bible was the first of school-books. "After evening repast till bed-time their thoughts will be best taken up in the easie grounds of religion and the story of Scripture." In that Puritan age art education had not taken the place in the schools which it is only now venturing to claim. The fine arts were prostituted to court influence, and the relation of art to industry had scarcely been at all explained. In that *masculine* age the question of woman's education was unknown. The Salic law still ruled in letters. A few great ladies of the previous century had shone as scholars. Roger Ascham—a man whom every student of the history of English education knows full well, and whom every teacher ought to know—had written almost a hundred years before his excellent account of Lady Jane Grey's scholarship and delight in learning. But Milton never talks except of boys. He was a man's man in a man's time. The higher education of all women and coeducation still were to slumber for two centuries before a higher civilization and a deeper social life should make them the problems of the time.

So there was much with which he did not deal; but by

the spirit of which his tract is full, these questions which were not yet born must find at last settlement. We have seen how broad his spirit was. His principles were universal. It is a fact which ought to interest every educator, from the teacher of babies to the presidents of colleges, that the great philosophers, what we may call the ruling minds of the last four centuries of English thought, have all given us treatises on education; and nothing could more let us into the different lives of those strangely different centuries than those pictures of the education of their time. In the sixteenth century we have Francis Bacon's second book of the "Advancement of Learning." In the seventeenth century we have John Milton with his tract on education. Really belonging to the eighteenth century, we have John Locke "On Education," too; and in our own nineteenth century it would be hard to find a more characteristic book than Herbert Spencer's treatise on the same great subject. Bacon protests against narrow medievalism, and pleads for larger views of usefulness and what is useful. Milton we have already heard. Locke rebels against the old tyranny of grammar teaching, and believes (brave idealist that he is!) that virtue can be taught at school. Herbert Spencer sings the praises of natural science, and demands a discipline more in harmony with the constant laws of human nature. In every age each philosopher tells essentially the same story and feels essentially the same needs. Naturalness, practicalness, nobleness, are always becoming clouded, always in danger of being lost. And if they *are* lost, *just so far* as they are lost, education withers, becomes small, special, formal—ceases to represent and train our time, and lays no strong foundations for the times to come.

It is for me to leave it to you who listen to me, the teachers of schools, men and women who know what education is among us, to judge whether these first principles

of education stand to-day. With them education ripens or withers. They have been the anxiety of philosophers always; they must be your anxiety now, and you must know how they are prospering in the midst of all the hubbub of experiments and theories. But for myself certain impressions come very strongly out of the study in which we have engaged. I am struck with the simplicity of the problems of education at the bottom. They seem to change, but always they are the same; they all come at last to these first principles in every age. And I am impressed again with their difficulty. The simple is always the difficult. Reduce every problem to its fundamental principle, and then for the first time you stand face to face with its difficulty. Then you see how hard it is. When we see that that over which the philosophers have puzzled in every age has been in every age the same, then we realize that it must be no child's question to be settled in a flippant hour. And yet again it makes education seem more *human*. I cannot think of it as an art, a technical and separate thing, when I see how the great human minds have always pondered it. Clearly, the more we are true men and women, the more worthy we shall be to deal with it.

And once again, before I close, I urge the need of more study of the history of education. Poor, extemporized things our schools would be without our great seventeenth-century educator; and men like him must not be strangers to us. Our normal scholars must not be allowed to think that education began with their teachers, or their fathers. The teacher must work out of the inspiration of a world long past.

And through it all, as we read it, we shall trace these lines—the craving for naturalness and practicalness and nobleness. They are nothing new, but they can never be too old. Through the gray pavement of the streets of

Venice run two threads of white marble, by which the traveler, lost in the intricacy of the mighty city, cannot fail to find his way to the Rialto, where the center of the city's business lies. So through all education run these three threads, by which he who follows patiently shall come at last to where truth is most truly and richly taught and learned.

COURAGE.

(At the Twenty-first Anniversary of Massachusetts State Normal School, Salem, Mass., July 7, 1875.)

We have listened to those who really have a right to speak here. We have heard the story of the school for this new period of prosperity and growth. We have commemorated the good and wise who have passed away, and poetry has gathered its charm about the kindly and sacred associations of the day. And now what is there left for me to do? The most that I shall dare attempt will be to speak in general upon some topic which, belonging to universal human life, must belong especially to that most earnest and vital life which the school-teacher is called to live. It is a gathering of the graduates and pupils of the Salem Normal School; and it celebrates the twenty-first anniversary of the foundation of your association. It is not a long time in the world's career. Hardly a noticeable space on the vast dial of history move the great hands of change in these few years. But in the life of any man or any group of men how long it is! How easily the imagination might amuse itself with picturing the scenes which for the graduates of our good school have filled these twenty-one full years. Well may the mind dwell with satisfaction on the good work that has been done. Well may your thoughts be running back and seeing how all the principles that underlie your work have grown into completer clearness and shown their strength. It is as

when a vessel stops upon her voyage. She has not reached her port. Still miles of ocean lie before her; but for the time she rests. Her heavy engines are still, and then is the time to go through all her works, to test her machinery, and to see that she is ready for all the voyage that she has yet to make.

I think that a school-teacher's life is, at its best, the most human of all lives. It demands the richest presence of the best human qualities. I want to speak to-day of one of the loftiest of human qualities, because it is one which the teacher's life supremely needs. All cultivated and working life requires it. And yet it is so hard sometimes to win it, its counterfeits so often are mistaken for it, all men desire it and yet so few men thoroughly attain it, that it seems to need some study. That quality is courage. I find everywhere such an admiration of courage and at the same time such a dearth of it, the world is so full of cowards who praise bravery and who think themselves brave, that it will be worth our while, perhaps, to see what courage is and how it shows itself in our individual, our social, our political, and our scholarly life.

Words have their meanings in their derivations, and the courage of a man really is the *cor*, the heart of a man. We use the word so often. We talk of a man "losing heart," and we mean that he has lost his courage. And the first thing that we get out of that is that just as the heart lies behind all the activities, so that it is the heart that moves in the fingers, that sparkles in the eyes, that even runs in the heavy feet, just so courage lies behind every other quality and is rather the soul in which all the qualities grow, than a separate, distinguishable quality itself. The heart is the man, and so the courage is the man. Give a man courage, and you have given the groundwork on which every good quality may spring. Take away courage and you have taken out the base on which

every virtue rests. So that it is more a character than a quality—it is the man, as Ben Jonson says:

> "His valour is the salt t' his other virtues,
> They're all unseasoned without it."

Something like this must be the reason why the ancients gave to courage their large and general name. It was *virtus*, the base and substance of all virtues. This likewise must be why men most resent the imputation that they have it not, and a man who will stand any other taunt is furious if you call him a coward. It seems as if you charged him with every vice at once.

Courage is the sound health of a man's nature; but just as, they tell us, there is no man whose physical health is perfect, no man who does not carry somewhere in him some disease which if no other cause outstrips it will bring his death, so there is probably no man who in all his life, in every part of him, is thoroughly, consistently courageous. We know how easy it is to find a man bold as a lion in one part of his nature, and timid as a hare in others. It makes some of the strangest complications of character. It is at the root of some of our most surprising disappointments about men. I see a man lead a regiment in battle directly into the face of the most fearful fire, as stiff and unflinching as if he were made of steel. I think, Here is a brave man, and I sit down to talk with him, and I find him the most timid creature in his opinions, eternally conservative, always asking what other people think. He is physically brave and intellectually a coward. Or I see a man holding his own principle with calm and strong assertion, and I learn to honor him, and yet that man will not walk through a dark passage by himself nor hold out his hand for a splinter to be taken out without a groan. He has moral courage but no physical courage. "My dear friend, where are you a coward,

where is your weak spot?" we should ask of a new companion if we were wholly frank with him, and if he answered as truthfully we should know him at once. As we cannot use such frankness to one another, we have to go on feeling one another's life until we find just at what point his bravery breaks down in cowardice.

Let us roughly sketch the different sorts of courage of which men are capable.

1. The first of all, the lowest of all, is physical courage. It is a noble thing. It will not do to call it low. To have a frame so truly strong that no nerve is exposed and sensitive, to face pain and not tremble, to keep a cool, unbroken confidence in the very midst of danger, there is something that is more than brutish insensibility in that. I remember talking once with a brave general who had fought through our war. He was telling me about an officer whom he had rebuked upon the field of battle for cowardice. "I did not blame the man for being a coward," he said, "he could not help that. He was born so. It was no more disgrace to him to be afraid than it was credit for me not to yield to the temptation which I never felt. What I blamed him for was simply that having found out that physically he was a coward, he yet allowed himself to occupy a place where cowardice could do such mischief. So I degraded him." That was treating physical courage as if it were a thing entirely apart from reason and from a man's own control. And so it is to a large extent as it concerns the individual. It is a far more common gift than we suppose. The war showed that. There are many and many men who can meet terrible danger—the danger of battle, the danger of shipwreck—without shrinking, who count themselves but very timid folk and never dream of the strong courage that is packed away under their quiet frames. But there are persons for whom physical courage is a mere impossibility. To

meet pain and not quiver all over with fear is as impossible for them as for the chaff to meet the fire and not burn. This has to be accepted as a simple fact about individuals; but there can be no doubt that races and groups of men are capable of education into physical courage. What means the lordly prowess of the best young Englishmen, the fiery scorn of danger, the proud fearlessness with which the cultivated Briton has met danger from the old fields of Poitiers and Cressy to the modern honors of the Crimea? What means the Indian's courage, who will stand without a groan while the fire creeps inch by inch along his shriveling flesh and the pitiless knives are carving ever closer and closer to his heart? These are good illustrations at the opposite extremes of civilization of the splendor of physical courage, and in both instances the cause really is the same. It is a healthy and true relation to nature that makes the young English nobleman and the young Indian brave both fearless and steady in the face of peril. Our indoor life, the false relation to external nature in which we live, the absence in the life of most of our young people of free and cordial friendship with the sun and wind, this is what makes so many of our young men and young women timid, makes so many eyes quiver and so many hands shake when any sudden danger comes. We need to learn; you need to teach that physical courage is a grand and precious thing, that it has strong and subtle connections with all the finer forms of courage that we value most. There is great danger with the habits of our civilization lest we grow physically timid, and the highest mental and moral courage must suffer if they are tied to physical timidity. What the Englishman gets in his yacht and what the Indian gets in his hunting-fields, that frank understanding of tempest and water and lightning and cold and beasts, such as a man has of another man with whom he has wrestled, an intelligence

totally different from anything that can be learned in lecture-rooms and laboratories, that we must keep or else we are condemned to tottering and feebleness. One wise man with vast learning and thought and little wizened shrinking body may be well enough—his physical tremor may even add pathetic interest to his mental strength; but a nation or a race of such men is inconceivable, or, if we can picture it to ourselves, it is disgusting and monstrous.

2. Let us pass on and say a few words of moral courage, which, though, as I have suggested, connected with physical courage, is yet something far greater. Moral courage, or the courage of principles, consists in the disregard of ordinary fears out of absorbing desire of and devotion to some great superior principle. When you are so devoted to doing what is right that you press straight on to that and disregard what men are saying about you, there is the triumph of moral courage. The praise of our fellow-men is good, but the doing of what is right is better, and principle treads popularity under foot. Now this, we see at once, implies reason and culture. This is a rational, positive thing. This is no matter of mere instinct. It requires that a man shall have studied life and chosen for himself what he ought to do, and gone and done it in spite of all prescriptions and conventionalities.

The first thing that I feel about high moral courage made general among mankind is, how much picturesqueness it would give to life. Life is so apt to grow monotonous. You take a group of men in a great farm or factory in recess time, and how commonplace they seem sitting about and doing nothing; but just as soon as the bell strikes for work, just as soon as the belt of *duty* begins to move again over the great wheel, how everything is changed. Each man is in his place and doing his own

task, one with the scythe, another with the rake, another at the creatures' heads—what activity, what variety, what interest there is! The monotony is broken. No two are at work alike. Now moral courage is nothing in the world but just the capacity of doing what we know we ought to do. Give that to every man, and only think with what a stir of eager and vivacious interest this dull world in which we are living would wake and start. As when the prince came into the sleeping castle and kissed the princess, and every sleep was broken and the wheels of life began with clatter and delight, so would it be if duty, the best of all princes, should come in among us all. The spell of conventionality would be snapped in an instant.

> "The palace banged and buzzed and clact,
> And all the long-pent stream of life
> Dashed downward in a cataract."

There is a young man who is droning and drowsing along at what he calls the practice of the law. It amounts to nothing. The profession does not want him any more than he wants it. He is there because it is an honorable and respectable employment, because the traditions of his family or little set of people put him there. Let him once get some moral courage, let him once earnestly and bravely ask what he is really here for, what he can really do well and with love, what is his duty, and such questions will carry him perhaps to the carpenter's bench, perhaps to the blacksmith's forge; but who doubts that he will be more respectable as well as more useful there than he is here, where nothing but traditions and conventions put him? Or here is a woman whom society keeps in her uselessness. What is needed but moral courage, the strong resolution to do what she can do, to set that woman perhaps in the noble duty of a school, making character with her full head and heart out of ready material from morn-

ing to night? I am struck, I say, by the thought of the picturesqueness, the variety, the vivacity it would give to life if everybody would be *good enough*, as we say, to do his duty, if everybody had the moral courage to find his task and give himself to that. Just as our dreary houses would blossom into interest if men and women would put into them the things they really love and want and not merely the things which it is proper to have, just as a crowd would become suddenly full of variety and character if men and women were to wear not what the shops told them was the fashion but what their own comfort and taste advised, so life would brighten into wonderful vitality if men would only do their duty. The artist no less than the moralist ought to plead for moral courage to break the tyranny of conventionality.

I am anxious to assert the positiveness of true courage. A man is never brave by desperation really. Desperation is hopelessness, and no man is ever brave except by hope. That I believe is always true. To burn your ships when you land in an enemy's country, according to the old expedient—that never can make you truly brave. The only real courage must come out of the victory which you believe that you can gain and the treasure which you mean to possess. Indeed, it is a cowardice for a man to cut off his retreat and force himself to action by despair. To fight on in the land which you have come to conquer with your ships lying there all the time ready to take you back to safety, determined not to enter them till the task that you came for is done—that is real courage. To live on even when life seems all a failure and the comfort of life is gone, to count patient living the real thing with or without comfort, as God may please—that is to be truly brave. It seems as if it needed to be said now that there is no cowardice possible for man so cowardly as suicide, or any of the discontent with life that leads to it. It is not the

fear of death or the fear of life that ever gives us courage. Real courage can only come out of the hope of life, and then out of the hope of death and of the life that lies beyond.

3. We have spoken of physical courage, or the courage of nerves, of moral courage, or the courage of principles. Besides these there is intellectual courage, or the courage of opinions. Let me say a few words upon that, for surely there is nothing which we more need to understand. The ways in which people form their opinions are most remarkable. Every man when he begins his reasonable life finds certain general opinions current in the world. He is shaped by these opinions in one way or another, either directly or by reaction. If he is soft and plastic, like the majority of people, he takes the opinions that are about him for his own. If he is self-asserting and defiant, he takes the opposite of these opinions and gives to them his vehement adherence. We know the two kinds well. And as we ordinarily see them, the fault which is at the root of both is intellectual cowardice. One man clings servilely to the old ready-made opinions which he finds, because he is afraid of being called rash and radical; another rejects the traditions of his people from fear of being thought fearful and timid and a slave. The results are very different. One is the tame conservative and the other is the fiery iconoclast; but I beg you to see that the cause in both cases is the same. Both are cowards. Both are equally removed from that brave seeking of the truth which is not set upon either winning or avoiding any name, which will take no opinion for the sake of conformity and reject no opinion for the sake of originality, which is free, therefore—free to gather its own convictions, a slave neither to any compulsion nor to any antagonism. Tell me, have you never seen two teachers, one of them slavishly adopting old methods because he feared to be

called innovator, the other crudely devising new plans because he was afraid of seeming conservative, both of them really cowards, neither of them really thinking out his work?

It has been often said that the conditions of life here in America were not favorable to courage of thought. It has been freely declared that in a democracy, where men jostle men constantly and the struggle of competition is forever going on, men are peculiarly exposed to both of these kinds of cowardice—the cowardice of the conservative and the cowardice of the radical, both of them fatal to freedom and truth of thought, both of them growing most rankly. To know whether this is true is very important to us Americans. I think there are some evident grounds for the assertion. In democratic life few men have any fixed, assured position. Each man is in continual struggle for his place, to win it or to keep it. There are two ways to win a place or keep a place among us. One is by pliant conformity to established methods, the other is by striking defiance of them, by obtrusive individuality. And so both kinds of cowardice have their roots in one soil.

We need not ask whether there be more or less opportunity and temptation for courageous thought upon the whole under our democratic system than in a life of fixed social conditions. I believe fully that there is more. I believe the freer atmosphere breeds courage. But it is well for us to recognize that there are some tendencies in our system which go to cripple courage, that we may be on our guard against them. Look, for instance, at our politics. The great vice of our people in their relation to the politics of the land is cowardice. It is not lack of intelligence. Our people know the meaning of political conditions with wonderful sagacity. It is not low morality. The great mass of our people apply high standards to the

acts of public men. But it is cowardice. It is the disposition of one part of our people to fall in with current ways of working, to run with the mass, and of another part to rush headlong into this or that new scheme or policy of opposition merely to escape the stigma of conservatism. Neither the conservative nor the radical has the monopoly of cowardice. Neither timidity nor recklessness is really brave. No man on any side is truly brave in thought who is listening for other people's voices either to assent to or to contradict them.

There is a class among us, a growing class, I think—a class which all our educational machinery ought to do much to increase—which, not standing aloof from democratic life and hating our institutions, but thoroughly a part of them, thoroughly believing in them, still is determined to think freely. Our education is missing its best work unless it is furnishing to those whom it trains just such strong standing-ground in the midst of our popular turmoil—a ground where man may stand and see the power of the people and yet not yield up his judgment to them, see the folly of the people and yet not be driven into contempt of them, but think his own thought still and bring the results of his independent thinking to corroborate or to correct the chance judgments of the caucus or the street. The thorough-going partisan and the bitter, captious cynic are both cowards. The loud and indiscriminate applause of one, the other's miserable sneer, both are contemptible beside the open, sympathetic thoughtfulness of the man who believes in his country but thinks for himself, and so is always bringing an intelligent disagreement or an intelligent assent as a real contribution to his country's policy.

Why do I say this here, to those who are not and who will not be politicians? Because I honor you who all the way from one to twenty years have been teaching children

how to think. Because I know that in the humblest schoolroom where you teach you cannot give the youngest child the most rudimentary idea of independent thinking, that he is neither to accept things because everybody says them, nor to deny things because everybody says them—you cannot sow the seeds of bright, brave thinking in any young mind, but the whole country is the better for it. For intellectual bravery, big though the name be, may be taught in the kindergarten, and the higher you go in public life the more you need its influence and feel its loss.

I am speaking to scholars, to those who read books, perhaps to those who sometimes write them. Permit me, then, to speak of another field in which the courage of thought is needed—the field of letters. There is such a thing as literary courage. Here, again, we perhaps find the thing best by noting its deficiencies. We learn what the courage is which is wanting by seeing the cowardice which abounds. Who is there that reads many books or that hears much talk about books without seeing that writers and critics both are governed by other people, not by themselves? The author is writing what he thinks other people want. The critic is praising what he thinks other people like. Here again both kinds of slavery occur, the compliant and the defiant. There is the author who writes to satisfy the public taste, and the critic who flings his decisions right in the face of the public judgment. In both alike conventionality is master. There was never any great book made in either way. The true literary courage consists in a man's saying what he has to say in such style as he believes best fitted to its character—not saying it because it is popular, certainly not saying it because it is unpopular, but saying it because it is true, and saying it as he thinks that special truth needs to be said. Does that seem very simple and commonplace? If

it seems so to you, just think over the books that come hurrying from the press. What was the purpose of that novel? Why should it have been written at all, and who made the stilts on which this lofty and conceited style strides on from page to page? What set that cynic snarling through his long lines of captious rhyme? Everywhere the stamp of some false standards is on the short-lived things. They creep along the shores and hold on by the timid sides of conventionality. How seldom comes a book that with broad freedom strikes out like a swimmer and neither drifts with the waves nor buffets them for their own sake, but strikes across them to a worthy and absorbing purpose. Then turn to Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and you know the difference. There is courage. Those men wrote their truth in their truth's own best way. Matter and manner both were theirs. No man but they was at their work. Therefore we have "Hamlet," and "Paradise Lost," and "The Excursion."

Not that a man must be regardless of his age and of the circumstances about him in order to have real courage. The boldest swimmer, he who is most determined to master the current and not drift with it, will be the very man to study it most closely. You must know your servant even more than you need to know your master. One of the most subtle and interesting of all studies in literature is to see the delicacy and vigor of the relationship that exists between every really great writer and the age he lives in. Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Wordsworth, Tennyson, they are all specimens of this, of the way in which a really great man gets from his time its influence, assumes its character, writes in it as he never could have written in any other time than that, and yet is never overcome by its timidities. This is the difference of the great and little writers of any age, just as it is the difference between the large and little lives in any society.

A large man lives in a social system and is helped by all its spirit. A little man lives in the same system and is always afraid of violating its letter. So a brave author moves with his time and is inspired by it, while a timid author lies under his time and is crushed by it.

I am sure that the habit of review-reading is hostile to literary courage. To read what some man, a critic by profession, has said about a great live book, this, which is so often recommended to our young people, and which we are all so jubilant over as a splendid way of saving labor, is probably as unstimulating and unfertilizing a process as the human mind can submit to. It makes the judgments technical and formal. It sets us all to writing books or judging of them with reference to other books that have been already written and judged, not with immediate reference to truths and thoughts. To the passion for review-writing and review-reading which has possessed our time, belongs, partly as cause, but more largely as effect, the critical and captious temper which is all around us, and of which many of us are so wonderfully proud. No; read books themselves, and not men's talk about them. To read a book is to make a friend. To read a review is to be introduced to a passing stranger. Better one good book read in a year than all the torrent of reviews that roll on endlessly from month to month. In the book, if it is worth your reading, you meet a man—you go away full of his spirit—if there is anything in you he will quicken it. In the review you meet a system. The book makes you brave and full of courageous and ambitious independence. The review makes you timid and afraid of blunders. To make a cordial sympathy between their scholars and good books, to make young people know the souls of books and find their own souls in knowing them, that is the only way to cultivate their literary courage, and that it is the joy of every teacher

who has flesh, blood, and a soul to do. O teachers, find this courage for yourselves, that your scholars may not be cowards where it is most of all needful for students to be brave.

I have spoken to you, then, of courage. It is one and the same thing everywhere. The firmness with which one stands upon the hopeless deck before the doomed ship goes down, the persistency with which a man claims that the right is best whatever voices clamor for the wrong, the intelligence with which you think your own thought straight through the confusion of other thinking men, the independence of the conscientious politician, the delight of the writer in doing his own work, of the reader in forming his own judgments, they are all at their root one and the same thing. One gracious and another stern, they are all made up, like the black coal and the sparkling diamond, of the same constituents. Let me recount in brief what those constituents are.

First of all, there is the power of being mastered by and possessed with an idea. How rare it is! I do not say how few men are so mastered and possessed: I say how few men have the *power* so to be. The fine and simple capacity for it which belongs to youth being once lost, how few men ever attain the culture by which it is renewed. But without it there can be no courage. Without some end set clear before you, what chance is there that you can shoot your arrow strong and straight? It does not need that you should be blind to all the difficulties that lie between. Recklessness is no part of courage. When Cromwell and his men gave the sublime picture of heroic courage which illuminates English history, it was not that they undervalued the enormous strength of what they fought against; it was that they saw righteousness and freedom shining out beyond, and moved toward their fascinating presence irresistibly. Courage, like every other good thing, must be positive,

not negative. If the college president courageously makes his college fresh and strong, it is not that he does not see the strength of old inertia, but he sees the ideal and the possibility of the true college blazing beyond it all. So train your children to be capable of the dominion of ideas. As you build a house for its inmate, so build their minds for principles. Even before the idea comes, teach them that it is coming, and so make them expect their true master.

And to do this there must be, in the second place, a freedom from self-consciousness. Self-consciousness is at the root of every cowardice. To think about one's self is death to real thought about any noble thing. Let me quote you a famous old story which seems a parable: "The beautiful Lady Diana Rich, daughter of the Earl of Holland, as she was walking in the garden at Kensington before dinner, met with her own apparition, habit and everything, as in a looking-glass. About a month after, she died of the smallpox. And 'tis said that her sister, the Lady Isabella, saw the like of herself also before she died. A third sister, Mary, was married to the first Earl of Breadalbane, and it is recorded that she also, not long after her marriage, had some such warning of her approaching dissolution." Such is the old tradition of the house of Holland. Is it not a parable? Does not he who sees himself die? Does not the mind that dwells upon itself lose just that fine and lofty power of being mastered by a principle? The most courageous men I ever knew, if they were marked by any one thing were marked by this, that they forgot themselves, that they were free from self-consciousness. So no clinging garments of their selfhood hindered them in running to the goal.

And there is one thing more, which is simplicity. The elaborateness of life makes cowards of us. It is not the bigness of the sea, but the many mouths with which it

mocks his feebleness, that makes the strong swimmer grow afraid and sink. We want to find some one thing which we are sure of, and tie our lives to that, stand strong on it to buffet off our fears. When Hannibal was besieging Rome, some man in the besieged city gave courage to the rest by purchasing for a large sum the plot of ground outside the walls on which the tent of the invading general was pitched. It was a brave deed. He believed in Rome. That one thing he was sure of. With dogged obstinacy he believed that Rome would conquer. Some one sure thing, made sure of early in our life, kept clear through all obscurity—that is what keeps life simple, that is what keeps it fresh and never lets its bravery go out.

To be able to obey ideas, to be free from self-consciousness, to be simple—these are the secrets of courage.

Teachers, it is your privilege to live a life where all these elements of courage may be most richly cultivated. It is our lot, O fellow-teachers, to live a life where all these elements of courage are most in danger. Danger and chance together make the richest life. The highest mountain-top is that which wears as a coronet the clouds through which it has to pierce. *Quem nubila victa coronat.* I rejoice with you upon what you know better than I do, the need and the culture of courage in the teacher's hard and useful life.

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF PUBLIC LATIN AND ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL-HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS., FEBRUARY 22, 1881.

I SHOULD be very sorry, sir, at this late hour, to undertake to treat of the relations of religion to science. I heard, several hours ago in this meeting, some excellent remarks that were made upon that subject, and I think I must leave to the thoughtfulness of this great assembly the garnering up of the noble and wise things that were said to us by the principal of the Latin School.

I want to speak only a few moments, if I can restrain myself so. It is all very well to talk about the magnificence of this new building. It is magnificent—and we are thankful for it; but to me there is something infinitely sad and pathetic this morning in thinking of our old Latin and English High School-house standing empty and desolate down in Bedford Street. I cannot get it out of my mind. I cannot, as I look around upon the brilliancy of this new building, forget what that old building has done. I cannot help thinking of it almost as a person, and wondering if it hears what we are saying here. I cannot help thinking that from the top of the old brown cupola it looks across the length of the city and sees the pinnacles of this new temple which is to take its place. I cannot help thinking that, even through its closed and dusty windows, it is hearing something of the triumphant shouts with which its successor's walls are ringing. I cannot help wondering what it thinks about it all.

But when I know, letting that old school-house stand before me for a moment in personal shape—when I know what a dear and earnest old creature it was, when I know how carefully it looked after those who came into its culture and embrace, when I know how many of us will always look back to it, through the whole course of our lives, as the place where were gathered some of the deepest inspirations that ever came to us, I cannot but think that the old school is noble enough and generous enough to look with joy and satisfaction upon this new building that has risen to take its place. And as the old year kindly and ungrudgingly sinks back into the generations of the past, and allows the new year to come in with its new activities, and as the father steps aside and sees the son who bears his nature, and whom he has taught the best he knows, come forth into life and fill his place, so I am willing to believe that the old school rejoices in this, its great successor, and that it is thinking (if it has thoughts) of its own useful career, and congratulating itself upon the earnest and faithful way in which it has pursued, not only the special *methods* of knowledge which have belonged to its time, but the *purposes* of knowledge, which belong to all time, and must pass from school-house to school-house, and from age to age, unchanged.

The perpetuity of knowledge is in the perpetuity of the purposes of knowledge. The thing which links this school-house with all the school-houses of the generations of the past—the thing that links together the great schools of the middle ages, and the schools of old Greece, and the schools of the Hebrews, where the youth of that time were found sitting at the feet of their wise rabbis—is the perpetual identity of the moral purposes of knowledge. The methods of knowledge are constantly changing. The school-books that were studied ten, twenty, thirty years ago have passed out of date; the scholars of to-day do not

even know their names; but the purpose for which our school-books are studied, the things we are trying to get out of them, the things which, if they are properly taught and studied, the scholars of to-day do get out of them, are the same; and so across the years we clasp hands with our own school-boy days.

And there is to be the perpetuity of knowledge in the future. One wonders, as he looks around this new school-house, what is to be taught here in the years to come. He is sure that the books will change, that the sciences will change, that new studies will be developed, that new methods of interpretation will be discovered, that new kingdoms of the infinite knowledge are to be opened to the discerning eye of man, in the years that are to come. He knows it is impossible for any man to say what will be taught in these halls a hundred years hence; but yet, with that unknown development he is in deep sympathy, because he knows that the boys of a hundred years hence, like the boys of to-day, will be taught here to be faithful to the deep purposes of knowledge, will be trained to conscientious study, to the love of knowledge, to justice and generosity, to respect for themselves, and obedience to authority, and honor for man, and reverence for God. That is the link between the school-house that stood behind the King's Chapel and this; and that is the only thing that in the years to come will make these schools truly the same schools that they are to-day.

When the Duke of Wellington came back to Eton after his glorious career, as he was walking through the old quadrangle he looked around and said, "Here is where I learned the lessons that made it possible for me to conquer at Waterloo." It was not what he had read there in books, not what he had learned there by writing Greek verses, or by scanning the lines of Virgil or Horace, that helped him win his great battle; but there he had learned

to be faithful to present duty, to be strong, to be diligent, to be patient, and that was why he was able to say that it was what he had learned at Eton that had made it possible for him to conquer at Waterloo.

And the same thing made it possible for the Latin and High School boys to help win the victory which came at Gettysburg, and under the very walls of Richmond. It was the lessons which they had learned here. It was not simply the lessons which they had learned out of books; it was the grand imprint of character that had been given to them here. The Mohammedan says, "The ink of the learned is as precious as the blood of the martyrs." Our English High School and our Latin School have had "the ink of the learned" and "the blood of the martyrs" too. They have sent forth young men who have added to the world's wisdom and to its vast dissemination; they have sent forth young men who have laid down their lives that the country might be perpetual, and that slavery might die.

I have always remembered—it seemed but a passing impression at the moment, but it has never left me—how one day, when I was going home from the old Adams School in Mason Street, I saw a little group of people gathered down in Bedford Street; and, with a boy's curiosity, I went into the crowd, and peeped around among the big men who were in my way to see what they were doing. I found that they were laying the corner-stone of a new school-house. I always felt, after that, when I was a scholar and a teacher there, and ever since, that I had a little more right in that school-house because I had happened, by that accident of passing home that way that day from school, to see its corner-stone laid. I wish that every boy in the Latin School and High School, and every boy in Boston who is old enough to be here, who is ever going to be in these schools, could be here to-day. I hope they

will hear, in some way or other, through the echoes that will reach them from this audience, with what solemn and devout feeling we have here consecrated this building to the purposes which the old building so nobly served, and in the serving of which it became so dear to us all: to the preservation of sound learning, the cultivation of manly character, and the faithful service of the dear country, in whatever untold exigencies there may be in the years to come, in which she will demand the service of her sons.

DEAN STANLEY.

(*Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1881.)

When Dean Stanley, on the 18th of July, was drawing near his death, he asked that his brother-in-law and life-long friend, Dr. Vaughan, might preach his funeral sermon in Westminster Abbey, "because," said he, "he has known me longest." He chose the friend who had known him all his life to speak of him. There was nothing in all that life which he would have concealed; and he knew that it was only as that life was treated as a whole, and its continual characteristics surveyed in their development from boyhood to the mature age in which he then lay dying, that he could be fitly understood.

This, which is true of all men, was specially true of Dean Stanley. When he came to America, in 1878, he was wholly taken by surprise by the welcome with which he was received. His friends themselves were unprepared for any such enthusiastic interest in one who was known only as a writer of books and as an ecclesiastic of a foreign establishment. Men and women of all classes seemed to greet him as if he were their friend. It must have meant that in his books there was that power, which not many books possess, of making those who read them know their author as a man—of making his personal life and character real and vivid to them. Therefore, they thronged the churches where he preached, and even the streets in which he walked, not merely to hear his words, but to see him.

And there can be no doubt as to what was the personal

impression which men had of him. Ten years ago a wise writer in the *Contemporary Review* said, "If we were to attempt a description of Dean Stanley's characteristics, we should name first and chief of all his intense love for the light." That word describes the passion of his life. The insatiable curiosity, the eagerness to acquire and to impart intelligent conceptions, accompanied by an absolute moral clearness, a wonderful single-mindedness, and a sympathy and fairness which never failed—these, which are the elements in which light lives and grows, were what we all delighted to discover in him while he lived, and what we delight to remember now that he is gone. His living and learning and working was like the shining of a star. "It is no task for stars to shine," and so with him all that he did seemed easy, as if it were but the natural and spontaneous utterance of what he was, the effortless radiance of a nature which was made to gather and to utter light. Intelligence shone in the refined alertness of his face—which, by the way, has never found such good representation as in some of the photographs that were taken in America. His style had a crystal clearness, which showed his thought distinctly. His very walk was quick and eager, as if he must find what he sought. It is no wonder that many men have instantly applied to him Matthew Arnold's famous phrase, "sweetness and light." And the *Spectator* could use of him an expression which would be ridiculous if it were used of almost any other public man, and declare that his death "leaves the public with a sense of having lost something rare and sweet."

In due time there must come a Life of Stanley which, if it be worthily written, will be one of the richest records of the best life of our century, and one of the most attractive pictures of a human life in any time. His large associations and continual activity and ceaseless correspondence must have left most precious materials for such a

book. If there were only another Stanley left to write it! Let us here recall its simplest outline. He was born, as he used to love to recall, in 1815, the year of Waterloo, and received his name of Arthur from the great duke of whose renown all England then was full. His father was the brave and clear-sighted Bishop of Norwich, who stood with Whately in the House of Lords when one of the first petitions was presented on the subject of subscription, who was the friend of Arnold and asked him to preach his consecration sermon, and whose life his son has written with a son's affection and the admiration of a kindred soul. To his mother Arthur Stanley dedicated his "Jewish Church," in recollection of "her firm faith, calm wisdom, and tender sympathy"; and of her, too, he has written delightfully in the same volume that portrays his father's life. When he was fourteen years old, in 1829, he went to Rugby, and was one of the first pupils of his father's friend. His "Life of Dr. Arnold," which is perhaps the best biography of our time, is the truest record of what Rugby was to him. There is one passage in it which, as we read it, still lets us see the boy sitting beneath that pulpit in the Rugby chapel, with his eyes fixed upon the teacher, and gathering into his open heart "an image of high principle and feeling," which found in him a true mirror and was never blotted out. In 1834, when he was nineteen years old, Stanley went to Oxford, and there spent four years in the midst of the intense religious excitement of those days. He went forth from his student life laden with the honors and prizes of the university. Then he became a fellow and tutor. Later he was made the secretary of the Oxford University Commission. In 1845 he was chosen to be select preacher to the university. Five years later he became a canon of Canterbury Cathedral, and in 1852 he made the journey to the East, the record of which is in the glowing pages of his "Sinai and

Palestine." In 1853 he was appointed Regius professor of ecclesiastical history at Oxford, and to his labors in that chair we owe the "Lectures on the Jewish Church" and the "Lectures on the Eastern Church," which have opened the doors of the Old Testament and of the early Church to hosts of readers. In 1862 he went to Palestine again with the Prince of Wales, and the "Sermons in the East" recount the lessons of that journey. In 1863 he was made Dean of Westminster, and began to wear that title by which he will always be best known—the title which he loved above all others.

It was a bright and happy life. And it was constantly productive. Besides the books already named, there were published in 1847 the "Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age"; in 1855, the "Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians"; in the same year, the "Historical Memorials of Canterbury"; in 1867, the "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey"; in 1870, the "Essays on Church and State," which has been well described as "the epic of the Thirty Years' War in the Church of England"; and in 1877 "Lectures on the Church of Scotland," which, as Bishop Ewing wrote, "show a marvelous acquaintance with Scotch facts and their bearings." And last of all there was his most interesting volume on "Christian Institutions," which was hardly issued when he died. These marked the great current of his life and study. And around them, no less characteristic and full of his character and spirit, like spray flung up by the impetuous and eager stream, there gathered a cloud of lectures, sermons, reviews, and articles of every kind, bearing perpetual witness to the activity of his mind, the wide range of his learning, and the quickness of his sympathy with life.

And now, what were his characteristics as they were indicated in this life and work? First of all, as we have said, there was the love of light. No man ever loved

more to look facts in the face, and to know the exact and certain truth. "Let us be firmly persuaded," he wrote, "that error is most easily eradicated by establishing truth, and darkness most permanently displaced by diffusing light." There is no clearer illustration of this love of light than in his eager and impassioned insistence that the revision of the translation of the Bible should have the help of all the best scholarship of England, in whatever creed or church it might be found. His speech in Convocation, when it was proposed to reject the help of a Unitarian which had already been invited, is a fine utterance at once of intelligent judgment and of chivalrous courtesy and justice. And it is interesting to see always who are the men whom he loves most, the men of whom he speaks with the most spontaneous affection. Always they are the men of light. It is "the clear-headed and intrepid Zwingle," who, he says, "anticipated the necessary conclusion of the whole matter" of the efficacy of the eucharistic rite. It is the liberal theologians of the seventeenth century to whom he always turns back for the best patterns of religious thought in England. We of America may well love to remember how he treasured the friendship of one of our own men of light, whose loss we are still freshly mourning. "Dear Dr. Washburn!" he wrote this spring, "how well I remember preaching in that great Calvary, and my visit to him in the latter days of my stay in New York. He was of 'that small transfigured band whom the world cannot tame'—the band of Falkland, Leighton, Whichcote, Arnold, Maurice. Peace be with him!"

Again, there is the specialness of the method of all Dean Stanley's work, the way in which he approached all truth through history. It has often been said of him that he was no metaphysician, and that he had no turn for abstract thought. Nobody saw this, and nobody has said it,

more clearly than himself. When he was asked to write an introduction to Bunsen's "God in History," he replied: "I hesitated, among other reasons, because it relates so largely to philosophical and abstract questions, on which I do not feel myself competent to enter." Truth has many doors, and he would enter it through that to which his feet most naturally turned. This recognition of the specialness, or, if we please, the limitation, of his power had much to do with the effectiveness, and also with the perennial freshness, of his life. On the steamer at New York, when he was leaving America, he was asked whether he was not weary with his most laborious journey. But he answered, "No; I have declined to see anything in which I was not interested. Kind friends have asked me to go to see factories, and many other interesting things for which I did not care; but I have confined myself to things which I did care for, and so I am not tired." So it was all his life. He worked as he was made to work and as he loved to work, and so the last page that he wrote was as fresh and unwearied as the first. He is everywhere and always the historian. If he wants to define a doctrine, he traces its history. If he makes a page glow like a picture with some description of natural scenery, it is always as the theater of human action, or as a metaphor of human life, that he describes it. Of pure love for nature for its own sake he shows but little. In his volume of "Addresses in America" there are three beautiful pictures from nature, but it is noticeable that in each case the picture is drawn with reference to human life. He described Niagara; but it was because he saw in its mist and majesty an image of the future of American destiny. He told of a maple and an oak which he saw growing together from the same stem on the beautiful shores of Lake George; but it was because there seemed to him to be in them a likeness of the unbroken union of the bril-

liant, fiery maple of America and the gnarled and twisted oak of England. He pictured the effects of sunrise on the Alps; but it was the rise of true and rational religion among men that he wanted his hearers to see in his majestic words. Everywhere his eye is upon man. He is always the historian, because in the simplest and most literal seuse he is always the philanthropist, the lover of man.

And it is not only men, but man, that he loves; nay, it is mainly man. He loves men for the sake of man, for their contribution to and their share in humanity. Therefore it was that he could care most earnestly for men in whose special arts and occupations he personally had no share or interest. To him they were all part of the great human drama, full of divine meanings. He could preach in the Abbey of the greatness of a great naturalist, although he was no student of natural science; or of a great musician, though he had no taste for music; or of a great novelist, although he could not read his novels. Sometimes his eulogies have seemed to some men to be indiscriminately lavished, but we must have the sight, which he never lost, of the endless human procession, ever moving on; each faithful human being, famous or insignificant, bearing his gift, great or small, intelligible or unintelligible to his brethren, yet all accepted and laid up in the vast temple of the divine purpose, to which they move, in which they slowly disappear. We must have this sight before we can understand or judge his judgments of his fellowmen.

One rejoices to think how full of poetry the world must have been to him. A walk in London or Jerusalem must have been crowded with memory, and fear, and hope, and love. The unexpressed, half-conscious joy of life to one who carries such a mind and eye must be something of which the multitude of us know nothing.

And while we grant its specialness, while we see the need of other methods for the entire mastery of truth, let us acknowledge the greatness and beauty of the historic method, of which Dean Stanley gave such a noteworthy example. In the turmoil of *a priori* reasoning, in the hurly-burly of men's speculations about what ought to be, let us welcome the enthusiastic student of what is and of what has been. The gospel in the ages must always be part of the same revelation with the gospel in the Bible and the gospel in the heart. We cannot afford to lose the softening and richening of opinions by the historic sense. The ecclesiastical historian and the systematic theologian must go hand in hand. "The word of the Lord which was given in the Council of Nicæa," says Athanasius, "abideth forever," but the personal History of the Council, which Dean Stanley has so wonderfully told, is part of the word of God which comes from that memorable assemblage to all the generations.

The catholicity and charity for which Dean Stanley's name has become almost a synonym is worthy of being carefully studied, in order that its full greatness may be known. Some men's toleration of those who differ from them is mere good-nature and indifference. Other men's toleration is the mere application of a theory, and is quite consistent with strong personal dislikes. In the Dean of Westminster the catholicity which so impressed the world and drew the hearts of all good men to him was the issue of a lofty conception of the Church of Christ, combined with that instinctive love for man of which we have been speaking; and heart and mind were perfectly united in it. Therefore the public and the private life were in completest harmony. It is well known with what a generous hospitality the doors of the deanery stood wide open. Older men tell how, in older days, the Stanley rooms at Oxford were eagerly thronged with all who had any desire

to seek the light which filled them; but what we know best, and what will always be remembered by multitudes as they pass in sight of the little dark door, hidden away where yet so many pilgrims found it, under the cloister arch as you pass through to the Jerusalem Chamber, is the open welcome which at the deanery in Stanley's time was always waiting for whoever brought anything of love for truth or interest in noble things.

> "I love all who love truth, if poor or rich,
> In what they have won of truth possessively!"

That was the spirit of the place, and evidently before such a spirit no enmity could stand. Dean Stanley was a strange instance of a man who was dreaded and disliked in hundreds of rectories and homes in England for the ideas which he held, or was supposed to hold, but who had not a personal enemy in all the world. When he was made Dean of Westminster, Christopher Wordsworth, who was one of the canons of the Abbey, publicly protested against the appointment. When he died, the same Christopher Wordsworth, now Bishop of Lincoln, hating nothing of his disapproval of the Dean's opinions, bore most affectionate testimony in Convocation to the richness and nobleness of Stanley's character.

All this means something. It means that Stanley had the power of going himself, and of compelling the men who dealt with him to go, down to those deeper regions of life and thought where men of different opinions may find themselves in a true sympathy. Therefore his catholicity was real. Men did not meet at the deanery in an armed truce, but in a deeper brotherhood. When Stanley went and lectured to the Scotch Presbyterians, or to the American Methodists or Baptists, it was a real thing. He carried to all of them the truth on which their truths rested. He taught the Scotch out of Chalmers, and the

Methodists out of Wesley, and the Congregationalists out of Dr. Robinson. "As certain also of your own poets have said," he seemed to be always repeating, as if in the highest and truest and most poetic utterance of each man's faith he rejoiced to find the essence of the common faith of all. In one of the last articles which he wrote there is an estimate of Newman, Pusey, and Keble which, without in the least losing the clear discrimination of their opinions, is wonderfully full of appreciative honor for the men; and hardly any page in all his writings glows with more generous enthusiasm than that, in the same article, in which he records the opposition of the Liberal party in the Church of England against the attempt to put down the Tractarians in 1844. The volume of "Essays on Church and State" is a book which every religious student ought to read, for it contains his threefold plea for liberty—liberty for the Evangelical, the Rationalist, and the Ritualist; a liberty for which he pleads in the name of that large conception of the Church of Christ which would be mangled if any one of these representatives of the three great perpetual types of religious life were persecuted or expelled.

It is evident that a catholicity as positive as this could not rest in mere sentiment. There was always an enthusiastic chivalry waiting, sleeping on its arms, and ready to spring up at the slightest cry of oppression or unfairness, and utter itself in word and deed. How we shall miss his voice! Whenever meanness or bigotry lifted its head we knew that we should hear from Stanley. When the atmosphere grew heavy we looked for the lightning of his speech. In 1866 Convocation undertook to denounce Bishop Colenso for his theological writings, and to confirm his deposition. As one reads the speech of Stanley, one can see him on his feet in the midst of the bishop's enemies. The small figure, great with indigna-

tion, seems to dilate before us. He takes possession of our sympathies, as his words took possession then of the real heart of England. He says in the plainest language how absolutely his method of studying the Bible differs from Colenso's. He emphasizes his plea by a disclaimer of personal association. But he pleads for free speech and for light. "The Bishop of Natal gives us more than he can ever take from us by the testimony which is thus rendered to all the world that the power of thought and speech is still left to us, even in the highest ranks of our hierarchy. This is worth a hundred mistakes that he may have made about the author of the Pentateuch." He tells Convocation that among living prelates and clergymen of the Church of England there are hundreds and thousands who hold the same principles as Bishop Colenso, "against whom you have not proposed and dare not propose to institute proceedings." Among these he describes himself. Then he cries out, "At least, deal out the same measure to me that you deal to him; at least judge for all a righteous judgment. Deal out the same measure to those who are well befriended and who are present as to those who are unbefriended and absent."

It would be hard to find a truer chivalry than that. It would be hard to say what nobler use could possibly be made of privilege and power and prosperity than thus to hold them like a shield over the oppressed and helpless. Something of the same chivalry appears in his continual assertion of the worth of goodness outside the visible church and the formal associations of religion. He, living deep in those associations, and loving them with all his heart, is watchful and jealous lest any wrong should be done to that larger working of the Spirit of God which no organization can express. So he pleads for the sacredness of secular life. So he even becomes the champion of a depreciated age of history, and in the article which I

have already quoted chivalrously stands up for the despised and dishonored eighteenth century.

There is a chivalry in prayer. There is a kind of prayer in which the man who prays seems to value the privilege of his spiritual life mostly because of the hope which it gives him for the darkest and most hopeless of God's children. Such a prayer as this is one which the Dean of Westminster wrote very lately for one of the days of the Church year for which the Liturgy provides no collect:

"O Eternal Spirit, through whom in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted before Him, enlighten our hearts, that we may know and perceive in all nations and kindreds of people whatsoever there is in any of them of true and honest, just and pure, lovely and of good report, through the Word which lighteth every man, Jesus Christ our Lord."

It is certain that the religious life and teaching of Dean Stanley have given immense support to Christian faith in England. In Convocation, just after he died, the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke of him thus: "There are, in a great community like ours, a vast number of persons who are not members of our own or of any other church, and there are persons whose temptations are altogether in the direction of skepticism; and my own impression is that the works of the late Dean of Westminster have confirmed in the Christian faith a vast number of such persons." That is a noble record in such days as these. To discriminate the essence of Christianity from its accidents; to show the world that many of the attacks on Christian faith are aimed at what men may well be in doubt about, and yet be Christians; to lead the soul behind the disputes whose battle-ground is the letter, into the sanctuary of the Spirit; to bid the personal loyalty to a divine Master stand forth from the tumult of doctrinal discussion as the one vital power of the Christian life—this is a work

for the defender of the faith which is full of inspiration, and makes multitudes of men his debtors. Stanley's last volume, his "Christian Institutions," does this with wonderful clearness and power. What Christian faith and worship really are stand forth in that book in most calm and majestic simplicity. As we read it, it is as if we heard the quiet word spoken which breaks the spell of ecclesiasticism, and the imprisoned truth or principle wakes and stands upon its feet and looks us in the eye. The flush of life comes back into the hard face of dead ceremonies, and their soul reveals itself. Bubbles of venerable superstition seem to burst before our eyes; and we feel sure anew, with fresh delight and hope, that not fantastical complexity, but the simplicity of naturalness, is the real temple in which we are to look for truth. The great Christian faith of the future will honor the lifelong teacher of such rational Christianity as that high among the servants and saviors of the religion of Christ in England in these days of doubt, high among the faithful souls who, in the midst of perplexity and disbelief, refused to despair of the Church of Christ.

Nor was it for mere concession that the religion of the Dean was noteworthy. His whole work was constructive. He was the most conservative of radicals. In 1863, when he bade farewell to Oxford that he might go to Westminster, these were his last words to the young men of the university: "Be as free, be as liberal, be as courageous, as you will, but be religious, *because* you are liberal; be devout, *because* you are free; be pure, *because* you are bold; cast away the works of darkness, *because* you are the children of light; be humble and considerate and forbearing, *because* you are charged with hopes as grand as were ever committed to the rising generation of any Church or of any country." Any man who talks about him as if the essence of his life and work were destructive

has yet to learn what destruction and construction mean —has yet to master that great truth which Stanley himself thus nobly states: "We sometimes think that it is the transitory alone which changes; the eternal stands still. Rather, the transitory stands still, fades, and falls to pieces; the eternal continues by changing its form in accordance with the movement of advancing ages."

It would be hard to name any man in these days who has given clearer proof of a true love for the Bible than Dean Stanley. On a quiet summer Sunday evening, as you sat in the thronged Abbey, in that mingling of the daylight from without and the church's lamps within which seemed to fill the venerable place with a sacred and yet most familiar beauty, and saw, by and by, as the service advanced, that small live figure move, during the music of the chant, to the old lectern, and read the chapter from the Old Testament; as you heard the eager voice lose all its consciousness of time and place as it passed on into the pathos of the story; as, at last, there rang through the great arches the wail of the great Hebrew monarch, "O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"—as thus, for the instant, the Dean thrilled himself and filled the trembling souls of those who heard him with the passion of the king, you felt yourself in the presence of a love and reverence for the Book of God which was deep and true just in proportion as it was free from superstition and full of intelligence. "And oh, to think," says Canon Farrar, "that we shall never hear him read again, with such ringing exultation, the Song of Deborah!" And when we hear the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol tell how, in the Revision Committee, the Dean would often plead for the preservation of an "innocent archaism" in the English text, we catch a glimpse of his love for the familiar words of the old New Testament which appeals to the hearts of multitudes of English Christians.

The first and indispensable condition of the Bible's power is that the Bible should be alive. A dead book, like a dead man, slays no dragons. And to how many readers Dean Stanley's works have made the Bible live! How many eyes, fastened upon his pages, have seen gradually issuing through the thin substance of the half-mythical Moses or David, in whom they once tried to believe, a real Moses or David—as real to them as Moses was to Miriam, or David was to Joab—and have found, perhaps to their surprise, that it was in those real human lives, in men and women troubled, tormented, loving, hating, sinning, repenting, yet all doing something to make possible the days of the Son of man which were to come—that it was in such human lives as these that the true revelation of God to man in the Old Testament was contained. How many a reader of Stanley has felt the truth of these words of the Dean himself: "Can any one doubt that the characters of David and Paul are better appreciated, more truly loved, by a man like Ewald, who appreciates them with a profound insight into their language, their thoughts, their customs, their history, than by a scholastic divine from whom the atmosphere in which the king and the apostle moved was almost entirely shut out?" It would be little if the work of Stanley had simply clothed the Bible for many readers with a fascinating interest. It is surely a debt for which the Christian world is grateful that he has called forth for multitudes its sacredness and power, and made it for them the Book of Life.

Nor can there be any doubt that in this vividness and sacredness which filled the life of the Bible and all human life for him, there lay the true secret of that prevailing silence in his writings with regard to the things on which theologians ordinarily dwell most, which has so frequently been observed and questioned. The miracle of life to him was everywhere. So truly was the hand of God apparent in the building of the nations, in the guiding of

the stream of history, and especially in the education of character and in the moral progress of the world, that in these great phenomena he found the truest signs of his religion; and the extraordinary manifestations of divine power, while they always wakened in him an awe peculiar to their own mysteriousness, while they were dwelt upon in the silence which often marks the deepest reverence, were never made the chief objects of his study, nor the supports on which his faith relied. "Let us recognize," he said, "that the preternatural is not the supernatural, and that, whether the preternatural is present or absent, the true supernatural may and will remain unshaken." "Not by outward acts, or institutions, or signs of power, but by being what He was, has the history of Jesus Christ retained its hold on mankind." The life of Christ was a life "sacred and divine, because it was supremely, superhumanly, and transcendently *good*." When he went to Patmos and wrote that account of the island which will always make the vision of the Apocalypse more vivid and intelligible to any one who reads it, it was still the vision-seer more than the vision on which his mind was dwelling, and he closes his account by saying, "We understand the Apocalypse better for having been at Patmos. But we can understand the Gospel and Epistles of St. John as well in England as in Patmos or in Ephesus, or even in his own native Palestine." Surely a faith like this, to which all ground is holy and all days are the days of Christ, and man lifted to moral nobleness and purity by God is the great miracle, is better than a faith which only looks afar off, and finds the world of men around it and the present day in which it lives barren and destitute of God.

It is hard for us Americans to enter fully into an understanding of that idea of the national Church, of religion as a true function of the Christian State, which Stanley

learned from his great teacher, Dr. Arnold, and which pervaded all his thinking all his life. But when he comes himself to state the spiritual meaning of his idea, he takes us into his sympathy at once. "The connection of the Church with the State is," he says, "merely another form of that great Christian principle—that cardinal doctrine of the Reformation, which is at the same time truly catholic and truly apostolical—that Christian life and Christian theology thrive the most vigorously not by separation and isolation and secrecy, but by intercommunion with the domestic and social relations of man—in the world, though not of it." There is no low Erastianism in that high interpretation. And we always must remember that Arnold, deeply as Stanley honored him, was not the only influence that had shaped his thought. The profounder and more spiritual philosophy of Frederick Maurice was freely felt and owned. It is really the Church-and-State theory of Arnold, inspired and glorified by Maurice's doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the ongoing of the redemptive life of man in Christ, and both of them made clear and familiar by his own historic sympathy and never-failing love for man, that one feels at the heart of Stanley's hope for his country and for the world.

No one who heard it will ever forget the benediction which Dean Stanley uttered at the close of the service at which he preached in Trinity Church in Boston, on the 22d of September, 1878. He had been but a few days in America. It was the first time that he had looked an American congregation in the face. The church was crowded with men and women, of whom he only knew that to him they represented the New World. He was for the moment the representative of English Christianity. And as he spoke the solemn words, it was not a clergyman dismissing a congregation: it was the Old World blessing the New; it was England blessing America. The

voice trembled, while it grew rich and deep, and took every man's heart into the great conception of the act that filled itself. The next morning he met a gathering of clergymen at breakfast, and as they separated, the room for an instant growing quiet and sacred, he said, "I will bid you farewell with the benediction which I pronounced yesterday in Trinity Church, and which it is my habit to pronounce on all the more important occasions in the Abbey." And then again came the same words, with the same calm solemnity. When he stood where now he himself lies buried, and had watched the dear remains of his wife—to lose whom from his sight was agony to him—committed to the ground, he lifted up himself at the close of the service, and with a clear voice uttered this same benediction. And once again, for the last time, when he lay waiting for the end in the deanery, Canon Farrar tells us how, after he had received the communion, the voice of the dying Dean was heard feebly blessing his friends, and blessing the world that he was leaving, with the same benediction, which meant so much to him. Wherever he went, whatever he did, he carried a benediction with him.

The personal charm of Dean Stanley, in public and in private, was something which everybody felt who came into the slightest association with him. Indeed, it seems, as we have intimated, to have been felt even by those who never saw him, and who knew him only through his books and by the public record of his life. It was the charm of simple truthfulness, of perfect manliness, of a true sympathy with all forms of healthy human action, and of a perpetual picturesqueness, which was enhanced by the interesting positions which he held, but was independent of them, and had its real being in his personality itself. If he had been the humblest country parson instead of being Dean of Westminster, he would have car-

ried about the same charm in his smaller world. It was associated with his physical frame, his small stature, his keen eye, his rapid movement, his expressive voice. The very absence of bodily vigor made the spiritual presence more distinct. And the perfect unity of the outer and the inner, the public and the private life, at once precluded any chance of disappointment in those who, having been attracted by his work, came by and by to know him personally, and at the same time gave to those whose only knowledge of him was from his writings and his public services the right to feel that they did really know him as he was.

His preaching was the natural expression of his nature and his mind. It was full of sympathy and of historical imagination. Apart from the beautiful simplicity of his style and the richness of illustrative allusion, the charm of his sermons was very apt to lie in a certain way which he had of treating the events of the day as parts of the history of the world, and making his hearers feel that they and what they were doing belonged as truly to the history of their race, and shared as truly in the care and government of God, as David and his wars, or Socrates and his teachings. As his lectures made all times live with the familiarity of our own day, so his sermons made our own day, with its petty interests, grow sacred and inspired by its identification with the great principles of all the ages. With the procession of heroism and faith and bravery and holiness always marching before his eyes, he summoned his congregation in the Abbey or in the village church to join the host. And it was his power of historical imagination that made them for an instant see the procession which he saw, and long to join it at his summons.

Such a life as we have tried to describe, a life so full of faith and hope and charity, could not but be a very happy

life. All his friends know—indeed, all the world which has watched him knows—how that life has been changed since his wife died, in 1876. Lady Augusta Stanley—of whom her husband wrote upon her grave that she was "for thirty years the devoted servant of Queen Victoria and the Queen's mother and children, for twelve years the unwearied friend of the people of Westminster, and the inseparable partner of her husband's toils and hopes, uniting many hearts from many lands, and drawing all to things above"—left the home to which her life had given such brilliancy and sweetness very desolate and empty when she died. And yet, with all his most pathetic sorrow, there was a richness in his memory and thought of her after her death that was not destitute of happiness. "I shall be there when he takes people round the Abbey. I shall be associated with all his works." So she had said when speaking of her grave. And some fulfilment of her hope, some constant sense of spiritual company, gave a peculiar beauty to the last years of the servant of God, as he still lingered till his work was done.

The feeling of Dean Stanley toward Westminster Abbey and his treatment of the duties and privileges which belonged to him as the head of that venerable sanctuary have been full of poetry and beauty. They have made the last seventeen years of his life a poem by themselves. Westminster Abbey represented to him the religious life of England; and in its abundant suggestiveness he found illustrations of all his best hopes and ideas of humanity and of the Church. More and more his whole life centered there. In 1865, before the Society of Antiquaries, pleading for the restoration of certain neglected parts of the great building, he said, imitating the line of Terence, "*Decanus Westmonasteriensis sum; nihil Westmonasteriense a me alienum puto.*"

To walk through the Abbey with the Dean was like

walking through antiquity with Plutarch; only it was a Christian Plutarch, and a Plutarch full of the ideas and aspirations of the nineteenth century, as well as the memory of all other centuries, with whom you walked. Now he stopped by the tomb of Edward the Confessor, in the center of the Abbey, and told of "his innocent faith and sympathy with the people," which give the childish and eccentric monarch such a lasting charm. Now he paused before the often-mutilated monument of André, and had a kind word both for the ill-fated victim and the great captain who reluctantly condemned him. Now, in the center of the nave, he would let no one pass the grave of Livingstone without reverence. Now, in the poets' corner, he stood beneath the quaint memorial of "rare Ben Jonson," and told the fantastic stories of his burial and of the strange inscription. Then, in Henry VII.'s chapel, he would point to the Duke of Buckinghamshire's monument, and recount how a too scrupulous dean had made the famous inscription heathen, because he could not have it made Christian in just the words he wished, and so, "rather than tolerate suspected heresy, admitted the absolute negation of Christianity." A moment he would linger by the spot where Cromwell's body lay for three years, till the silly rage of the Restoration dragged it away. And just beyond that grave, in the chapel where the Duke of Montpensier, the younger brother of Louis Philippe, king of the French, lies buried, there is the stone beneath which he now sleeps himself, and which for years he never approached without a change in the step which any one walking by his side could feel at once.

The anxiety of the Dean of Westminster that all the people of England, as far as possible, should know the Abbey; the intense interest with which he led companies of working-men and working-women through its aisles and chapels; the responsibility which he felt for the exe-

cution of his office as the guardian of its dignity and the judge of who should be admitted to its courts for worship or for burial—all these show in how lofty a way he loved it. It was no toy for him to play with. It was no museum of bric-à-brac antiquity. Nor was it a pedestal for him to stand on, nor a frame to set off the picture of his life. It was the image of the sacredness of history and of God's ways in England, which he was set to keep, as the high-priests of the Jews were set to keep the Books of the Kings and of the Chronicles. When he was willing that the monument of the French Imperial Prince should be received into the great assembly, it was not a certificate of the prince's greatness nor an indorsement of imperialist ideas which was intended. It was simply that the death of one who might be called the last of the Bonapartes in the service of England seemed to the Dean a picturesque event, worthy to be written on the stone tablet of history which was in his keeping. When he refused the use of the Abbey for an official meeting of the Lambeth Conference in 1867, it was because he could not see in that assemblage a fair, impartial utterance of English Christianity. When he invited Max Müller to lecture in the Abbey upon Christian missions, it was his testimony to the truth that the laity really are the English Church, and that by lay intelligence and thoughtfulness, as well as by the special methods of knowledge which are open to the clergy, the questions of religion must be approached and answered. "So long as Westminster Abbey maintains its hold on the affections or respect of the English Church and nation, so long will it remain a standing proof that there is in the truest feelings of human nature and in the highest aspirations of religion something deeper and wider than the partial judgments of the day and the technical distinctions of sects—even than the just, though it may for the moment be misplaced, indignation against

the errors and sins of our brethren." In words like these we have the true key to his treatment of the great national trust, which he never mentioned without a most impressive seriousness.

It is interesting to see, in his delightful work upon the Abbey, what are some of the incidents in the history of the great church which seem to give him peculiar pleasure. He commemorates the fact that "William Caxton, who first introduced into Great Britain the art of printing, exercised that art, A.D. 1477 or earlier, in the Abbey of Westminster." Again, he recollects with pleasure that the injunction under Edward VI., which commanded the sale of the brass lecterns and copper gilt candlesticks and angels "as monuments of idolatry," was coupled with a direction that the proceeds should be devoted "to the library and the buying of books." Both of these satisfactions are characteristic of the light-lover. While he records the execrations which the gigantic and obtrusive monument of James Watt has provoked from architectural enthusiasts, yet he himself is reconciled to it by remembering "what this vast figure represents—what class of interests before unknown, what revolutions in the whole framework of society, equal to any that the Abbey walls have yet commemorated." When he was installed as Dean, the passage in the service which most startled his ear as the oracle and augury of his new work was that in which it is prayed that the new-comer may be enabled to do his best "for the *enlargement* of God's Church." On December 21, 1869, the consecration to the see of Exeter of "the worthy successor of Arnold at Rugby, Dr. Temple, who, after an opposition similar to that which no doubt would have met his predecessor's elevation, entered on his episcopal duties with a burst of popular enthusiasm such as has hardly fallen to the lot of any English prelate since the Reformation," is joyously recorded by his sym-

pathizing friend. Everywhere there was that same broad satisfaction in the highest uses to which his great charge could be put which was uttered in almost the last articulate words which were taken down unaltered from his failing speech—words in which he passed most naturally from the thought of his own personal life to the thought of the Abbey in which he had lived. "The end has come," he said, "in the way in which I most desired it should come. I could not have controlled it better. After preaching one of my sermons on the Beatitudes, I had a most violent fit of sickness, took to my bed, and said immediately that I wished to die at Westminster. I am perfectly happy, perfectly satisfied; I have no misgivings." And again, a little later on: "So far as I knew what the duties of this office are supposed to be, in spite of every incompetence, I yet humbly trust that I have sustained before the mind of the nation the extraordinary value of the Abbey as a religious, liberal, and national institution."

However men have questioned other burials in the Abbey, there is no doubt about his right to be buried there. He has given the venerable structure a deeper meaning, and therefore a deeper sacredness, to countless minds. His use of the building of many centuries for the best purposes of this latest century in which he lived is a true picture of how he tried to make the unchanging Church of Christ a real and living servant of this modern time, with its changed needs and thoughts.

The short and hurried visit of Dean Stanley to the United States in 1878 will be long remembered here. It is not too much to say that more than any Englishman of distinction who has visited this country he entered into sympathetic understanding of its life. He came as an historian and as an Englishman. When he stood upon the hill at Plymouth, and took in with wonderful distinctness the whole scene of the landing of the Pilgrims; when

he made his pilgrimage to Channing's grave; when he stood upon the spot of André's execution, and conceived the beautiful inscription which he afterward wrote out for the monument to be erected there—always he was the historian and the Englishman, loving to trace in the first settlement of the country, and in the struggle for independence, and in the growth of liberal and humane Christian thought, the tokens in the New World of that same trusty human character which he at once shared and honored in the mother-country. But always, besides being the historian and the Englishman, he was also the prophet and the man; ready and glad to recognize that, for the State and for the Church and for the race, God had appointed a work here in America which could be done only here, and so honoring our country not simply as the issue of great histories in the past, not simply as the echo on new shores of a life which he respected and loved at home, but as the minister of unknown works for God and man in the great future, as containing the promise and potency of sorts of life in the days to come which she alone could furnish. The sketch of America which he wrote in a magazine article on his return was very remarkable for its observation and thoughtful insight. More than ever, since that visit, the deanery and the Abbey have been open to Americans. And in all the last services in which he took part there, from the day of the murderous assault upon President Garfield, prayers were offered in the Abbey, by the Dean's direction, that the life of the American President might be spared to his nation and the world.

As we close this rapid survey of Dean Stanley's life, can there be any doubt what are the lessons which he would wish to have it teach? Must not the first certainly be this: that Christ is the Lord of human history, and that in His gospel and His Church, ever more broadly

and spiritually conceived, lies the true hope of human progress and the true field of human work? And is not the second this: that human existence is full of crowded interest, and that simplicity, integrity, the love of truth, and high, unselfish aims must make for any man in whom they meet a rich and happy life?

These lessons will be taught by many lives in many languages before the end shall come; but for many years yet to come there will be men who will find not the least persuasive and impressive teachings of them in Dean Stanley's life. The heavens will still be bright with stars, and younger men will never miss the radiance which they never saw. But for those who once watched for his light there will always be a spot of special darkness in the heavens, where a star of special beauty went out when he died.

ADDRESS AT THE LAYING OF CORNER-STONE OF THE WELLS MEMORIAL WORKING-MEN'S CLUB AND INSTITUTE, BOSTON, MASS., MAY 30, 1882.

THE corner-stone is laid, and I know that as it has been laid your hearts with ours have asked that God's blessing might be upon it and upon the ceremonies in which we have participated. We believe that this building for working-men is for the good of the city of Boston. We believe that this institution, while it sums up all the inspirations that have gone before, is also full of the promise of the morning and the springtime that is yet to come. In the deep and earnest sense that only in the love of God could we fitly plant and found an institution such as this, there lies its hope—in its profound righteousness. In the earnest sense that only with the name of Christ written upon the corner-stone and upon its top stone can it succeed, we earnestly look forward for a fruitful future for it.

I cannot help thinking, I have been thinking all day, as I have walked about these streets and found the city full of the stir of some strange emotion, that there was a certain fitness that we should come here and in the closing hours of this Decoration Day lay the corner-stone of the Wells Memorial Working-men's Club and Institute building. There is a singular fitness in the choice of this day —this day in which our whole people lift up their voices and praise the men who years ago gave their lives for the

salvation of our country, for the abolition of slavery, and for the putting down of the rebellion.

We rejoice that upon such a day as this we may come and take our places here in this building, while garlands are being strewn upon the graves of departed heroes and within sound of the music that sings their praises, and lay the corner-stone of this institution; so that the flowers that grateful hearts heap above the soldiers that have long been dead, and the fragrance of this that we are doing, mingle together not ungratefully.

We have a great united country to-day; we have a great free country, in which men may come together for the best objects for which men strive, thanks to those men who laid down their lives so long ago that the youngest of those who listen to me now do not remember them. But surely all of you have heard from your fathers that within the lifetime of this generation there have been men who did not value life while their country was in danger, and who went willingly to lay it down for their country's salvation. It would mean very little if our work here to-day began here; if we did not know that they who have fought and died simply made our work possible; if it were not possible that we could look upon our work simply as an extension of their work; if it were not possible that we could look upon this building as simply the battle-field that comes after their battle-field. The same great work which was done by the soldiers in the war, the same great work that has been done by all great and brave men, is still being continually done by men in the new inspiration in the work of our own times. For the great battle that goes on through the ages is a battle that is never finished, but is always being fought. Each new victory but opens a new campaign.

The work that one set of men does only throws open the door so that other men may come in and do work

which must look to the same sources of inspiration and have the same sort of strength.

You who are to do the work which will be done in this institution are engaged in the same battle. You are to fight the same battle that they fought who laid down their lives for the country during the great war which we remember. Just as during that war when the army came to a river one corps which could do the special work of building bridges or laying down pontoons were sent forward, and when they had done their work retired, and the men with their arms, with their horses, with their artillery, came pressing on and went over the bridge which the corps had built, so one generation of men does its special work and passes on—this special work which more or less lingers afterward in history—then the next generation comes to do like work, to carry on the same campaign, to follow in the same untiring way, winning perhaps less extensive renown, a less glorious record on the page of history, but just as clear, just as honored, and just as loved in the eye of Him who looks at the real essence of our work and cares not whether men call it glorious or obscure.

What is the battle that is to be fought here? In the inspiring words of your president's address it has already been explained to us. The battle that is to be fought out in this building he made plain to us when he bade us think of those things that are to be cultivated here, when he bade us remember that in sobriety, in intelligence, in industry, in skill, in thrift, there lay the great salvation of the working-men; when he told us that the enemies of the working-man were intemperance, the yielding to his lusts, the giving up of those things which are of infinite value for those which are of immediate value; unskilfulness, the willingness to do things in a poor, meager, and shambling way instead of doing them in the best and finest

way in which they can be done, unthriftiness, the lavish hand that flings far and wide that which it were best to keep—these are the things that are the real enemies of the working-men to-day, and the enemy of the working-man in America is the enemy of America.

Just as truly is the enemy of American liberty the vices which beset our working-men as were those men who a quarter of a century ago lifted up their hands against the government. And far more insidious, far more difficult to conquer. With these enemies the great conflict is to be fought, not only in this but in every institution like this, and in the lives and homes of the working-men throughout our land. To us, holding these views, the laying of the corner-stone to-day, it seems to me, is the sounding of the bugle call that summons the army into existence that is to fight against our great modern enemies.

You, working-men of Boston, must set your faces against those great enemies of whom I have spoken—intemperance, slothfulness, unskilfulness, and the rest. It is because this building is to be used for the education and the training of the soldiers for this new army in this coming war that we rejoice in the laying of this corner-stone to-day.

There is another enemy, of lighter weight it sometimes seems, and yet which does certainly strike at the vitals of the working-man. The dark and heavy brooding care which rests upon their lives. The way in which cheerfulness seems to be driven out of their experiences, the way in which discontent becomes fastened in their minds—here is one of the enemies of the working-man against which this club sets its face. With its great army of cheerfulness it sets itself against the dreadful attacks that this enemy, care and wretchedness, is always bringing upon our working-men. Against uncheerfulness, against unthriftiness, against wretchedness and poverty this club

sets its face, and every appliance about which we have heard something this afternoon is but the detail of the way in which the soldiers are to be equipped in this great fight.

There is something else which occurs to me as forming an analogy between the old war which has been fought and the new war which we are now waging. There was a part of that old war which involved no blame on either side. There was more done than the putting down of a rebellion which we believed to be wrong. There was the solving of problems which had become very difficult, problems which especially perplexed our national life, and as we see them now it seems that they could not have been solved except in some such great struggle as that through which we passed in those four dreadful years. It is so still. There are hard questions besetting all the workshops in the land, questions about the relations of the poor man to the rich man, and of the rich man to the poor man; questions about the relations of capital to labor and labor to capital. These things, which employ the best thoughts of our times, must find their ultimate settlement in the lives of the two great classes, and the way in which they are adjusted to one another in this life; and if the working-men of our country can live worthier and nobler lives they not merely will do something to conquer the enemies I have just been speaking of, but they will do something to help to the solution of these great problems that seem to loom up with such danger in the future. They will do something to make more true the relations between the two great classes, the rich and the poor, though, thank God, there is no fixed barrier between them, because the poor man of to-day is the rich man of to-morrow, and the rich man sometimes becomes poor, so that there can be no permanent or serious danger to the community in which these two classes will always be.

This building would mean little if simply the working-men of Boston in the future years might come and have a good time here. It would mean little, surely, if they should rest content in the discussion of such questions as the tenure of the working-man's work. But we will not let our wishes or our hopes stop short of the belief that in this work, in this house, and in the occupations that belong to it, there must be some sort of light thrown upon the puzzling and bewildering questions of our social lives, of the relations of class to class, of the way in which men here in God's great world are to live and work together harmoniously, notwithstanding their different conditions.

If I be right in this view, and if the war which was thought to be finished seventeen years ago is not finished yet, but has come down to us, is still going on to-day, and we enter into our part of it in this new experience, which is inaugurated with this building, then this certainly is a memorable day. We learned in our war that ultimately the great power of victory must always rest, not in the mere equipment of the army, not in the mere advantage of position, not in the mere rapidity of the movements of the troops, but the ultimate salvation of the country must depend upon the character of the soldier himself. If that were true in that old war it is certainly true in this new war of which we are speaking now; we may be equipped as completely as we please, we may make our appliances as efficacious as our skill can make them, but unless the men who are actually to do the fighting with the enemies of the country—idleness, intemperance, selfishness, that prevails throughout our city—unless these men be noble, manful, consecrated men, all our appliances will fail.

It is because we believe that the men who have undertaken this work are such consecrated, manly, noble, lofty-minded, and religious men that we have vast hopes for a great future before us to-day. If the old times needed

men of iron, the new times, with their new tasks, need finer men, men of finer temper, in whom subtler elements have been mixed, men who have been tried in hotter fires. If the old times needed men of iron, the new times need men of steel. If it was a hard thing to go and serve one's country in the fields of South Carolina and Virginia, it is a harder thing for the working-man to do his duty now, by himself, by his country, and by his city, and by his race, in the toils which are consecrated in this building whose corner-stone we have just laid. Therefore we ask God's blessing to-day, not simply upon the building, but upon the men who are to live within it. We ask that that God from whom alone can come true joy may come and make this place one of abundant happiness; that that God through whose power alone men can learn completely to control their appetites may come and make this house the house of temperance; that that God who is the true Teacher of His children may come and make men anxious to do their work in the most skilful and thorough way; that that God who is Father of us all may teach us how to live our daily lives, looking up and looking down, and helping all alike and smoothing the path of life for all.

The enemies that we have got to fight are before us on the field in this new battle—all Boston is full of them. Intemperance, sloth, selfishness, are here before us, and the great question with all such institutions as this is whether they can possibly overtake them, whether they can fight them before they have ravaged the field, and turn them back and drive them away.

Some of us can remember how from the Rappahannock up through Maryland, into the very heart of Pennsylvania, Meade chased the invading forces of Lee over the fields. We remember the two days of Gettysburg, how the Federal army on the first day just held its ground and how on the second day the tide of invasion was turned back!

It was a critical time. We had been chasing the enemy, who had got the start, and the fight was with an enemy upon the soil where it had already secured its position; and when the tidings came that Lee was turned back into Maryland, the whole country lifted up its voice in cheers and thanksgiving.

So you will find that, however you may go forward in the good work, the enemy is on the soil before you, that intemperance and ignorance and unthriftiness and infidelity and irreligion and selfishness have possession of the field here in Boston now. God grant that you and those who come up afterwards may be the men fitted for the occasion, able to take your place here and to do the work that those men began twenty years ago upon the field of Gettysburg.

Where is the Reynolds, where is the Meade, that is to lead the army in this new and redeeming fight against the enemy that has already possession of the soil? We do not trust in them because we see them, but because we believe, as we used to in the old days of war, that our cause is God's cause; because, therefore, we believe that God will raise up the men to do the work; because we believe He has called men and set them into the front of this work, which, however mighty it may be among the multitudinous vices of our city, we look upon with vast, earnest hope; because we believe that God is behind it do we to-day look forward and dare to anticipate a great future, a great usefulness, and a great success for the Wells Memorial Working-men's Institute. *May God our Father's blessing rest upon it;* may it draw in more and more the sympathy of the working-men of the city in the years that are to come, and may we afterward look back to this day, when we laid this corner-stone, thankful that there was in our time faith and hope enough in men and in God to start an institution such as this.

MARTIN LUTHER.

(Address at Celebration by the Evangelical Alliance of the United States of the Four Hundredth Anniversary of his Birth. New York, November 13, 1883.)

THE noblest monument of modern Europe stands in the old town of Worms, erected fourteen years ago in memory of the man who was born in Eisleben at nine o'clock on the evening of the 10th of November, 1483, four hundred years ago last Saturday night. In the center of the group stands the stately effigy of Martin Luther overtopping all the rest, and around him are assembled the forerunners, the supporters, and the friends of him and of the Reformation, which must always be most associated with his name. Savonarola, Wickliffe, Huss and Waldo, Frederick the Wise and Philip the Magnanimous, Philip Melanchthon and John Reuchlin, the city of Augsburg with her palm-branch, the city of Magdeburg mourning over her desolation, and the city of Spires holding forth her famous protest—all of these sit or stand in imperishable bronze around the sturdy doctor who was the master of them all.

That monument at Worms but represents and utters the vivid memory in which the great Reformer is held not merely in Germany, but through all the world of Protestantism. The approach of the anniversary of his birth has been greeted with an overwhelming welcome. The old German towns in which he lived have reproduced in pageants and processions the pictures of his life. His unforgotten face has come back once more to a thousand

homes. His books have been re-read. His faults and virtues have been re-discussed. His place and power in history have been estimated anew; and the whole great portion of the world which has been blessed through him has thanked God once again that he was born.

At such a time the voice of the Protestants of America could not be silent. It has not failed to speak in many ways, and now to-night we have assembled at the summons of the Evangelical Alliance to do honor to the memory of Martin Luther, and to think together of what he was and did.

We are to think of one of the *greatest men* of human history. I say advisedly one of the greatest *men;* for at the outset we ought to realize that it is the personality of Luther, afire with great indignations, believing in great ideas, writing books which in some true sense are great books, doing great, brave, inspiring deeds, but carrying all the while its power in itself, in his being what he was —it is the personality of Luther which really holds the secret of his power. It is *he* that men hate and love with ever fresh emotion, just as they loved and hated him four centuries ago. His books were burned, but the real object of the hate was he. His pamphlets, scattered broadcast over Germany, were read and praised and treasured, but the real love and loyalty and looking up for power was to him. Indeed, the name and fame of Luther coming down through history under God's safe-conduct has been full of almost the same vitality, and has been attended by almost the same admiration and abuse, as was the figure of Luther in that famous journey which took him in his rude Saxon wagon from Wittenberg to Worms when he went up to the Diet; and at Leipzig, Nürnberg, Weimar, Erfurt, Gotha, Frankfürt, the shouts of his friends and the curses of his enemies showed that no man in Germany was loved or hated as he was.

It is this vigorous and personal manhood which is the strength of Luther, and if we analyze it a little we can see easily enough out of what two elements it was made up, or, more properly, perhaps, in what two channels it ran and made its strength effective. Both are distinctively religious. There are two sentences out of two parables of Jesus which describe indeed the two components of the strongest strength of all religious men. One is this, from the parable of the vineyard: "When the time of fruit grew near, the lord of the vineyard sent his servants to the husbandmen that they might receive the fruit of the vineyard;" and the other is the cry of the returning prodigal: "I will arise and go to my father." Put these two together into any deep and lofty soul (you cannot put them into any other), and what a strength you have! The consciousness of being sent from God with a mission for which the time is ripe, and the consciousness of eager return to God, of the great human struggle after Him, possessing a nature which cannot live without Him—the imperious commission from above and the tumultuous experience within—these two, not inconsistent with each other, have met in all the great Christian workers and reformers who have moved and changed the world. These two lived together in the whole life of Luther. The one spoke out in the presence of the emperor at Worms. The other wrestled unseen in the agonies of the cloister cell at Erfurt. The broad and vigorous issue of the two displayed itself in the exalted but always healthy and generous humanity which, with pervasive sympathy, filled and embraced all the humanity about it, not as persuasions or convictions—that would not have worked any such result—but as the living forces which exalted and refined and consecrated and enlarged a nature of great natural nobility and richness. So it was that the sense of the divine commission and the profound-

ness of the human struggle created the Luther who shook the thrones of pope and Cæsar and made all Europe new. You need only look into the faces of Hans Luther and his wife Margaret, which hang, painted by Lucas Cranach, in the Luther Chamber at the Wartburg, and you will see how you have only to add the fine fire of a realized commission and a remembered struggle to the rugged German strength of the father and the human sweetness in the mother's eyes, and you will have the full life of their great son.

It was in conformity to this fundamental character of Luther's greatness, his large humanity inspired by the consciousness of his mission and the depth of his personal struggle after God, that he found his true place among the great Reformers, as their leader, and yet as one who needed the supplementing help of others to make up the total work. Every complete and permanent religious movement will have its moralists, its mystics, its theologians, its ecclesiastics, and its politicians. Of these characters Luther really possessed only the first two. He was not properly a theologian; John Calvin was that. The English reformers were ecclesiastics. Zwingle was the politician. But Luther was the moralist and the mystic. Direct, eternal righteousness, and the communion of the soul with God, these were the powers by which he lived, the prizes for which he fought. When, with his soul indignant against poor Tetzel and his wretched indulgences, he nailed his theses on the church-door at Wittenberg, he was the moralist. It was for righteousness that he spoke out. And it was to Tauler and to the Theologia Germanica, the mystic oracles, that he always, among all writers, gave his love and looked for his inspiration.

These are the universal human elements of religious strength and character. The theologian may be far separated from humanity, the mere arranger of abstract ideas.

The ecclesiastic may be quite unhuman too, the manager of intricate machineries. But the man who is truly moralist and mystic must be full of a genuine humanity. He is the prophet and the priest at once. He brings the eternal Word of God to man, and he utters the universal cry of man to God. Nothing that is human can be strange to him, and so nothing that is human can count him really strange to it. David, Isaiah, John the Baptist, Paul—nay, let us speak the highest name, Jesus, the Christ Himself—these elements were in them all. Grace and truth, faith and conscience, met in them and made their power. These elements united in our Luther, and so it was, as the result of them, that he inspired humanity and moved the souls of men and nations as the tide moves the waves.

If the opposite had not been sometimes suggested, it would seem needless to say that the movement which we associate with Luther was preëminently and essentially religious. It reached out to many most various interests of man. It enlisted all of men's strongest motives in its aid. It made the electors of Saxony and the landgrave of Hesse its servants. It sent out the translated Bible as the standard and source of German literature. It laid the deepest foundations of German unity. It was so wide that when last year Haeckel the Darwinian, the apostle of the newest science, described in glowing eulogy, at Eisenach, before the naturalists of the nineteenth century, the triumphs of the great English scientist, he could find no stronger statement than to say that Darwin had carried on the work of Luther and that evolution was the new reformation doctrine. Luther himself never forgot his love for learning, and carried his Plautus and his Virgil with him into the cloister. All this is true. And yet the soul and power of Luther and of his Reformation was religion. The service of God and the communion with God, these made his conscious strength. The very gro-

tesque and almost horrible intensity with which he hated the humanists, the disciples of the renascence who were not, or whom he thought not to be, religious, shows how he made religion the center and heart of all. "Erasmus of Rotterdam," he cries, "is the vilest miscreant that ever disgraced the earth." "He is a very Caiaphas." "Whenever I pray I pray for a curse upon Erasmus." Erasmus was no pagan, but he was not Christian enough for Luther, therefore he won these terrible denunciations. To take religion out of the Protestant Reformation is to take the sun out of the sunshine!

And then again, writers dispute about whether the Reformation belonged to Luther or Luther to the Reformation. They ask whether he created the great change which came, or only led it, as the first wave which the incoming tide drives before the other waves on to the beach is the leader of the rest. It is a useless question. Little indeed and very transitory the Reformation would have been if it had been any one man's work. The work of a great man cannot be so separated from the humanity of which he forms a part, in which as well as for which he is laboring, which moves and conquers in him. Luther himself, with his double relation always realized—Luther himself, the man of sympathy with man and of prayer to God—Luther would ever be the last to claim that he created any great movement of humanity under the will of God. And yet if ever one man's personality was prominent and powerful in a great crisis, it was his here. Once at Weimar he found Melanchthon very ill. His eyes were dim, his tongue faltering, his understanding almost gone. "Alas," complained Luther, "that the devil should have thus unstrung so fine an instrument." Then he knelt down beside his sick friend and prayed. Then he stood up beside his friend and cried, "Be of good courage, Philip; you shall not die." "It is God's delight to impart

life, not to inflict death." "Trust in the Lord, who can impart new life." When Melanchthon gets well, what physician dwelling on the power of nature, what Christian praising the power of God, will exclude the power of Luther's healthy personality, of his robust, majestic manhood, from its share in the restoration of the gentle scholar? And as he gave life to Melanchthon, so he gave it to the religion of the gospel, sick almost to death and very full of desolation and despair.

If we look for a few moments at the causes which Luther especially loved and for which he spent his life in battling, we shall see, I think, how his loyalty to them confirms what I have just been saying. He is the champion of two great truths: the freedom of the human intelligence, and of justification by faith. These are the watchwords on his banner. With these two war-cries ringing from his trumpet he has come in masterful strength down the ages.

Let us look at them both. What was it Luther meant when in the face of pope and council he insisted that the human intelligence must be freed? "Unless I be convicted of error by the Scriptures or by powerful reasons, neither can nor will I dare to retract anything. Here stand I. I can do no otherwise. God help me." Oh the power and revelation of that word, Dare! It was the serious utterance of a brave, religious, human soul. So it has appealed to all human souls always. But it was the utterance of a soul conscious of God and of its own mysterious self. "I *dare* not retract," it said. It was no outburst of wilfulness. The two compulsions, the compulsion to tell God's truth to men and the compulsion to come near to God Himself, held him so fast that he could not escape. There was no wilfulness. It was not that he *would* not be the slave of authority. He did not *dare* to be. It was not so much that he refused the obedience of

men, as that he gave himself heart and soul to the obedience of God. True, he had not escaped from the old belief that there must be somewhere on the earth an infallible utterance of the will of God; and when he revolted against pope and council, he clothed the Bible with the oracular authority which had belonged to them; but all the time behind the Bible lay the intense conviction of the rights and claims of his own conscience and his own soul, the moral and the mystic sense, which keep life nobly free in the devout acceptance of supreme authority. And Luther's bibliolatry was always of a spiritual and reasonable, never of a mechanical and superstitious sort.

And then think of his favorite dogma—justification by faith. Tetzel came peddling his indulgences in Wittenberg market-place. "Buy one of these," he said, "and God will bless you. God's minister in Rome, Leo X., assures you of it." Disguise, explain, soften it as you will by all the subtle commentaries of the Romish doctors, that was what the peasants of the Elbe country understood when the eager monk offered them the precious piece of paper and reached his hand out for their money. Against that the whole soul of the moralist and mystic rose in protest. The moralist declared that it was not true, and that to promise that God would give for money those blessings which belonged only to character and goodness, was to degrade morality and open the floodgate to all wickedness. The mystic took a still deeper tone. To him the whole picture of man bargaining with God was an abomination. God and the soul are infinitely near to each other. God is in the soul. The soul also is in God. In a great free confidence, in perfect trust, in the realization of how it belongs to Him, in unquestioning acceptance of His love, the soul takes God's mercy and God's goodness into itself in virtue of its very belonging to Him. Not by a bargain as when you buy your goods

across the counter, but by an openness and willingness which realizes the oneness of your life with God's, as when the bay opens its bosom to the inflow of the sea, so does your soul receive the grace of God. However he may have stated it in the old familiar forms of bargain, this was Luther's real doctrine of justification by faith. It was mystic, not dogmatic. It was of the soul and the experience, not of the reason. Faith was not an act, but a being—not what you did, but what you were. The whole truth of the immanence of God and of the essential belonging of the human life to the divine—the whole truth that God is a power *in* man and not simply a power over man, building him as a man builds a house, guiding him as a man steers a ship, this whole truth, in which lies the seed of all humanity, all progress, all great human hope, lay in the truth that justification was by faith and not by works. No wonder that Luther loved it. No wonder that he thought it critical. No wonder that he wrote to Melanchthon, hesitating at Augsburg, "Take care that you give not up justification by faith. That is the heel of the seed of the woman which is to crush the serpent's head."

As we see thus the moralist and mystic meeting in the most powerful personality of modern history, what shall we say? Is it not true that every powerful humanity which shall profoundly affect the life of men and open new futures for the race must bear united in itself these elements of power? All the great human forces become the servants of the man who carries in himself the powers of righteousness and the power of communion with God. Just as the three chief political friends of Martin Luther were Frederick the Wise, John the Steadfast, and Philip the Magnanimous, so these three qualities in man, wisdom and steadfastness and magnanimity, will always be the willing friends and servants of him who brings the spirit

of uncompromising righteousness and the spirit of devout communion with the Infinite and the Eternal to claim their loyalty. If his be a great nature he will do great things. If he come at the turning of the tide he will stand forever as one of the cardinal figures of history; but whether his personal genius be great or small, whether he come in the darkness or in the light, the man who is passionate for righteousness and who loves God will do things of the first and finest sort, and will leave his influence, read or unread, upon the story of his race, for he alone is truly human. He alone holds his soul open both to God and man. He alone catches and repeats the true power, human and divine, of Jesus Christ. The stars in their courses fight for him. He is in league with the eternal order and the eternal light. The empire of Charles V. may fall to pieces, the learning of Erasmus may grow obsolete, the splendor of Leo may become tawdry, the theology of Calvin may be disproved, but the humanity of Luther, strong with the enthusiasm of righteousness and the present love of God, will be a spell to hold the hearts of men when many more than four centuries shall have passed away.

One more word while I speak thus in general of the large humanity of Luther as the true secret and substance of his power. A large humanity is many-sided, and must have its genial and gracious and domestic exhibitions as well as its awful warnings and imperious commands. The wind that shakes the forests sings its wordless songs through the sweet and pathetic strings of the harp in the house window. If it was true humanity that thundered its determination "to enter Worms although as many devils should set at me as there are tiles upon the housetops," it was the same humanity which loved to play beside the Christmas-trees with little children, which turned the cloister of Wittenberg into a Christian home, which

talked the language of the common folk and would not refuse the humblest of their idioms a place in his translation of the Word of God, which kept the human painter Lucas Cranach by his side to turn his thoughts to pictures, and which ran over with melodious hymns that have become the lyrics of his people's life as a fountain overruns with water. Moses and David both—what a true son of man he was! We saw how he could thunder with most uncomely rage at Erasmus. None the less he could sink down in weariness and cry pathetically beside the grave of one of his old brother-monks at Erfurt. "How calmly he sleeps, and I," he went to Worms saying—"I will confess yet in Behemoth's mouth between his great teeth." But they who sat and watched in the next room the night before he stood in the presence of the Diet heard the great sobs which shook his mighty frame and the passionate prayers with which he called out to God for help in weakness. He was the father, the creator of a literature, and yet no writer was ever less the literary man. He never wrote but for a purpose. "His prose," says Richter, "is a half battle." Whether the story on the Wartburg be a true tale or a false legend, he was always throwing his inkstand at the devil. In that devil he believed with a child's simple faith and a brave man's, nay, a true saint's, fearlessness. He was a supernaturalist for whom nature was all the more dear and interesting because of the great forces which he felt working in it. In him was that after which Christianity is always struggling, that of which Christ is the pattern and the consummation, a humanity which was all the more human because of its immediate and uninterrupted consciousness of Divinity.

Some men are events. It is not what they say or what they do, but what they are, that moves the world. Luther declared great truths; he did great deeds; and yet there is a certain sense in which his words and deeds are valu-

able only as they showed him, as they made manifest a son of God living a strong, brave, clear-sighted human life. It is thus that I have spoken of him so far, feeling his presence still through the deep atmosphere of these four hundred years. It is not certainly as the founder of any sect; more, but not mostly, it is as the preacher of certain truths; but most of all it is as uttering in his very being a reassertion of the divine idea of humanity, that he comes with this wonderfully fresh vitality into our modern days.

But, when we set ourselves to look at it more in its details, what a life of word and work it was through which his spirit found its education and sent forth its force into the world! His father, the Thuringian miner, lived in the little town of Mansfeld, and out of the hills he won with constant toil the money to send his bright, sturdy little boy to school. The young Luther got his earlier education at Magdeburg and Eisenach. When he was eighteen years old he went to the University at Erfurt and studied classics and philosophy. And then there came the change. Some sudden shock, perhaps the sickness of a friend, perhaps the storm of thunder and lightning, sent him into the Augustinian cloister and he became a monk. His old father protested, but it did no good. Buried out of sight for the next three years, he wrestled for his soul's life. The fiercest mental struggle went on in his solitary cell. "I tormented myself to death," he said, "to make my peace with God, but I was in darkness and found it not." Then he was sent to Wittenberg to teach in the new university. The fire was in his heart. The unsatisfied restlessness filled his soul. Then he went up to Rome and saw, as all the world remembers, how there was no satisfaction for him there. As he came back, now twenty-nine years old, the light began to dawn. The Bible revealed its heart to him.

"The just shall live by faith" seemed to ring out to him the divine answer to all his agonies and doubts. Then, five years later, Tetzel came with his indulgences, and Dr. Martin Luther walked down the old main street of Wittenberg and nailed his Reformation theses on the door of the Castle Church on All Saints' Eve, the 31st of October, 1517. There they are to-day on the door of the same church cast in perpetual bronze. Think what a youth that was! What a great preparation for a life! Three scenes stand out in it forever: the meadow just outside of Erfurt where, in the fury of the storm, with the lightning striking at his feet, he resolved that he would be a monk; the Augustinian convent where he fought over the new-found Bible for his soul; and the church-door where he nailed up his theses against the indulgences of the pope. The scenes of resolution, of struggle, and of first decided action—the three Epiphanies of every opening life of power.

The year 1517, with which the first period ends and the second period begins, was the explosive year of Luther's life. Then the materials met after their long preparation and the flash came. After that the fire spread rapidly. The events came thick and fast. In 1518 came the Diet of Augsburg, where he met the Cardinal Legate Cajetan and ended his discussion by an appeal "from the pope ill-informed to the pope to be better informed." The next year came the great debate with Eck at Leipzig, where Luther finally denied the superiority of the Roman Church and became indeed the leader of the German nation against Italian domination. Upon this followed his two pamphlets, his "Address to the Christian Nobility of the German Nation" and his "Babylonian Captivity of the Church," which rang like trumpet-blasts through Germany and Christendom. The next year he was excommunicated by the pope, and solemnly burned what he called "the

execrable bull of Antichrist" outside the gate of Wittenberg. In 1521 he stood alone with the truth and God upon his side before the Imperial Tribunal at Worms. Then came his friendly imprisonment at the Wartburg, where he translated the New Testament in that sacred room, as if here, "with mere heaven and the silent Thuringian hills looking on," so Carlyle says, "a grand and grandest battle of one man versus the devil and all men was fought, and the latest prophecy of the eternal was made to these sad ages that yet run." Thence he escaped, summoned by a cry of his people, which he could not resist, in the fierce peasant insurrections; and by and by, in a lull of that wild struggle, he married. The emancipated monk married the emancipated nun, and the happy and busy family life, teeming with work, ringing with song and laugh and children, began in the old grim cloister rooms at Wittenberg. These eight years from 1517 to 1525 make the center and the power of the great Reformer's life. As we turn the leaf upon which they are written we turn from medieval into modern history. Before them all is fantastical and strange, full of half-lights not easy for us to understand or follow. After them all is full of motive and meaning which we can comprehend. Indeed, there are two truly cardinal men: Martin Luther in this century in Germany, and Oliver Cromwell in the next century in England, on whom more than on any others the great gates seem to turn and open which let the race through from the Old World into the New. And to the great scenes of history are added in this central period of Luther's life these three: the field close to the gate of Wittenberg where he burned the bull; the bishop's palace at Worms where he faced the Diet; and the room at the Wartburg where he translated the New Testament and whence he escaped out of the keeping of his too cau-

tious friends with his life in his hands to go and save his perplexed and suffering people.

A long and busy twenty-one years remained before the end came, and he died in 1546, at the same Eisleben where sixty-three years before he had been born. They were years full of work and struggle, years also full of prayer and faith. It is not necessary to trace them in detail. There are some things about them not wholly pleasant to trace. More and more the growing Reformation mixed itself up with politics and statecraft—and for the political side of reformation Luther cared but little. The discussion about the Lord's Supper with the light-loving Swiss Reformer Zwingle came, and Luther never showed so badly as in that debate in the picturesque old castle at Marburg. He was overbearing there. He clung in the letter. He would not pass into the Spirit. And he was not thoroughly true. The moralist and mystic was not wholly ready for the hour. Indeed, in all these years there is a lurking sense of reaction and timidity. He is not all the man he was. And yet they were rich years. The people were upon his soul, and his soul was very near to God. "The Warning of Dr. Martin Luther to his dear Germans," so reads the title-page of one of the hundred pamphlets which came pouring from his press at Wittenberg. It was the title-page of this last volume of his life. The mountain which had stood so long, rich with deep verdure, catching the sunshine, bearing the first brunt of the storms, casting abroad its bounteous shade, sending refreshing waters down on all its sides into the valleys, sometimes also volcanic and fiery, grew perhaps calmer, colder, more unworldly as the snows of winter gathered on its head; but it was the crown of the great landscape still; it gave dignity to all the life about it; it caught the sunshine and bore witness of the heavens to

the end. On a journey of peacemaking and of friendship, Luther was taken very ill, and died on the 18th of February, 1546. Almost his last words before he passed into the perfect presence of the God whom he had loved and served so long were words of faith and hope, the words of his Master, the words of the Cross: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

The man who dies with those words on his lips and in his heart goes forth to do the work of God in the immortal life, goes also forth in influence upon the earth among the coming generations of mankind. So Luther went when the long weary work was over and he lay at last calm and dead at Eisleben. What shall we say of that great marching of his soul, that power of his influence which has had so much to do with the making of the modern world? He was the great Reformer. Is then the world reformed? He was the great Protestant. Is then his Protestantism a failure or a success? The answer to that question must depend upon what we mean by Protestantism and what is the standard by which we judge success. If we are foolish enough to think of Protestantism as a power which tried to take the place of Rome and govern mankind after the same false fashion in which that spiritual tyrant had aspired to be the mistress of the world; if we let ourselves think that Protestantism is a fixed set of doctrines claiming infallibility and refusing all prospect of development, and that for Protestantism to succeed is for her to bring and hold all men together in loyalty to lengthy creeds and in submission to a central ecclesiastical authority—then certainly Protestantism has failed, as it ought to have failed. But we have not so read the hope which Luther spread as with the very finger of the morning opening the skies for a new day, before the world. Surely the Protestantism has not failed which for four centuries at least has held the tyranny of Rome in check and filled

the earth with such a live intelligence and so much of the spirit of freedom that even if Rome should again become the mistress of the world she could not be the blind and brutal Rome of which Leo boasted and with which Luther fought.

But there is more to say than that. These centuries of Anglo-Saxon life made by the ideas of Luther answer the question. The Protestantism of Milton and of Goethe, of Howard and of Francke, of Newton and of Leibnitz, of Bunyan and of Butler, of Wordsworth and of Tennyson, of Wesley and of Channing, of Schleiermacher and of Maurice, of Washington and of Lincoln, is no failure. We may well dismiss the foolish question and with new pride and resolve brighten afresh the great name of Protestant upon our foreheads.

Have we not seen to-day something of what Protestantism really is—the Protestantism which cannot fail? Full of the sense of duty and the spirit of holiness there stands Luther—moralist and mystic. Conscience and faith are not in conflict but in lofty unison in him. Through him, because he was that, God's waiting light and power stream into the world and the old lies wither and humanity springs upon its feet. Ah, there is no failure there! There cannot be. The time will come—perhaps the time has come—when a new Luther will be needed for the next great step that humanity must take, but that next step is possible mainly because of what the Monk of Wittenberg was and did four hundred years ago. There is no failure there. Only one strain in the music of the eternal success—fading away but to give space for a new and higher strain.

It may be that another Luther is not likely. It may be that the freer atmosphere in which the world is henceforth to live will give no chance for such explosions as in the sixteenth century burst open the tight walls of papal

power. Perhaps not by the apparition of one great leader, but by the steady upward movement of the inspired whole, the future great advances of humanity are to be made. No man can say; but this at least is sure, that the great principles of Martin Luther's life must be the principles of every advance of man on to the very end. Always it must be by a regeneration of humanity. Always it must be by the power of God filling the soul of man. Always it must be religious. Always it must be God summoning man, man reaching after God. Always it must be the moralist and the mystic, conscience and faith meeting in the single human hero or in humanity at large, which makes the reformation. And however it shall come, all human progress must remember Martin Luther.

Every reformation until man comes to his perfection will be easier and surer because of this great Reformer whom we have been honoring, for whom we have been thanking God, to-day. Every return of man, rebellious against sin or worldliness or false authority, into a more simple and devout obedience to the God to whom he belongs, will remember with gratitude and find strength in remembering brave Martin Luther. The echo of the shouts which rang at Wittenberg while the pope's bull was burning, the echo of the trumpets which the watchman on the tower blew when Luther entered into Worms, will be heard, if men listen for them, in the farthest and latest of the ever-repeated chimes which, until the Light and the Lord have perfectly possessed the earth, shall again and again

> "Ring out the darkness of the world,
> Ring in the Christ that is to be."

THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL.

(April 23, 1885.)

Mr. President, and Brethren of the Latin School Association: A great public school which has lived to celebrate its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary must surely have a story of which it need not be ashamed. It may well fling wide its doors and invite the congratulations of the world, for it has entered for an appreciable period into the world's history. Its arc on the great circle is long enough for the eye to see. It evidently has possessed a true vitality, and had to do with perpetual principles and the continual necessities of man. For, lo! it has lived through the changing seasons.

It evidently was no creature of the air. It must have had its roots in the unchanging ground. It stands before us in that peculiar richness of old age which belongs alike to old trees and old schools, forever fresh with the new leaves of each new spring, growing stronger as they grow older, with ever sturdier grasp upon the soil. There is nothing which the world has to show which is two hundred and fifty years old that more deserves the thankful congratulations of its friends and children than an old school, all the more strong and alive for its venerable age.

A quarter of a millennium! Let us think for a moment how long a period of time that is. It is time enough for the world to turn a new face to her sister-stars. It is a time long enough for a new order of government, a new religion, a new kind of man, to appear and to become

familiar on our planet. It is a time long enough for a new continent to be discovered and settled, and for men almost to forget that there ever was a time when its shores were unknown. It is two hundred and fifty years from the crowning of Charlemagne to the battle of Hastings, from William the Conqueror to the Black Prince, from Robert Bruce to Queen Elizabeth, from Oliver Cromwell to General Grant. It is a quarter of a millennium from Chaucer to Milton, or from Shakespeare to Tennyson. Is it not manifest how the world may change in such a period as separates the reign of Master Pormort from the reign of Master Merrill in our Boston Latin School?

When an institution has covered so long a period of time with its continuous life, it becomes a bond to hold the centuries together. It makes most picturesquely evident the unity of human life which underlies all the variety of human living. One of the values of this anniversary occasion lies in this, that in the unbroken life of our great mother the lives of all her children claim brotherhood with one another. You and I are fellow-students and schoolmates with the little Indians who came in our wilderness to claim their privilege of free tuition, when Boston hardly reached as far as Winter Street.

The little Puritan of the seventeenth century and the little Rationalist of the nineteenth look each other in the face, and understand each other better because they are both pupils of the Latin School. Nay, I am not sure but even more than that is true. Who can say that in the school's unity of life the boys of the centuries to be, the boys who will learn strange lessons, play strange games, and ask strange questions in the Latin School in 1985, are not in some subtle way present already as companions and as influences to the boys who are to-day standing on the narrow line of the present, between the great expanses of the past and future?

It is safer, and so it is wiser, that on this anniversary evening we should deal more with the past than with the future, and be more historians than prophets; yet never forgetting that no man ever deals truly with the past, when he turns his face that way, who does not feel the future coming into life behind his back. Let us remember, then, that the history of our school covers the most of three centuries, and that it began to be just at the time when what we may most truly call the modern life of our English race had at last, after many struggles, become thoroughly established.

It is good to be born at sunrise. It is good for a man or an institution to date its life from the days when an order of things which is to exist for a long time in the world is in the freshness of its youth. Such a time was the first half of the seventeenth century. Then were being sown the seeds whose harvests have not yet all been reaped. The eighteenth century which followed, and the nineteenth century in which we live, were both unfolded in that great germinal century of English life. As I have read the history of our school, it has appeared to me that there was a true correspondence between the periods of its career and the three centuries through which its life has stretched. One evidence of what a vital institution it has been, of how it has responded to the changing life around it, of how it has had its changing, ever appropriate ministry to render to that changing life, has seemed to me to lie in this: that its history divides itself into three great periods, marked by three of its most illustrious teacherships, and corresponding in a striking way to the three centuries, the seventeenth, the eighteenth, and the nineteenth. It is in the light of that correspondence, which I am sure you will see is no idle fancy of my own, that I shall ask you to consider the history of our venerable school to-night. Happily, her annals have been so

faithfully gathered by a few of her devoted sons, and so fully displayed in the historical account which has been or will shortly be spread before all her children, that I am not called upon to write her history. I need only try, availing myself freely of the results of their indefatigable labors, to show with what broad and simple readiness she has caught the spirit of each passing time, and done her duty by them all.

The institution which grows naturally in its own atmosphere and soil grows unobserved. It is the Hindu juggler's artificial mango-tree whose growth you watch, seeing each leaf put forth. The healthy rose-tree no man sees as it opens its healthy buds to flowers. Only you look out some morning, and there it is. So it is with the Latin School. It was a natural and necessary fruit of the first life of New England; and that very fact makes its beginning misty and obscure. The colony under Winthrop arrived in the *Arabella*, and founded Boston in 1630. On the 4th of September, 1633, the *Griffin* brought John Cotton from Lincolnshire to Boston, full of pious spirit and wise plans for the new colony with which he had cast in his lot. It has been suggested that possibly we owe to John Cotton the first suggestion of the first town school. Certainly we owe some other of the early things of the town to him. He brought the Thursday Lecture and the Market-Day in the *Griffin* with him. And it is evident that in his old city on the Witham he had been actually interested in the growth of a school which, in some of its features, was not unlike the one which in the second year after his arrival was set up in the new Boston. However this may be, here is the town record of the 13th of the second month, 1635. It is forever memorable, for it is the first chapter of our Book of Genesis, the very cradle of all our race: "At a general meeting upon publique notice . . . it was then generally agreed upon that our

brother Philemon Pormort shall be intreated to become scholemaster, for the teaching and nourtering of children among us." It was two hundred and fifty years ago to-day, just nineteen years after the day when William Shakespeare died, just seventy-one years after the day when he was born.

How simple that short record is, and how unconscious that short view is of the future which is wrapped up in it! Fifty-nine thousand children who crowd Boston public schools to-day—and who can count what thousands yet unborn?—are to be heard crying out for life in the dry, quaint words of that old vote. By it the first educational institution, which was to have continuous existence in America, and in it the public-school system of the land, came into being.

Philemon Pormort, the first teacher of the Latin School, is hardly more than a mere shadow of a name. It is not even clear that he ever actually taught the school at all. A few years later, with Mr. Wheelwright, after the Hutchinson excitement, he disappears into the northern woods, and is one of the founders of Exeter, in New Hampshire. There are rumors that he came back to Boston and died here, but it is all very uncertain. One would say that it was better so. This was no one man's school. It was the school of the people, the school of the town. Dim, half-discerned Philemon Pormort, with the very spelling of his name disputed, with his face looking out upon us from the mist, or rather with the mist shaping itself for a moment into a face which we may call his, merely serves to give a sort of human reality to that which would otherwise be wholly vague.

Around the shadowy form of Philemon Pormort hovers the hardly less misty figure of Daniel Maude, sometimes blending with it as possible assistant, sometimes separating from it as rival and successor—"a good man, of a

serious spirit, and of a peaceable and quiet disposition." He, too, disappears northward after a while, and goes to be the minister in Dover, in New Hampshire. In his place came Mr. Woodbridge, of whom even less is known than of his predecessors, and after him Robert Woodmansey, who ruled for twenty years, from 1650 to 1670. He, too, has faded to a shadow, leaving room for a picture, only the least trifle clearer, of Benjamin Thomson, of whom it is known that he wrote verses, which have given him a humble place among our earlier New England poets. They were not light or buoyant rhymes. None of the poems of those days would please our ear to-day. These were no gay or careless song-birds, whose music breaks forth now and then in the morning of national life. Indeed, there is a strange lack of the gaiety of sunrise in all those earliest New England days. The dawn of our history was not fresh and dewy. It was rather like the breaking of the daylight over a field where the battle which passed with the sunset of yesterday is to be opened again with the sunrise of to-day, and the best of its music is rather like the hoarse beating of drums than like the songs of birds. Pormort, and Maude, and Woodbridge, and Woodmansey, and singing Thomson—these fill with their ghostly shapes the vague, chaotic, almost prehistoric period of our school. And yet under these men the school got itself well established and became a certain fact. It was not what in these days we call a free school. The great idea of education offered without cost to all the town's children at the town's expense had not yet taken shape. It needed long and gradual development. The name "free school" in those days seems to have been used to characterize an institution which should not be restricted to any class of children, and which should not be dependent on the fluctuating attendance of scholars for its support. It looked forward to ultimate endowment, like the schools of Eng-

land. The town set apart the rent of Deer Island, and some of the other islands in the harbor, for its help. All the great citizens, Governor Winthrop, Governor Vane, Mr. Bellingham, and the rest, made generous contributions to it. But it called also for support from those who sent their children to it, and who were able to pay something; and it was only of the Indian children that it was distinctly provided that they should be "taught gratis."

It was older than any of the schools which, in a few years, grew up thick around it. The same power which made it spring out of the soil was in all the rich ground on which these colonists, unlike any other colonists which the world has ever seen, had set their feet. Roxbury had its school under the Apostle Eliot in 1645. Cambridge was already provided before 1643. Charlestown did not wait later than 1636. Salem and Ipswich were, both of them, ready in 1637. Plymouth did not begin its system of public instruction till 1663. It was in 1647 that the General Court enacted that resolve which is the great charter of free education in our commonwealth, in whose preamble and ordinance stand the immortal words: "That learning may not be buried in the grave of our fathers, in Church and Commonwealth, the Lord assisting our endeavors, it is therefore ordered that every township in this jurisdiction, after the Lord hath increased them to the number of fifty householders, shall then forthwith appoint one within their town to teach all such children as shall resort to him to write and read."

There can be no doubt, then, of our priority. But mere priority is no great thing. The real interest of the beginning of the school is the large idea and scale on which it started. It taught the children, little Indians and all, to read and write. But there seems every reason to suppose that it taught also the Latin tongue, and all that then was

deemed the higher knowledge. It was the town's only school till 1682. Side by side on its humble benches sat the son of the governor and the son of the fisherman, each to take the best that he could grasp. The highest learning was declared at once to be no privilege of an aristocratic class, but the portion of any boy in town who had the soul to desire it and the brain to appropriate it. So simply, so unconsciously, there was set up, where the School Street of the days to come was not even yet a country road, this institution, whose exact like the world had never seen, and which had in itself the germs of free commercial rivalry and republican government and universal suffrage and all the wondrous unborn things.

The most valuable, perhaps, of all things which this new public school represented was that which we may well hold to constitute the greatest claim of the public-school system in all time to our affection and esteem. It represented the fundamental idea of the town undertaking the education of her children. It is in the loyalty, the gratitude, the educated notion of obedience to the town which has trained them. It is in the dignity and breadth and seriousness which the sense that their town is training them gives to their training that the advantage of the public-school boys over the boys of the best private schools always consists. And this was already present from the day that the doors of the first public school were opened, two hundred and fifty years ago. The boys of Pormort and of Woodmansey were dimly conscious of it, and it had influence on them. Who was it that had built their school-house? Who was it that had laid out their course of study and arranged their hours? Who was it that set them their lessons and heard their recitations? Whose were the sacred hands that flogged them? Who was it that sat, a shadowy form, but their real ruler and friend, behind the master's awful chair? It was their town.

That is the real heart of the whole matter. That is the real power of the public-school system always. It educates the thought of law and obedience, the sense of mingled love and fear, which is the true citizen's true emotion to his city. It educates this in the very lessons of the school-room, and makes the person of the state the familiar master of the grateful subject from his boyhood. Such has been the power of our Latin School for two centuries and a half.

Thus, then, the school is in existence, and now appears the first of the three great masters of whom I spoke who have given it its character. Now its history comes forth from the mist, for in the year 1670 Ezekiel Cheever becomes its master, with his long reign of thirty-eight years before him. The time will come, perhaps, when some poetic brain will figure to itself, and some hands, alert with historical imagination—perhaps the same which have bidden John Harvard live in immortal youth in Cambridge—will shape out of vital bronze what sort of man the first great master, Ezekiel Cheever, was. It will be well worth doing, and it will not be hard for genius to do. Whoever knows the seventeenth century will see start into life its typical man—the man of prayer, the man of faith, the man of duty, the man of God. Already, when he came to teach the school in Boston, the wild tumult of the Restoration was engulfing social life in England, but it had not reached these quiet shores, or it had been beaten back from against our solemn rocks. The men here were Cromwell's men, and none was more thoroughly a man of the first half of his century than Ezekiel Cheever. He had been born in London, in 1614, and had come first to our Boston when he was twenty-three years old. He did not tarry here then, but went on to New Haven, where he taught scholars, among whom was Michael Wigglesworth, the fearful poet of "The Day of Doom." Thence he came,

by and by, to Ipswich, then to Charlestown, and he was a mature Puritan fifty-six years old before, with solemn ceremony, he received from the great men of the town, on the sixth day of November, 1670, the keys of the school-house, and became the master of the Latin School. He lived in the school-house, and received a salary of sixty pounds a year. For this he evidently felt that he accepted grave responsibility. It was not only to teach these boys Latin. Latin was merely an instrument to life. And so all those conceptions and those rules of life which English Puritanism had beaten out perhaps more clearly and precisely than any other religious system which ever ruled the thoughts of men—all these filled and were blended with the classic education of his school. He prayed with the boys one by one when he had heard their lessons. He not merely educated their minds, but he wrestled for their souls. He wrote two books, his famous "Accidence," which for a century held the place of honor among Latin school-books, and his "Scripture Prophecies Explained," which reverently but confidently lifted the veil from the eternal things. Probably the second book, no less—nay, much more—than the first, lay near his heart. He was called—perhaps some of my modern hearers may not attach very clear notions to the name, but we are sure that he would have treasured it among his choicest titles—he was called by Cotton Mather "a sober chiliast." The next world for him was always brooding over and flowing through this world. We can well believe that it was the eternal terror, and no mere earthly rage, which was burning in his eye when his scholar, the reverend Mr. Samuel Maxwell, got that idea of him which, years afterward, he wrote among his reminiscences. It is the only scrap of personal portrait, I think, which is left of Master Cheever. Mr. Maxwell says: "He wore a long white beard, termi-

nating in a point, and when he stroked his beard to the point it was a sign for the boys to stand clear." It has often come to pass that great schoolmasters have found among their pupils the voice or pen which has saved them from oblivion—the *vates sacer* who has rescued them from lying unknown in long night: what Stanley did for Dr. Arnold of Rugby, what Ernest Renan has done for Bishop Dupanloup of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet, that Cotton Mather, the historian and poet-laureate of early Boston, did in a funeral sermon and a memorial poem for Ezekiel Cheever. The muse was never more modish and self-conscious, poetry never labored under such mountain-weight of pedantry, conceits never so turned and returned and doubled on themselves, the flowers of rhetoric never so ran to seed, as in the marvelous verses in which the minister of the North Church did obituary honor to the master of the Latin School. And yet it shows how great a man the master was that the reality of his pupil's tribute to his greatness pierces through all his absurd exaggeration, and he walks grandly even in these preposterous clothes. Hear him one instant patiently, just to see what it is like:

> "A mighty tribe of well-instructed youth
> Tell what they owe to him, and tell with truth;
> All the eight parts of speech he taught to them
> They now employ to trumpet his esteem;
> They fill Fame's Trumpet, and they spread his Fame
> To last till the last Trumpet drown the same."

Then come some lines which give us an idea of the specimen words of the famous "Accidence":

> "Magister pleased them well, because 'twas he;
> They saw that Bonus did with it agree;
> When they said Amo they the hint improve,
> Him for to make the object of their love."

And then these verses, which link his name with that of his brother-teacher in Cambridge:

> "'Tis Corlet's pains and Cheever's we must own
> That thou, New England, art not Scythia grown;
> The Isles of Scilly had o'errun this day
> The Continent of our America."

It is poor verse, not to be made much of in this presence. But there is a certain reality about it, nevertheless. It catches something of the stumbling style, half grand, half commonplace, with which all that old New England greatness used to walk. It has the same patchwork coloring, yet giving on the whole a total and complete impression, which we behold in the sentence which Judge Sewall wrote in his diary on the twenty-first day of August, 1708, when he heard at last that the old schoolmaster was dead at the good age of ninety-four. "He labored in his calling," Sewall says, "skilfully, diligently, constantly, religiously, seventy years—a rare instance of piety, health, strength, serviceableness. The welfare of the province was much upon his spirit. He abominated periwigs." Can we not see the good, simple, severe old man? They buried him from the school-house, with the familiar desks and benches looking on at the service, and as the grammarian's funeral passed out over the Neck to Roxbury Burial Ground, the reign of the first great master of the Latin School was over!

No doubt it all was very grim. The master was grim, and the boys were grim. And a grim boy is the grimmest thing on earth. But we must not let the picture of the Puritan school-house grow too somber in our thoughts. They were boys still, those little Puritans, and the whole generation of sober manners and repressed feelings cannot have wholly exorcised the spirit of mischief which has haunted the boy-nature in all the ages. And always, in

thinking about the Puritan times, we need to remember that the brightness or dulness of any spot in a picture depends altogether on the tone or key in which the picture, as a whole, is painted. A spot of dull red in a canvas which is all ashen-gray will glow and burn as the most brilliant scarlet fails to do in the midst of a great carnival of frantic color. It is a question of backgrounds and proportions. And so a very little frolic must have gone a great way in the Boston of Ezekiel Cheever, which was the Boston of the "Scarlet Letter." Where Cotton Mather was the Homer and the "Magnalia" was the "Iliad," the power of being amused was no doubt in true relation to the means of amusement which were offered; and it may well be doubted whether, save in some exceptional mortal here and there, born out of due time, too early or too late, born with a humorous and freakish spirit which had embodied itself in the wrong place, there was any felt lack of those brighter elements, that ozone in the atmosphere of life, which has come to seem to us so absolutely necessary. But if we leave the question of amusement on one side, and think more serious things, then the school shines with an unquestionable light. It may have been very grim, but that it was pervaded with a clear, deep sense of duty, that it was a place where life was seriously thought of, and where hard work was done, no student of those days can doubt. Not yet had come the slightest hesitation concerning the direction which education ought to take. They gave themselves to the classics without any mocking voice to tell them that their devotion was a fetish-worship. Indeed, any one who thoroughly believes that the classical study is to-day a homage to an effete idol may still be free to own that in the days of Cheever it was a true service of a still living master. The Renaissance and the Reformation, both full of the spirit of classicism, were hardly two centuries old. Latin was still the living language

of diplomacy. John Milton, once the Latin secretary of Cromwell, possibly himself a teacher of Ezekiel Cheever in his youth, did not die till the great Boston master had been teaching here four years. And the New Testament, being the book which lay at the very soul of all New England, kept the Greek tongue vital and sacred in every true New England heart and household. To forget that days have changed since then is folly. To shut our eyes to the great procession of new sciences which have come trooping in, demanding the recognition and study of educated men, is to be blind to a great series of events which the world sees and in which it glories. The classics are not, cannot be, what they were when Ezekiel Cheever taught Cotton Mather and President Leverett their Latin grammar. They are not and they cannot be again the tools of present life, the instruments of current thought. All the more for that they may be something greater, something better. All the more they may stand to those whose privilege it is to study them as the monumental structures which display the power of perfected human speech. All the more they may shine in their finished beauty in the midst of our glorious, tumultuous modern life as the Greek temples stand in the same Europe which holds the Gothic cathedrals, offering forever the rest of their completeness for the comfort of men's eagerness and discontent. All the more they may show enshrined within them the large and simple types of human life and character, the men and women who shine on our perplexed, distracted, modern life, as the calm moon shines upon the vexed and broken waters of the sea. So long as they can do these offices for man, the classics will not pass out of men's study. It is good to make them elective, but we may be sure that students will elect them abundantly in school and college.

It was the classic culture in those earliest days that bound the Latin School and Harvard College close to-

gether. The college is young beside our venerable school. It did not come to birth till we were four years old. But when the college had been founded, it and the school became, and ever since have made, one system of continuous education. Boys learned their "Accidence" in School Street, and went and were examined in it at Cambridge. The compilers of our catalogue have thought it right to assume that every Boston graduate of Harvard in those earliest years had studied at the Latin School. Such union between school and college has continued year after year, and has been a great and helpful influence for both. It has kept the school always alert and ready for the highest standards. In the days of the first great master Cotton Mather wrote: "It was noted that when scholars came to be admitted into the college they who came from the Cheeverian education were generally the most unexceptionable." We Latin School boys have loved to think that that has never ceased to be the case. And so the college has always helped the school. But the school also has helped the college. Its response to all the new methods which have risen in the university has ever been cordial and sincere. Its thoroughness of work has helped to make those methods possible. The men in whose minds those methods have arisen have been often men of our school. From Leverett to Eliot the school has given to the college not a few of its best presidents and professors. And so we have a right to feel that we have not merely been dragged in the wake of our great neighbor, but have had something to do with the shaping of her course. Ships which met the *Alaska* and the *Winnipeg* upon mid-ocean thought that they saw only a great steamer with a little one in tow; but really the little steamer was the rudder that was keeping the great steamer in her course.

And so we part with Master Cheever, the great seventeenth-century schoolmaster, and pass on. Almost the

last glimpse which we catch of him in the school-room, when he is more than eighty years old, has something noble in its simplicity. A boy is angrily rebuked by him for a false syntax. He ventures to dispute the master's judgment. He shows a rule which had escaped the master's memory, and proves that he is right. The master smiles and says: "Thou art a brave boy. I had forgot it." That is the very heroism of school-teaching. So let his serious face pass smiling out of our sight.

With Cheever's death the school passed into the reign of Nathaniel Williams. He is already a different kind of man. It is said of him that he was "agreeable," which nobody had said of Cheever. He has accomplishments. And in him there are signs of versatility which belong more to the new century than to the old; for he was minister and doctor at the same time that he was schoolmaster. It is written that "amid the multiplicity of his duties as instructor and physician in extensive practice he never left the ministerial work." No part of man's threefold nature was left out of his care. Well might he have written as the motto of his memorandum book, in which perhaps he kept all together his prescriptions and the notes of his sermons and the roster of his school, "*Humani a me nil alienum puto.*" No doubt his pupils were both losers and gainers by the diffusion of their master's mind.

In those pupils also we begin to see a change. It is no longer Cotton Mather, but Benjamin Franklin, who is the typical Boston boy. At eight years old, his father intending to devote him, according to his own account, as the tithe of his sons to the service of the Church, he was put to the grammar school. He did not stay there long, for he did not accept his father's consecration of his life, but soon passed out to the printer's shop and the Continental Congress and the French Court, and experiments upon the thunderous skies. But he and Samuel Adams,

who was one of Master Williams's later scholars, let us feel how the times have changed and another century begun.

Yet still the sober religious spirit of the past days has not vanished. For years to come the school is dismissed early for the Thursday Lecture. In 1709 the first beginning of what now is the school committee makes its appearance. A certain number of gentlemen of liberal education, together with some of the reverend ministers of the town, are asked to be inspectors of the school, and at their visitation, "one of the ministers by turns to pray with the scholars, and entertain 'em with some instructions of piety specially adapted to their age and education." According to its light the town still counted that it was its responsibility and right to watch over its children's characters. And the child honored religion all the more because he had heard his mother-city praying, his Jerusalem crying out to God for him.

But I suppose the most striking thing which came in the teachership of Williams must have been the disturbance in town meeting in the year 1711. Some innovators, restless spirits who were not satisfied to leave things as they were, had made inquiries and found that in the schools of Europe boys really learned Latin, and learned it with less of toil and misery than here. And so they sent a memorial to the town-house which recounted, to use its curious words, that "according to the methods used here very many hundreds of boys in this town, who by their parents were never designed for a more liberal education, have spent two, three, and four years or more of their early days at the Latin School, which hath proved of very little or no benefit to their after accomplishment," and asked "whether it might not be advisable that some more easie and delightful methods be attended and put in practice." It was referred to committees in the good

old way, and came to nothing then; but it is interesting, because in it there is the first symptom which our town has to show of that rebellion against the tyranny and narrowness and unreasonableness of the classical system which will be heard as long as the classical system manifests its perpetual tendency to become tyrannical and narrow and unreasonable. "Some more easie and delightful methods!" How the souls of the school-boys have hungered for them through the ages all along! How we, the students of a century and a half later, looking back on our own school-boy days, feel still that a more easy and delightful method than that which we know somewhere exists and must some day be found! Were we not started on a course of study which, if one of Pormort's boys had begun it on the day on which the school was opened and continued it till now, he hardly would have mastered yet? Were not we treated as if the object of our study were not that we should get the delight out of Cicero and Virgil, but as if every one of us were meant to be either another Andrews or another Stoddard? Remembering these things, we bless the memory of the memorialists of 1711; we rejoice to think that the classics, finding themselves hard pressed by upstart modern sciences, must ultimately justify and keep their place by finding out more "easie and delightful methods."

The eighteenth century, then, was well upon its way when, almost exactly a hundred years after the foundation of the school, John Lovell, the second of its representative men, became its master. The school at last has reached that stage of growth in which it produces its own seed and renews itself from its own stock. John Lovell was the first true Boston boy, bred in the orthodox routine of Latin School and Harvard College, who attained the mastership. Since him only one master has ascended to that dignity save by those sacred stairs. It has kept us very local, but has made no small part of our strength.

John Lovell's name shines in our history as perhaps the best known of all our sovereigns. His portrait, painted by Smibert, whose son he taught, hangs in the Memorial Hall at Cambridge, and its copy here looks down on us to-night as it has gazed on many of the fast-coming and fast-going generations of Latin School boys here and in Bedford Street. Look on its calm complacency and say if it be not the very embodiment of the first three quarters of the eighteenth century, before the great disturbance and explosion came. The age of troublesome questions and of wrestling souls has passed away. The time of reason has succeeded to the time of faith. Authority and obedience are the dominant ideas. System and order are the worshiped standards. Satisfaction with things as they are is the prevailing temper. A long and somewhat sultry calm precedes the outburst, as yet unfeared, with which the century is to close, and which is to clear the air for the richer days in which it has been our privilege to live.

John Lovell seems to have been thoroughly a man of his time. It is said of him that "though a severe teacher, yet he was remarkably humorous and an agreeable companion." That is a true eighteenth-century description. Insistence on authority and comfortable good-humor united in the self-satisfied conservatism, the marvelous self-contentment, of those days. The great achievement of the master was his oration on the death of Peter Faneuil, Esq., delivered in the new hall which the benefactor of the town had built. It is florid and was considered eloquent. "May this hall be ever sacred to the interests of truth, of justice, of loyalty, of honor, of liberty. May no private views of party broils ever enter these walls." How little he who so consecrated the cradle knew of the tumultuous child who was to fill it, and to make the country and the world ring with its cries! The whole oration is tumid and profuse, real no doubt in its day, but bearing now an inevitable suspicion of unreality and superficialness.

Ezekiel Cheever could not have written it. But we think that Ezekiel Cheever would not have written it if he could; he would have had stronger things to say.

I have not thus far tried to trace the history of the school-house in which the masters of whom I have been speaking taught, because the negligent records have allowed it almost altogether to slip through their careless fingers; and there are hardly more than modern guesses left. The soul was sacred, and the body got but little care. We only know that from the first a school-house, which was also the head-master's dwelling, stood where now the rear of the King's Chapel stands, its ground reaching about to where the statue of its former pupil, Benjamin Franklin, has been set up in bronze. This school-house lasted until Lovell's time. It is of it in his time that it is said that the garden, which belonged to it, was cultivated in the most thrifty manner, free of all expense, by the assistance of the best boys in school, who were permitted to work in it as a reward of merit. The same best boys were allowed to saw the master's wood and bottle his cider, and to laugh as much as they pleased while performing these delightful offices. Remember that these "best boys" were the future signers of the Declaration of Independence. They were John Hancock and Robert Treat Paine and William Hooper. James Bowdoin and Harrison Gray Otis were the names of the boys who made the garden which they tilled ring with their licensed laughter. The hands which sawed the master's wood were the same hands which dragged their sleds to General Haldimand's headquarters in 1775, and whose owners remonstrated, with the vigor of young freemen, against the desecration of their coast by the insolent British soldiers. The spirit of loyalty and the spirit of liberty together, the readiness to obey legitimate authority and the determination not to submit to tyranny, these two, which united to secure and which have

united to sustain our institutions, burned together in the bosoms of the boys who went to the old school on the north side of School Street.

In 1748 the disturbance of that school-house came. It made a wild excitement then in the little town, but the tumult has sunk into silent oblivion with the old quarrels of the Athenian Agora and the Forum of Rome. The King's Chapel was prosperous, and wanted to enlarge its house of worship. The school-house stood right in the way. Science and religion were in conflict. The influential chapel asked the town for leave to tear the school-house down and build another on land which the chapel would provide across the street. The town's people, for some reason, perhaps because of the offensive prelacy of the petitioners, were violently opposed to the idea. Master Lovell himself fought hard against it. Town-meeting after town-meeting of the most excited kind was held. The strife ran high, but the chapel carried the day, and in a town-meeting of April 18, 1748, by a vote of 205 to 197, the prayer of the petitioners was granted.

The only epigram to which our school ever gave occasion, the only flash of wit which lightens the sky of our serious history, comes in here, and, unique as it is, must not be omitted, however familiar it may be, in any memorial address. I charge my successor of two hundred and fifty years hence to find for it a place in his semi-millennial oration. On the morning after the great fight was over and the great defeat had come, Mr. Joseph Green, the wearer at that time of the never-fading laurel of the wit of Boston, sent into the school to Master Lovell these verses, which the master probably read out to the boys:

"'A fig for your learning! I tell you the town,
To make the church larger, must pull the school down.'
'Unluckily spoken,' replied Master Birch,
'Then learning, I fear, stops the growth of the church.'"

The school-house which the King's Chapel built in fulfilment of its promise, which stood where the eastern portion of the Parker House now stands, seems to have vanished mysteriously and completely from the memory of man. It stood for sixty years, and to-day no record tells us what was its look. There is something pathetic in this total vanishing of an old house, especially of an old school-house. It was so terribly familiar once. It is so hopelessly lost now. We might as well try to reconstruct the ship of Jason or the horse of Troy. A hundred years is as good as a thousand to such pure oblivion. The successor of that first school-house on the south side of School Street was the building in which you, sir, and many whom the city still delights to honor, gained their education between the time of its completion in 1812 and its destruction in 1844. Nothing remains of it now except its key, which makes part of our modest museum, and which I here hold up for the recognition of my older friends. After that came the Bedford Street house, which many of us who still feel young when we talk with the boy who went to school in School Street remember with various emotions, and which gave way only four years ago to this palatial edifice, which, standing in our imaginations alongside of the little, hardly discoverable shed in which Philemon Pormort taught, is the real orator of this occasion. We must not linger too long with Master Lovell. It was in the mysterious building which the world has now forgotten that he was teaching when the Revolution took him by surprise. He was not equal to the time, and saw no further into the future than allowed him to be a Tory. But his son James, whom he had called to be his assistant, had the spirit of the second and not of the first half of the eighteenth century, and was a patriot. Tradition tells how the old man and the young man sat, like the embodied spirits of the past and the future, on sepa-

rate platforms at the two ends of the long-vanished school-room, and taught the rights of the crown and the rights of the people to the boys, who listened to both, but turned surely at last away from the setting to the rising sun. At last there came the day of which Harrison Gray Otis, then a school-boy nine years old, has left us his account. I must recite to you his graphic words: "On the 19th of April, 1775, I went to school for the last time. In the morning, about seven, Percy's Brigade was drawn up, extending from Scollay's building through Tremont Street and nearly to the bottom of the Mall, preparing to take up their march for Lexington. A corporal came up to me as I was going to school and turned me off to pass down Court Street, which I did, and came up School Street to the school-house. It may well be imagined that great agitation prevailed, the British line being drawn up a few yards only from the school-house door. As I entered the school I heard the announcement of Deponite libros, and ran home for fear of the regulars."

That was the end of one scene of our drama: with the departing form of little Otis running home "for fear of the regulars" ends the administration of Master Lovell and closes the distinctively eighteenth-century period of our history. The master himself disappears soon with the evacuating British. His son James was carried off a prisoner, perhaps in the same ship, no doubt in revengeful memory of the oration which he had dared to deliver in the old South Meeting-House in honor of the victims of the Boston Massacre.

There is nothing heroic about Master Lovell. It was not an heroic nature. It was not an heroic world in which he lived. The lamps were being overtaken by the sunrise, and looked pale and belated as they always do. But he will ever be remembered as one who served his city well according to his light. He keeps and will long keep a

local fame. He is of that class of men whose monuments we read everywhere in quaint and ancient towns, and own that though their fame never overleaped the walls within which they were born, yet it is better for the world that they have lived than that many a great man with whom Fame and her silly trumpet have been busy should have strutted on his loftier stage. They have given great faithfulness to little things, and no one can say how wide-reaching the results have been. "*In tenui labor at tenuis non gloria.*" We smile at their exaggerated eulogy, but are glad that their city does them honor. So we may leave the good name of John Lovell to the safe-keeping of his grateful town of Boston.

You will remind me, if I do not soon remind myself, that I have not undertaken to write the whole history of the Latin School, but only to recall something of the spirit of what its past has been, letting my thoughts gather especially about the names of its three great masters, who mark the three centuries in which it has lived. Remembering this, I must not pause to remind you of how, after Lovell's flight, the school was closed for more than a year, and of how then it was reopened under the mastership of Samuel Hunt. His reign has left severer memories than that of any other of our masters. As we listen at the windows which the recollections of some of his pupils have left open, it is almost like Virgil's awful record:

> "Hinc exaudiri gemitus et sæva sonare
> Verbera; tum stridor ferri tractæque catenæ."

After him came William Bigelow, of whom there remains no strong mark on our annals. Then to a school fallen a good deal into degeneracy, as if to set it in order for the demands of another century, came the wise, energetic administration of Master Benjamin Apthorp Gould, the teacher of Emerson, and Motley, and Adams, and Win-

throp, and Sumner, and Hillard, and Beecher, and James Freeman Clarke. We have come now to familiar names and days. We are binding the pride of modern Boston very closely to the promise of the past when we see the boys of 1824 come forward to receive their prizes at the hands of Master Gould. Charles Sumner has written a translation from Sallust for which he receives two dollars as a second prize; and a translation from Ovid for which one dollar is thought enough. George S. Hillard has two dollars for the third declamation prize, and is loaded down with other rewards of merit. Robert C. Winthrop has written a Latin poem for which he wins a second prize and gets six dollars. Epes S. Dixwell was even then singing in Latin odes his hymn for that year, bringing him just as much as Mr. Winthrop's poem. Not this year, but the next, James F. Clarke gets the first prize for an English poem, and little Wendell Phillips gains one of six third prizes for declamation.

To read those old catalogues makes the last sixty years seem very short. The masters and scholars of those days are only the masters and scholars of to-day standing just far enough off for us to study them. The dusty drudgery of the school-room has settled, and we can see its meanings clearly. Let us pause a moment and think what this school-keeping and school-going means. There stands the master, like a priest between the present and the past, between the living and the dead, between the ideas and the life of the world. His is a noble, nay, a holy, priesthood. He is the lens through which truth pours itself on young human souls; he is the window through which fresh young eyes look out at human life; and there around him sit his scholars. Like Homer's heroes, Mr. Hillard says they are, in the frankness and directness of their life. They make their friendships and their feuds. They meet the old temptations with their sublime young con-

fidence. That school life is to them their hill of Ida or their palace of Jerusalem. They are Paris or Solomon in their critical encounters with the nobler and the baser allurements of their life. Yet for the time they live magnificently apart. The old world roars around them and they do not care, but live their separate life and are in no impatience for State Street or Court Street. In these days School Street and the Common and the Charles River made their sufficient world. This ever-recurring life of the new generations, this narrow life of boyhood, opening by and by into the larger experience of manhood, to be narrowed again into the boyhood of their children, and so on perpetually—this makes the rhythmic life of the community. It is the systole and diastole of the city's heart.

Master Gould passes away, and Master Leverett succeeds. He was scholarly and gracious, and goes down the road of sure and well-earned fame with his dictionary under his arm. Then Master Dillaway, our honored president, takes up the scepter, and wins the grateful honor which he has never lost. Then Mr. Dixwell begins his long respected reign, which will henceforward be commemorated by this speaking portrait. The old walls in Bedford Street have disappeared, but they would almost rise up from the dust to protest against my effrontery if I dared to say more than to pay passing tribute to his mastership with this one word of thanks. Who is the scholar, that he should forget himself and exercise his irreverent analysis on his old master to his living face? Long may it be before any of his scholars has the right to do it. But with the close of Mr. Dixwell's rule came Francis Gardner. That is to say, that remarkable man then became head-master of the school of which he had long been underteacher. How shall I speak of him in the presence of so many of his old boys, to whom he is a

never-fading memory? At least I know that he will be a very vivid recollection with you as I speak.

The character and work of Francis Gardner will furnish subjects of discussion as long as any men live who were his pupils, and perhaps long after the latest of his scholars shall have tottered to the grave. But certain things will always be clear regarding him, and will insure his perpetual remembrance, especially these two: his whole life was bound up in the school and its interests; and his originality and intensity of mind and nature exercised the strongest influence over the boys who passed under his charge.

This last is the best thing, after all, that a teacher can bring to his scholars. Best of all things which can happen to a school-boy is the contact with a vigorous and strongly marked nature which breaks its cords and snaps its shells, and sets it free for whatever it has in it the capacity to do and be.

My honored and beloved classmate and friend, Dr. William Reynolds Dimmock, himself a notable instructor, has left a very complete account of Dr. Gardner in the memorial address which he delivered at the time of our master's death. In his way he did for Francis Gardner what Cotton Mather did two centuries before for Ezekiel Cheever. As I read his graphic pages I feel very strongly what I have already suggested, that in Gardner the century to which he belonged is very strikingly embodied. Think of him, O my fellow-students, as he sat upon his platform or moved about the hall among our desks thirty years ago! Tall, gaunt, muscular, uncouth in body; quaint, sinewy, severe in thought and speech; impressing every boy with the strong sense of vigor, now lovely and now hateful, but never for a moment tame, or dull, or false; indignant, passionate, an athlete both in mind and body —think what an interesting mixture of opposites he was!

He was proud of himself, his school, his city, and his time; yet no man saw more clearly the faults of each, or was more discontented with them all. He was one of the frankest of men, and yet one of the most reserved. He was the most patient mortal, and the most impatient. He was one of the most earnest of men, and yet nobody, probably not even himself, knew his positive belief upon any of the deepest themes. He was almost a sentimentalist with one swing of the pendulum, and almost a cynic with the next. There was sympathy not unmixed with mockery in his grim smile. He clung with almost obstinate conservatism to the old standards of education, while he defied the conventionalities of ordinary life with every movement of his restless frame. Can you not see him as we spoke our pieces on the stage, bored ourselves and boring our youthful audiences, and no doubt boring him, with the unreality of the whole preposterous performance? Can you not see him in his restlessness taking advantage of the occasion to climb and dust off the pallid bust of Pallas, which stood over the school-room door, and thundering down from his ladder some furious correction which for an instant broke the cloud of sham and sent a lightning flash of reality into the dreary speech? Can you not hear him as he swept the grammar with its tinkling lists aside for an hour, and very possibly with a blackboard illustration enforced some point of fundamental morals in a way his students never could forget? Can you not feel his proverbs and his phrases, each hard as iron with perpetual use, come pelting across the hall, finding the weak spot in your self-complacency, and making it sensitive and humble ever since?

He was a narrow man in the intensity with which he thought of his profession. I heard him say once that he never knew a man who had failed as a schoolmaster to succeed in any other occupation. And yet he was a broad

man in his idea of the range which he conceived that his teaching ought to cover. He made the shabby old schoolhouse to blossom with the first suggestions of the artistic side of classical study, with busts and pictures, with photographs and casts; and hosts of men who have forgotten every grammar rule, and cannot tell an ablative from an accusative, nor scan a verse of Virgil, nor conjugate the least irregular of regular verbs to-day, still feel, while all these flimsy superstructures of their study have vanished like the architecture of a dream, the solid moral basis of respect for work and honor, for pure truthfulness, which he put under it all, still lying sound and deep and undecayed.

Mr. Gardner's great years were the years of the war. It would have been a sad thing if the mighty struggle of the nation for its life had found in the chief teacher of the boys of Boston a soul either hostile or indifferent. The soul which it did find was all alive for freedom and for union. The last news from the battle-field came hot into the school-room, and made the close air tingle with inspiration. He told the boys about Gettysburg as Cheever must have told his boys about Marston Moor, and Lovell must have told his about Ticonderoga. He formed his pupils into companies and regiments, and drilled with them himself. It was a war which a great master might well praise, and into which a school full of generous pupils might well throw their whole souls, for it was no war of mere military prowess. It was a war of principles. It was a war whose soldiers were citizens. It was a war which hated war-making, and whose methods were kept transparent always with their sacred purposes shining clearly through. Such a war mothers might pray for as their sons went forth, masters might bid their scholars pause from their books and listen to the throbbing of the distant cannon. The statue of the school honoring her

heroic dead, under whose shadow the boys will go and come about their studies every day for generations, will fire no young heart with the passion for military glory, but it will speak patriotism and self-devotion from its silent lips so long as the school-boys come and go. Two hundred and eighty-seven graduates of the school served in the war with the rebellion, and fifty-one laid down their lives. Who of us is there that does not believe that the school where they were trained had something to do with the simple courage with which each of these heroic men went forth to do the duty of the hour?

> "Patriæque impendere vitam
> Nec sibi sed toti genitum se credere mundo."

The life of Francis Gardner was not without a certain look of pathos, even in the eyes of his light-hearted pupils. As we looked back upon it after we had left him, we always thought of it as sad. That color of pain and disappointment grew deeper in it as it approached its end. It was no smug, smooth, rounded, satisfactory career. It was full of vehemence and contradiction and disturbance. He was not always easy for the boys to get along with. Probably it was not always easy for him to get along with himself. But it has left a strength of truth and honor and devoted manliness which will always be a treasure in the school he loved. The very confusion and struggle always after something greater than itself make it a true typical life of the century in which he lived. We look into his stormy face upon our walls, and bid him at last rest in peace.

I must not tell of those who have succeeded him; not of him whom death removed almost as soon as he was seated in the master's chair; not of him who to-day so wisely and happily and strongly rules the venerable school. I hope that you can see as I do how our whole history

falls into shape about these three great masters to whom I have given most of my discourse. Let that be the picture which is left upon our memories. Cheever and Lovell and Gardner! The Puritan, the Tory, and, shall we not say in some fuller sense, the man—are they not characteristic figures? One belongs to the century of Milton, one to the century of Johnson, one to the century of Carlyle. One's eye is on the New Jerusalem, one's soul is all wrapped up in Boston, one has caught sight of humanity. One is of the century of faith, one of the century of common sense, one of the century of conscience. One teaches his boys the Christian doctrine, one bids them keep the order of the school, one inspires them to do their duty. The times they represent are great expanses on the sea of time; one shallower, one deeper, than the others. Through them all sails on the constant school, with its monotonous routines like the clattering machinery of a great ship, which, over many waters of different depths, feeling now the deepness and now the shallowness under its keel, presses along to some sea of the future which shall be better than them all.

To that distant sea and the waters which are still to cross before it shall be reached, to the future of the Latin School for which all this past has been preparing, let me direct your thoughts for a few moments before I close. Our century is growing better toward its end. With the wealth and richness of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries gathered and distilled into its life, the nineteenth century has been larger and nobler than them both. Its master is the greatest of the three. What sort of figure shall we picture to ourselves the master of the Latin School who shall illustrate the twentieth century, the gates of which are almost ready to swing back? What shall be the life which he will govern and will help to create? It will bear, no doubt, the same great general features which

have marked the past, but with more generous and broad development. Let me only make three easy prophecies:

1. In the twentieth century, as in those which have gone before, our school will be a city school. Its students will find that enlargement of thought and life which comes from close personal connection in the most sensive years with the public life. Here, let me say again, is a blessing which no private school can give. The German statesman, if you talk with him, will tell you that, with every evil of his great military system, which makes every citizen a soldier for some portion of his life, it yet has one redeeming good: it brings each young man of the land once in his life directly into the country's service, lets him directly feel its touch of dignity and power, makes him proud of it as his personal commander, and so insures a more definite and vivid loyalty through all his life. More graciously, more healthily, more Christianly, the American public school does what the barracks and the drill-room try to do. Would that its blessing might be made absolutely universal! Would that it might be so arranged that once in the life of every Boston boy, if only for three months, he might be a pupil of a public school, might see his city sitting in the teacher's chair, might find himself, along with boys of all degrees and classes, simply recognized by his community as one of her children! It would put an element into his character and life which he would never lose. It would insure the unity and public spirit of our citizens. It would add tenderness and pride and gratitude to the more base and sordid feelings with which her sons rejoice in their mother's wealth and strength and fame.

2. And again, our school always must be, in the twentieth century as well as in the nineteenth, a school of broad and undivided scholarship. No doubt her teaching will grow more comprehensive as the years go on. The

Latin and Greek classics are destined not to be dropped out of our culture, but to share with other studies the generous task of developing the youthful powers and laying the foundation for the more special work of life. They must accept their place and learn to teach in easier and quicker ways those lessons for which men will have less leisure than they used to have, but which they never will consent to leave entirely unlearned. The sciences of physical nature will open more and more capacity for the development of character and thought. Art and the modern speech and life of man will prove themselves able to do much for which it has seemed as if only the study of antiquity had the power. Changes like these must come, and will be welcome. But the first principle of liberal learning, the principle that all special education must open out of a broad general culture which is practical only in the deepest and the truest sense, must ever be the principle which rules and shapes our school. "The strictly practical is not practical enough," says a wise writer upon education. To the education which is most practical because it aims at that breadth of nature in which all special practices shall by and by come to their best, let us dedicate our school anew.

3. And, yet once more, the school, with its continuous history running on into the new centuries, as it has run through these three, taking the boys who are to-day unborn and educating them for the duties which the exigencies of the new centuries are to bring, will bear perpetual witness that civic manhood is the same always. The school of the period may start out of the exigencies of the period, and perish with the period that gave it birth. It bears its testimony of how every age is exceptional and different from every other. Our school, the school of Cheever and Lovell and Gardner, bears witness to a nobler, deeper truth—the truth that, however circumstances

may change, the necessary bases of public and private character are still the same; that truth and bravery and patriotism and manliness are the foundations of private and public happiness and strength, not merely in the seventeenth and eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but in the twentieth century and all the centuries to come until the end.

A great school is a great person, only it has, what we men vainly desire, the privilege of growing mature without any of the weakness of growing old, the ripeness of age with none of its premonitions of decay. We greet our school to-night, then, venerable in its antiquity, but with the dew of perpetual youth upon its forehead. We congratulate the boys, its present pupils, who feel the thrill along its deck as the old ship sails bravely through the straits of this commemoration and catches sight of vast new seas beyond. We commend her to the great wise future, to the needs and the capacities of the coming generations, to the care of the God of the fathers, who will be the God of the children too. With the same kind heart and with yet wiser hands may she who educated us educate the boys of Boston for centuries to come, so long as the harbor flashes in the sunlight and the State House shines upon the hill!

BIOGRAPHY.

(March 4, 1886.)

I HAVE been anxious to choose a subject for my lecture which should have to do both with literature and with life. I have pictured to myself what now I see before me, an assemblage of young men to whom the two worlds—the world of books and the world of men—were freshly and delightfully opening. Let me take some subject for my evening's talk, I said to myself, which shall bring those two great worlds together; and so I have come to speak to you about biography.

Biography is, in its very name, the literature of life. It is especially the literature of the individual human life. All true literature is the expression of life of some sort. Books are the pictures into which life passes as the landscape passes through the artist's brain into the glowing canvas, gaining thereby that which it had not in itself, but also turning forth to sight its own more subtle and spiritual meanings. And since the noblest life on earth is always human life, the literature which deals with human life must always be the noblest literature. And since the individual human life must always have a distinctness and interest which cannot belong to any of the groups of human lives, biography must always have a charm which no other kind of history can rival.

I think that I would rather have written a great biography than a great book of any other sort, as I would rather have painted a great portrait than any other kind of picture. At any rate, the writing of a biography, or,

indeed, the proper reading of it, requires one faculty which is not very common, and which does not come into action without some experience. It requires the power of large vital imagination, the power of conceiving of a life as a whole. Do you remember, when you were a child, how vague the city which you lived in was to you? Certain houses in the city, certain streets, you knew; but the city as a whole—Boston, or Springfield, or New York—one total thing—you had to grow older and make more associations, and get more ideality, before you could lay hold of that. You had to comprehend it, to grasp around it, as it were. So it is with a life. To know the list of Napoleon's achievements, to be able to quote a page of Carlyle's writings—that is one thing; but to have Napoleon Bonaparte or Thomas Carlyle stand out distinct, a complete being by himself, a unit among unities, like a mountain rising out of the plain, like a star shining in the sky—that is another thing and very different. That needs a special power. He who has not that power is not fit to read, much less fit to write, a biography.

It must always be a noteworthy fact that the great book of the world is the story of a life. The New Testament is a biography. Make it a mere book of dogmas, and its vitality is gone. Make it a book of laws, and it grows hard and untimely. Make it a biography, and it is a true book of life. Make it the history of Jesus of Nazareth, and the world holds it in its heart forever. Not simply His coming or His going, not simply His birth or His death, but the living, the total life, of Jesus is the world's salvation. And the Book in which His life shines orbed and distinct is the world's treasure. There, as in all best biographies, two values of a marked and well-depicted life appear. It is of value, first, because it is exceptional, and also because it is representative. Every life is at once like and unlike every other. Every good

story of a life, therefore, sets before those who read it something which is imitable and something which is incapable of imitation; and thereby come two different sorts of stimulus and inspiration. It gives us help like that of the stars which guide the ship from without, and also like that of the fire which burns beneath the engines of the ship itself.

But let me come to my lecture. I want to divide what I have to say to you about biographies into three parts. I want to speak to you about the subjects of biographies, and the writers of biographies, and the readers of biographies. A life must first be lived, and then it must be written, and then it must be read, before the power of a biography is quite complete.

You sit some day in your study reading Boswell's "Johnson." Are there not three people holding communion with one another in that silent room—Johnson and Boswell and you? Johnson lived the life, Boswell wrote it, you are reading it. It is like the sun, the atmosphere, and the earth, making one system. The sun shines through the atmosphere to give the earth its warmth and richness. This is what makes every picture of a man reading and being influenced by a biography an interesting thing. It is the completeness of this group of three. John Stuart Mill tells us about the inspiration which came to him, when he was a young man, from Plato's "Pictures of Socrates." And, among modern biographies, he remembers the value which he found in Condorcet's "Life of Turgot"—"a book," he says, "well calculated to rouse the best sort of enthusiasm, since it contains one of the wisest and noblest of lives, delineated by one of the wisest and noblest of men." In that sentence you can see the three together—Turgot, Condorcet, and Mill. In another part of his autobiography, the same great Englishman records how he was rescued from extreme depression by

the reading of something in the "Memoirs of Marmontel," the most picturesque of literary histories. Or one likes to think of Dr. Franklin lying on what proved to be his death-bed and listening to the reading of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." There is something very impressive in letting our imagination picture the stately and sonorous doctor bringing in and introducing the singers one by one before the calm eyes of the homely but sympathetic philosopher. You ought never to read a biography without letting such a group construct itself for your imagination. Johnson, and Boswell, and you—all three are there: the subject, the author, and the reader. Your reading will be a live thing if you can feel the presence of your two companions, and make them, as it were, feel yours.

1. Let me speak, then, first, about the subjects of biographies. I believe fully that the intrinsic life of any human being is so interesting that if it can be simply and sympathetically put in words it will be legitimately interesting to other men. Have you never noticed how anybody, boy or man, who talks to you about himself compels your attention? I say "who talks about himself." I mean, of course, his true self. If he talks about an unreal, an affected, an imaginary self, a self which he would like to seem to be, instead of the self he really is, he tires and disgusts you; but be sure of this, that there is not one of us living to-day so simple and monotonous a life that, if he be true and natural, his life faithfully written would not be worthy of men's eyes and hold men's hearts. Not one of us, therefore, who, if he be true and pure and natural, may not, though his life never should be written, be interesting and stimulating to his fellow-men in some small circle as they touch his life.

It is this truth which accounts for the power of the simplest kind of biographies—those which record the lives

of obscure people who have done no noteworthy work in the world. I think of two such books. One of them is the "Story of Ida," the life of an Italian girl of exquisite character, and whose life was the very pattern of a humble tragedy. Mr. Ruskin, in his introduction to the book, says, with his usual exaggeration, that "the lives in which the public are interested are hardly ever worth writing." That, of course, is quite untrue. But he goes on to praise and introduce a sweet and simple story, which is a delightful illustration of the truth he overstates. It is like a flower plucked out of the thousands of the field, which, besides the charm of its own fragrance, has the other value, that it reminds us how fragrant are all the flowers which still grow unplucked in the field from which this came. The other book is very different. It is Thomas Hughes' "Memoir of a Brother," the story of a brave, hopeful, consecrated life, which came to no display, but did its duty out of sight and under endless disappointment, as the stream wrestles with the hindrances which stop its channel deep in the untrodden woods.

These are the lives which give us faith in human nature, the lives which now and then it is good for somebody to write, if only to remind us how possible it is for such lives to be lived.

But we must not let ourselves be misled by such a statement as that which I quoted from Mr. Ruskin, so far as to think that notable and exceptional lives are not peculiarly entitled to biography. Distinction is a legitimate object of our interest, if we do not overestimate its value. Distinction is the emphasis put upon qualities by circumstances. He who listens to the long music of human history hears the special stress with which some great human note was uttered long ago, ringing down the ages and mingling with and enriching the later music of modern days. It is a perfectly legitimate curiosity with which

men ask about that resonant, far-reaching life. They are probably asking with a deeper impulse than they know. They are dimly aware that in that famous, interesting man their own humanity—which it is endlessly pathetic to see how men are always trying and always failing to understand—is felt pulsating at one of its most sensitive and vital points. Let us think, then, of some of the kinds of famous men whom our biographies embalm.

The first class of men whose lives ought specially to be written and read are those rare men who present broad pictures of the healthiest and simplest qualities of human nature most largely and attractively displayed. Not men of eccentricities, not men of specialties, but men of universal inspiration and appeal—men, shall we not say, like Shakespeare's Horatio, to whom poor distracted Hamlet cries:

> "Thou art e'en as just a man
> As e'er my conversation coped withal."

How heavily and confidently always the disturbed soul rests on simple justice!

I shall quote as illustrations in all my lecture only the biographies of English-speaking men by English-speaking men. And in this first category of biographies, preëminent for their broad humanness, their general healthiness of thought and being, I do not hesitate a moment which to name. There are two lives which stand out clearly as the two best biographies ever written in the English language. Carlyle says, "In England we have simply one good biography, this Boswell's 'Johnson.'" Certainly there is one other worthy to be set beside it, which is Lockhart's "Scott." Happy the boy who very early gets at those two books, and feels and feeds upon the broad and rich humanity of the two men whom they keep ever picturesque and living. Johnson and Scott—so human

in their strength and in their weakness, in their virtues and in their faults: one like a day of clouds and storms, the other like a day of sunshine and bright breezes, yet both like nature, both real in times of unreality, both going bravely and Christianly into that darkness and tragicalness which gathered at the last on both their lives—two men worthy of having their lives written, fortunate both in the biographers who wrote their lives; worthy to be read and re-read, and read again by all men who want to keep their manhood healthy, broad, and brave, and true!

Set these two great books first, then, easily first, among English biographies. The streets of London and the streets of Edinburgh live to-day with the images of these two men more than any others of the millions who have walked in them. But in a broader way the streets of human nature still live with their presence. The unfading interest in Dr. Johnson is one of the good signs of English character. Men do not read his books, but they never cease to care about him. It shows what hold the best and broadest human qualities always keep on the heart of man. This man, who had to be coaxed into favor before a request could be asked, and whose friends and equals were afraid to remonstrate with him except by a round-robin, was yet capable of the truest delicacy, the purest modesty, the most religious love for all that was greater and better than himself. But the great value of him was his reality. He was a perpetual protest against the artificialness and unreality of that strange eighteenth century in which he lived. And Walter Scott, who was thirteen years old when Dr. Johnson died, bore witness for true humanity in the next century, when men were beginning to delight in that Byronic scorn of life which has deepened into the pessimism of these later days, by the healthy and cheery faith with which he accepted the fact that, as he once wrote, "we have all our various combats to fight in

the best of all possible worlds, and like brave fellow-soldiers ought to assist one another as much as possible."

Yes, it is good for each new generation of English-speaking boys as they come on to the stage of life to find two such brave figures there already. Generations come and go, but these two brave men still keep possession of the stage, and do no man can say how much to make and keep life ever brave and true.

We come to a distinctly different type of biography when we pass on to speak of those men whose written lives have value not from their broad humanity, but from the way in which they gather up and throw out into clear light some certain period of the world's history, some special stage of human life. Wonderful is this power which an age has to select one of its men, and crowd itself into him and hold him up before the world and say, "Know me by him!" "The age of Pericles," we say, or "the age of Lorenzo de Medici," and all our study of the history of the fifth century before Christ, or of the fifteenth century after Christ, could not put us into such clear possession of those remarkable times as we should have if we really could know Pericles or the great Lorenzo. Of all such books for us Americans the greatest must be Irving's "Life of Washington." "Washington," says Irving, "had very little private life." All the more for that reason it is true that if you master the public life of Washington you have learned how this nation came to be. His early share in the French and Indian wars, which was like a trial-trip of the ship which was afterward to fight with broader seas, his sympathy with the first discontents, his slow approach to the idea of independence, his steadfastness during the war, his passage out of military back to civil life, all of these make his career characteristic. It is the history of the time, all crowded by a sort of composite photograph into him. Washington was by no means the cold, unromantic, pas-

sionless monster that men have sometimes pictured him to be. It was not lack of qualities but poise of qualities that made him calm. It was not absence of color but harmony of color that made his life white and transparent. And so it is with no disparagement of the personal nature of our great man that we may claim as the special value of his life the way in which it sums up in itself the picturesque beginnings of our history. Read it for that. Read also Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry," which is the story of another nature like a lens, more brilliant but not less true than Washington's.

And thus of many ages you will find, if you look for it, the graphic man, who stands forever after his age has passed away, as its picture and its commentary. Would you know what sort of a thing English life was in the fifteenth century, the age of the Inquisition, of the Spanish Armada, of the discovery of America, of the Field of the Cloth of Gold? Read the direct and simple English of the "Life of Cardinal Wolsey," by his gentleman usher, George Cavendish. Would you catch the spirit of adventure which filled the breezy days of Queen Elizabeth? Would you feel the throb of newly found rivers beating through a great new-discovered continent? Would you see the flashes of colors and hear the bursts of song which came back in those days from mysterious countries which scientific discovery had not yet disenchanted of their poetry and reduced to prose? Would you know what it was to live in one of the mornings of the world when all the birds were singing and all the eastern heavens were aglow? Read the "Life of Walter Raleigh," as it has come down to us without a writer's name from some enthusiastic biographer of his own time.

Demand everywhere that the inarticulate life of a time shall utter itself in the life of its typical man, as a brooding, smoldering fire bursts forth at one point into flame.

Do not feel that you know any age or country till you can clearly see its characteristic man.

The same is true about a critical event. You think about the Great English Revolution, that convulsion of the seventeenth century which broke the power of privilege in State and Church, and made possible all that is happening in England and America to-day, all that is going to happen in the next hundred years, which a man would so like to live and see. How shall you get the spirit and soul and meaning of that great event, and seem to have actually seen it as it came? You must know its great man. You must study the life of Oliver Cromwell, upon whom the true historical instinct of Carlyle has fastened as the man who really did the thing—as much, that is, as any one man did it, as much as any one man ever does anything in history. You must get deep into him. You must see how he led and was led; how he made his times and was made by them; how impossible it is to take him in imagination out of those times and set him down in any other. It does not mean that you are to make him slavishly your hero and think everything he did was right, but get the man, his hates, his loves, his dreams, his blundering hopes, his noble, hot, half-forged purposes, his faith, his doubt, get all of these in one vehement person clear before your soul, and then you will know how privilege had to go and liberty had to come in England and America.

And as an age or an event, so an occupation or a profession reveals itself in a biography. Many of our great libraries now are divided and arranged both horizontally and perpendicularly. All the books on one level belong to the same subject; all the books in one upright stack belong to the same nation. So it is with men in history. You may think of all the people in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, engaged in all their different works. That is

the horizontal conception. Or you may think of all the poets, or all the carpenters, or all the sailors in the whole series of ages. That is the perpendicularity of history. If you take the latter view, then, you want some man in each profession who shall make that profession a reality to you. Do you not know what a soldier is, as no abstract book could teach you, when you have read the pages which our great American soldier wrote in the days which he so piteously begged of death a little time to tell the story of his life? He who would understand the true life of a pure scholar, let him read the delightful story of Isaac Casaubon, which was written a few years ago by Mark Pattison, or, shall we say, the life of the pugnacious Richard Bentley, which was written by Bishop Monk, the very model of a scholar's life of a scholar? If you want to see what it may be to be a minister, do not look at the parson of your parish, but read Brooke's "Life of Robertson." When you want to know how bravely and brightly the true lover and questioner of nature may pass his days, let the life of that healthiest of naturalists, Frank Buckland, be your teacher. Let adventure shine before you in the life of Livingstone. In every occupation you will find some representative, some man who did that thing most healthily and truly. It would be good, I think, if in those critical years, sometimes so anxiously, sometimes so very lightly passed, in which men are deciding what they are to do with this mysterious gift of God which we call life, some wise and sympathetic teacher, in the college or elsewhere, should hold a class in professional biography, and make the most representative man of each profession tell, not by his lips but by his life, what sort of man and what sort of career his occupation makes. It might save, here and there, a foolish choice and an unhappy life.

And yet, again, there is another class of biographies which gives us types, neither of times, nor of events, nor

of professions, but of characters. Have you ever read Lord Herbert of Cherbury's "Memoirs," the most open-hearted of autobiographies, and felt his cheery, self-conceited voice bragging in your ear?—the very perfection of that strange, fantastic thing which his strange century took for a gentleman, the selfish bully still dazzling his own eyes and other men's with the glare of personal courage and an easy generosity. Put alongside of his the noble story which has lately been given to the world by Leslie Stephen, of his friend Henry Fawcett, the blind statesman who, with infinite patience and assiduity and resolution and intelligence, conquered the prizes of usefulness and honor in the darkness; or, turning to the higher power of religion, read the story of the manly piety of Havelock, the missionary faith of Patterson, or the calm progress out of unbelief into a trust in God as the one refuge of the soul of the fine intellect of Ellen Watson—read these, which are the three best and most healthy religious biographies I know, and feel how character is not a thing of which you can tell the nature in a list of qualities. It is something human; you must see it in a man; you must watch it kindling in an eye; you must hear it ringing in a voice; and so biographies are the best sermons.

Our first feeling, I suppose, is that all great men ought to have their biographies, that all fine lives are capable of being finely written. And yet we find out by and by that some great men, some very great men, are unsuited for biography. Shakespeare has no biography; and, much as we would like to know what happened to him in his life, I think we all feel doubtful whether we should get much of increased and deepened richness in our thought of him if what he did and said had been recorded. The poet's life is in his poems. The more profoundly and spiritually he is a poet, the more thoroughly this is true,

the more impossible a biography of him becomes. Where is the life of Shelley that gives you any notion of the beauty of his soul? The "Skylark" and the "Cenci" and the "Adonais" are the real events in his history. You fill yourself with them and you know him. The same is true of Wordsworth. There is not, there cannot be, any very valuable biography of him. For this reason, I think that the young reader ought to become well accustomed to reading the whole works of an author whom he really wants to know. I believe in those long, comely series of books labeled "complete works." If you read a poet's masterpieces, you know them. If you have read everything which he has written, you know him. When you have become convinced that some great author, particularly some great poet, is really worthy of your study, that you must have him not simply as a recreation of an idle hour but as the companion of your life, then go and get all his works; put them, as near as may be, in the order in which he wrote them, and read them once at least, straight through from end to end. Let your library, as it slowly grows, abound in "complete works"; so you have men, entire men, upon your shelves, if you are man enough to bid them live for you. This is, after all, the subtlest form in which the biography of writing men can take its shape, and for many writing men it is the only form of biography which is possible.

I must not say more about the subjects of biography. These kinds of men which I have hurriedly named are the kinds of men about whom other men will ask, and so about whom books will be written. These are the stars which, being in the heaven of human life, and having some special color or some special light, must shine. There are others no less true and worthy of men's sight than they, which no man sees.

2. I want to speak now of the men who write biogra-

phies, the authors. And, first of all, there are the men who are their own biographers—the men who, as the end of life approaches, gather up their experiences and tell the world about themselves before they go. In the great Uffizi Gallery at Florence there is a large assemblage of the portraits of the great artists, painted by themselves. Nobody can enter that vast, splendid room, thronged with its silent company, and not be conscious of a special sacredness and awe. Here is the way in which the great artists looked to themselves. Thus it was that Raphael saw the painter of the Sistine Madonna, and thus Leonardo conceived the painter of the Last Supper. It is the man himself telling the story of himself to himself. No wonder that each stands out there with a peculiarly clear and personal distinctness.

What that room is in art, a library of autobiographies is in human life. People like to tell us that we do not know ourselves so well as our neighbors know us. I rather think that few maxims are less true than that. Our neighbors know our little tricks, of which we are unconscious; but any one of us who is at all thoughtful knows his real heart and nature as no other man has begun to know them. Therefore, he who will really tell us about himself makes his life stand forth very distinctly in its unity, its separateness, its reality.

English literature is rich in autobiography. It has, indeed, no tale so deep and subtle as that which is told in the "Confessions of St. Augustine." It has no such complete and unreserved unbosoming of a life as is given by the strange Italian, Benvenuto Cellini, who is the prince of unconcealment. But there is hardly any self-told life in any language which is more attractive than the autobiography of Edward Gibbon, in which he recounts the story of his own career in the same stately, pure prose in

which he narrates the "Decline and Fall of Rome." It must have needed a great faith in a man's self to write those sonorous pages. Two passages in them have passed into the history of man. One is that in which he describes how, in Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as he sat musing amid the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started in his mind. The other is the passage in which the great historian records how, on the night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, he wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house at Lausanne, and how then, laying down his pen, he "took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commanded a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains." The story is all very solemn and exalted. It is full of the feeling that the beginning and ending of a great literary work is as great an achievement as the foundation and completion of an empire—as worthy of record and of honor; and as we read we feel so too.

A greater autobiography than Edward Gibbon's is our own Benjamin Franklin's. Franklin had exactly the genius and temperament of an autobiographer. He loved and admired himself; but he was so bent upon analysis and measurement that he could not let even himself pass without discrimination. The style is like Defoe. Indeed, we are pleased to find that he placed great value both on Defoe and Bunyan, whose stories are told so like his own. He watches his own life as he watched one of his own philosophical experiments. He flies his existence as he flew his kite, and he tells the world about it all just as a thoughtful boy might tell his mother what he had been doing—sure of her kindly interest in him. The world is like a mother to Ben Franklin always: so domestic and

familiar is his thought of her. He who has read this book has always afterward the boy-man who wrote it clear and distinct among the men he knows.

Of autobiographies of our own time there are three which are full of characteristic life. There is John Stuart Mill's life of himself, so wonderfully cold and calm and clear, yet with the warmth of subdued possibilities of passion always burning in it—a very sea of glass, mingled with fire. There is the story of James Nasmyth, the Scotch engineer and astronomer, written by himself—the happiest life, in the most natural and simple elements of happiness, I think, that one can find. And I must add, although we have only a fragment of it yet, the autobiography of General Grant, the soldier who hated war; the American who had the spirit of the institutions of his country filling him; the author who, without literary training or pretension, or almost, one may say, the literary sense at all, has written in a style which has this great quality, that it is like a simple, brave, true man's talk.

Let men like these talk to you and tell you of themselves. Being dead, they yet can speak. How good it is sometimes to leave the crowded world, which is so hot about its trifles, and go into the company of these great souls which are so calm about the most momentous things!

Next to the autobiography comes the life which is written by some one who is of near kindred or of close association with the man of whom he writes. In such lives the feeling of gratitude and personal friendship comes in and makes an atmosphere which takes in him who reads as well as the subject and the author of the book. Of such biographies there is no happier or more fascinating instance than the "Memoir of Professor Agassiz," which Mrs. Agassiz gave to the world a few months ago. It is the picture of a sweet, strong nature turning in its first young simplicity to noble things, and keeping its simplic-

ity through a long life by its perpetual association with them. It is a human creature loving the earth almost as we can imagine that a beast loves it, and yet at the same time studying it like a wise man. The sea and the glacier tell him their secrets. In his very dreams the extinct fishes build again for him their lost construction. There is a cool, bright freshness in every page. The boy of twenty-two rolls himself in the snow for joy. The man has himself let down a hundred and twenty-five feet into the cold, blue, wonderful crevasse to see how the ice is made. Finally, the New World tempts him, and he becomes the apostle of science to America. All this is told us out of the lips which have the best right to tell it.

Take another biography. I do not know whether you boys are inclined to think that if you were school-teachers you would want to have one of your scholars write your history. There is a common notion about school life—one of the stupid traditions which have an ounce of truth to eleven ounces of falsehood in them—that school-teachers and school-boys are natural foes and cannot understand each other. And yet Arthur Stanley wrote the life of Dr. Thomas Arnold, his teacher in the old school at Rugby, in such a way that the great master's fame has been set like a jewel firm and bright in the record of the nineteenth century; and school-teaching owes no little of its new dignity and attractiveness to that delightful book. It has added a name to history, and almost a new sister to the family of the high arts.

Suppose that you could have the privilege of sitting down with Mrs. Agassiz and hearing her tell of the great naturalist and the enthusiastic, child-hearted, lion-hearted man! Suppose that you could walk with Dean Stanley and hear him tell about his great master, to whom he owed so much of his learning and his character! You can do both these things if you will read these books.

The nature of the men they write of will come through the kindred natures and the warm love of those who write about them. It is sunshine poured through sunlight. So the story of William Lloyd Garrison, told by his children, has a certain richness about it which comes from the sympathy with his work which was fed in the home and at the very table of the great emancipator when these biographers were boys. So the "Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne," by Julian Hawthorne, while it has the faults has also much of the charm which belongs to a son's life of a father—the charm of ancestral genius reflected through an hereditary genius like itself.

Besides these two, the autobiography and the friend's biography, there remains the great mass of biographies which must of necessity be the work of authors far removed from the subjects about whom they write, perhaps of quite different habits and associations. The biographer of M. Pasteur calls the book which tells his story, "*La Vie d'un Savant par un ignorant*," and as we read we easily see that there is some advantage for us in the fact that the author who writes writes from the outside, and is not himself a proficient in the knowledge and the art in which the great French naturalist excels. There is a quiet schoolmaster at Harrow who spends his placid life in hearing school-boy lessons all day long, who, nevertheless, has written a biography of a soldier, a statesman, a ruler of men—the picturesque and heroic Lord Lawrence, ruler of the Punjaub and subduer of the Indian mutiny—which makes that terrible time live again and all its awful lessons burn like fire. This noble and most interesting book of Bosworth Smith is a fine instance of the kind of biography whose writer is neither bound by kindred nor identified by similarity of occupation with his hero. This author had never even seen the far-off, gorgeous India in which his drama was enacted, nor had he had anything to do

with military life. Such books as his mean something different from the personal interest in one's own life from which comes the autobiography, something different from the desire to raise a monument to a dear friend, or to perpetuate a special bit of history. They mean that large and healthy sense which feels that every strong human career must have in it, whatever its particular field of action may have been, something which belongs to all humanity, and which it will do all human creatures good to know. Such a book, therefore, is a token of the humanness both of him who writes it and of him about whom it is written. Take another. Take Professor Masson's "Life of John Milton." He who wants to know what was done in England during the great years which filled the middle of the seventeenth century may read that book, and one might almost say that he need read no other, so vitally does the great Puritan poet stand in the center of the great tumult of human life, and so vitally does the humanity of his biographer feel him standing there.

Great as is the charm which other writers have, this writer, who writes solely because the man of whom he writes seems to him to belong to all mankind and to have something to say to every age, must always have a charm deeper than any other. Great is he who in some special vocation, as a soldier, a governor, a scientist, does good and helpful work for fellow-man. Greater still is he who, doing good work in his special occupation, carries within his devotion to it a human nature so rich and true that it breaks through his profession and claims the love and honor of his fellow-men, simply and purely as a man. His is the life which some true human eye discerns, and some loving and grateful hand makes the subject of a picture to which all men enthusiastically turn.

I cannot help fearing that in my evening's talk thus far I have hastily named too many of the great works of

biography with which our literature is filled, and so have not made so clear as I should wish the subject of biography in general. It is a bad fault always so to paint the picture that men cannot see the forest for the trees. If, however, I have tempted any of my young hearers to read any of the books which I have named, my fault has not been wholly faulty. But as I pass on to say a few words of my third topic, the reader of biography, let me speak more generally.

3. First of all, what must the reader bring in order to get the real life out of the biography he reads? I answer in one word, a true life of his own. Reading the story of a man whom you admire, whose character is bright and splendid before you, may be the worst thing you can do, unless you meet it with a character and manhood which turns what you read into your own shape and appropriates this other man's vitality into its own. The object of reading biography, it cannot be too earnestly or too often said, is not imitation, but inspiration. Imitation does not require life; inspiration does. For imitation you need nothing but a lump of clay or putty; for inspiration you must have a pair of lungs. When will all teachers and all scholars learn that behind all acquirements there must lie character and powers, behind all learning you must have life? Before you can get mental training you must get a mind; before you can learn to live well you must learn to live; before one can become something one must be something. "To him that hath," so Jesus tells us, "to him shall be given." Therefore, to the lives of other men you must carry a true life of your own—convictions, intentions, resolutions, a true character. Then your career will not be swamped by theirs, though theirs may give to yours color and direction; then they will make you wiser, stronger, braver, but they will leave you still yourself. Here is the only danger which I know in the reading of

biographies, lest he who reads shall lose himself, shall come to be not himself, but the feeble repetition of some other man. It is the danger which attends all friendship, all personal intercourse of man with man. Your own responsibilities, your own chances, your own thoughts, your own hopes, your own religion, which are different from those of any other man who ever lived, those you must keep sacred, and then summon the inspiration of the greatest and most vital men whom you can find to touch your life with their fire, and make you not what they are, but more thoroughly and energetically yourself.

And, then, bringing and keeping this life of his own, what sort of biographies shall any special young man select to read? Two sorts, I answer: those of men most like himself in character and vocation, and those of men who are most unlike. Let him read the first sort for light and intensity; let him read the second for sympathy and breadth. Here is a young naturalist. Let him read the life of Agassiz of which I spoke. What preparation can be better for the life that is to deal immediately with nature than to see how nature filled and satisfied a very large, rich human life; what a great, fresh, happy, and hopeful man it made; how sacred nature was to him! Such a life well read must rescue the pursuit of natural science from its abstractness, and clothe it with human interest. Before I undertake any work, I think that it will do me good to meet and walk through the pages of his biography with the best and greatest man who ever did that thing before. My work, when I go forth to do it, will seem at once more real and more ideal, more familiar and more exalted, for such reading. But at the same time my young naturalist should also read such a book as Dr. Holmes's "Life of Emerson." He should see how full of strength and goodness a man might be who knew nothing of scientific studies; he should learn the poetic

and philosophic values of the stars, and the mountains, and the field; he should provide himself with humility by learning the dignity and worth of thought and knowledge, which it is beyond his power or outside of his range to attain. These two lives together, one showing him the greatness of what he can do, the other showing him the greatness of what he cannot do; one making his purpose more intense, the other making his sympathy more extensive—both of them he should read with reverence and love.

And how should a biography be read? I answer, with as little of the literary sense as possible. A biography is, indeed, a book; but far more than it is a book it is a man. Insist on seeing and knowing the man whom it enshrines. Never lay the biography down until the man is a living, breathing, acting person to you. Then you may close, and lose, and forget the book; the man is yours forever. It is a poor telescope that keeps you thinking of its lens and does not make you possess the star. I said about an hour ago that the great Christian book was a biography. The Gospels are the greatest biography that was ever written. And how little literary feeling there is about the Gospels! How we hardly think about them as a book! How it is the blessed Man whom we see through their colorless transparency that occupies our attention and our thoughts! To read a biography must be to see a man—Johnson or Scott or Macaulay. Boswell or Lockhart or Trevelyan must only be the friend who brings the two, you and Johnson or Macaulay or Scott, together.

I think that the reading of many biographies ought to be begun in the middle. It seems a disorderly suggestion, but it has reason in it. It is the way in which you come to know a man. You touch his life at some point in its course; you find it full of attractive activity; you grow interested in what he is doing. So you grow interested

in him, and then, not till then, you care to know how he came to be what you find him—what his training was; what his youth was; who his parents were, perhaps who his ancestors were, and who was the first man of his name who came over to America, and where that progenitor's other descendants have settled. The same is true, I think, of a biography. Indeed, I have often wondered whether a biography might not be written in that way. Let the "Life of General Grant" begin with the story of Shiloh or of Vicksburg, and when that glowing narrative has thoroughly interested the reader in the great soldier, then let us hear about the childhood in Ohio, and the early life at West Point, and St. Louis, and Galena. Probably biographers will not write so for us; but we may sometimes read thus the biographies which they have written in the dull order of chronology, and find them full of livelier and deeper interest.

And now what is it all for? I must not talk so long as I have talked to-night, about a certain kind of literature, and urge you to give it a high place in your reading, without trying, before I close, to gather up in simple statement the good results which have come to many, and which will come to you, from an intelligent reading of biography. I mention four particulars.

It gives reality to foreign lands and distant times. There is no land so foreign and no time so distant that a familiar personality, set by imagination in the midst of it, will not make it familiar. Some friend of yours goes to live in Venice or Bombay, and how immediately your vision of that remote scene brightens into vividness. The place belongs to you. The Grand Canal and the Caves of Elephanta are real things. You see your friend floating on the "tremulous street," or losing himself in the gloom of the solemn cavern. Or you are able to picture to yourself how this other friend would have behaved in the days

of Luther. You can imagine him back into the tumult of the Reformation. And straightway the Reformation days are here. Luther is denouncing Tetzel in your study. Biography does the same thing for us, only better. It takes the man who really lived in Venice or Bombay or Wittenberg and makes him real. It makes him live, and straightway all his time and place live with him, as all the heavens spring into glory when the sun clothes itself with light. With each man who becomes a living being to you, a whole new world comes into being. Each new man is a new sun. In all our minds there are regions of recognized but unrealized space and time, only waiting for us to set a real living human life into the midst of them to make them open into reality and glow with life.

Still more important and interesting are the regions of thought which are unreal to me until some man stands in the midst of them and lights them up. I read the history of metaphysics. I open and study the great heavy tomes. If my tastes are in quite other directions I say, "How dull this whole thing is! How vague and dreary these abstractions are!" And then I turn and read the life of some great metaphysician, and how everything is changed! I do not understand this great science any more than I did before, but I see him understand it. The enthusiasm trembles in his voice, the light kindles in his eye, as he talks and looks upon these abstract propositions which appeared to me so dreary. It cannot be but that they catch his light. The whole world which they make is real to me through his reality. My universe is larger by this great expanse. So one world after another kindles into vividness when I see its human inhabitant. The world of music, the world of mathematics, the world of politics, the world of charity, the world of religion, each is a real world to me when in the midst of it stands its real man.

Again, think what must be the effect upon personal character of the reading of a great biography. If it is really a great life greatly told, like Johnson's, or like Scott's, two convictions grow up in us as we read: first, this man was vastly greater than I can ever be; and, second, this man, great as he is, is of the same human sort that I am of, and so I may attain to the same kind of greatness which he reached. The first conviction brings humility, the second brings encouragement. And humility and encouragement together, each by its very presence saving the other from the vices to which it is most inclined, these are the elements which make the noblest character and the happiest life. To be humble because we are ourselves; to be courageous because we are part of the great humanity, and because all that any man in any time has done in some true sense belongs to us, in some true sense we did it; to catch the two certainties, one of the identity of mankind and the other of the essential and eternal distinctness of every man, even the most cheap and insignificant; to hold these two convictions in their true poise and proportion; to let them make for us one unity of character—this is a large part of the secret of good living, and no kind of book helps us to this so much as a good biography.

But finally, may we not say that the supreme blessing of biography is that it is always bathing the special in the universal, and so renewing its vitality and freshness? Our little habits grow so hard. We get so set in our small ways of doing things. We become creatures of this moment of time on which we happen to have fallen. The power of dull fashion and routine takes possession not merely of the way we dress and talk, but of the way we think. Our schools have their cheap little standard, and our colleges have theirs, and our professions theirs, and every duty makes more of the way in which it is done than

of the divine meaning and motive of doing it at all; all gets to seem parched and hardened like a midsummer plain, and then you take up your great biography, and as you read is it not as if the fountains were flung open and the great river came pouring down over the arid desert? The local standard, the mere arbitrary fashion of the moment, disappears in the great richness of human life; the part bathes itself in the whole; the morbid becomes healthy; the peculiar is freed from any haunting affectation, and becomes simply that individual expression of the universal which every true man must be.

Do we say that all this may come through large association with our living fellow-men without reading about the dead? Much of it may, no doubt, come so. But in some respects the great dead, whose faces look out on us through their biographies, have always the advantage; they are the best of their kind, the most picturesque illustrations of the characters they bear; their lives upon the earth are finished and complete. They will not change some day and throw into confusion the lessons which we have learned from them; and since they belong to many lands and many times they bring us a sense of universal human life which cannot come to us from the most active contact with living men, who, after all, must represent very much the same conditions to which we ourselves belong.

Therefore, while it is good to walk among the living, it is good also to live with the wise, great, good dead. It keeps out of life the dreadful feeling of extemporaneousness, with its conceit and its despair. It makes us always know that God made other men before He made us. It furnishes a constant background for our living. It provides us with perpetual humility and inspiration.

There are some of the great old paintings in which some common work of common men is going on, some

serious but most familiar action—the meeting of two friends, the fighting of a battle, a marriage or a funeral —and all the background of the picture is a mass of living faces, dim, misty, evidently with a veil between them and the life we live, yet evidently there, evidently watching the sad or happy scene, and evidently creating an atmosphere within which the action of the picture goes its way. Like such a picture is the life of one who lives in a library of biographies, and feels the lives which have been, always pouring in their spirit and example on the lives which have succeeded them upon the earth.

I thank you for your kind and patient attention, and if anything which I have said has been of interest or value to you, I am very glad.

LITERATURE AND LIFE.

(Chautauqua Assembly, Framingham, Mass., July 21, 1886.)

Ladies and Gentlemen: It certainly would not be easy to point out, among all assemblages of scholars, a more interesting sight than that which I see before me now. This great host of students has come up to the annual festival full of the delightful recollections and associations of a year of study. As he who looked into the faces of the Jews who thronged the temple at Jerusalem must have been able to read in them the whole story of the faith and inspiration of the quiet homes on the hillside or the sea-shore out of which they came, so, looking in the faces of my audience this afternoon, I seem to discern the pictures, various and different, yet one in their common ambition and struggle, of the lives which have been going on all over the land for the past year. I see busy households where the daily care has been lightened and inspired by the few moments caught every day for earnest study. I see chambers which a single open book fills with light like a burning candle. I see workshops where the toil is all the more faithful because of the higher ambition which fills the toiler's heart. I see parents and children drawn close to one another in their common pursuit of the same truth, their common delight in the same ideas. I see hearts young and old kindling with deepened insights into life, and broadening with enlarged outlooks over the richness of history and the beauty of the world. Happy fellowships in study, self-conquests,

self-discoveries, brave resolutions, faithful devotions to ideals and hopes—all these I see as I look abroad upon this multitude of faces of the students of the great College of Chautauqua.

I have tried in these opening words to give expression to the spirit of Chautauqua, to indicate that for which Chautauqua stands in the minds of men who look with cordial interest upon this great new spectacle in education. Its spirit is more important than its methods. Its methods are accidental: its purposes and its spirit are essential. It must not stand in your minds too technically, too purely as a thing of methods. It must not seem to be merely an ingenious artifice, a skilfully contrived arrangement for carrying on instruction with certain great economies, and under certain unfavorable conditions in which education has been generally thought to be difficult, perhaps impossible. Chautauqua must mean more than that. It must live in a deeper idea and a larger purpose. Not by ingenious devices and arrangements, but by true purposes and live ideas, do all institutions flourish and grow strong. To find the true natures of things, that alone is to understand them, and to be able to measure their power of living. The earth nature in the earth, the sun nature in the sun—it is by them alone that the earth pours forth its harvests, and the sun sheds its light.

And so, when I was honored by being asked to speak to the students of Chautauqua on this day of their annual assemblage, my mind turned, not to the special methods of this most interesting institution, but to its spirit. I asked myself what it represents, what it means; and the answer to that question fixed the subject on which it seemed right for me to speak. Chautauqua represents the true and healthy relationship of literature and life to each other. Its students are scholars who are at the same

time men and women deeply involved in the business of living. The homes in which they dwell, the occupations in which their days are passed, are not academical and cloistered, but human through and through, and open to the breezy influences of the world. Learning and living are in closest intercourse and friendship with each other here. What subject could be more suited to an anniversary Chautauqua Day than an attempt to estimate the relationships of literature and life?

That literature and life have often been out of their true and healthy relation, nobody can doubt. Literature has often become technical and hard. Its purposes have seemed to lie outside of the ordinary purposes for which men lived. The men who wrote books and the men who read books have seemed to make a little world all by themselves. The subjects with which literature was to deal have been arbitrarily chosen and strictly limited. A great part of the live activity of men has seemed to be unsuited for the purposes of letters.

On the other hand, life has often been contemptuous of literature. The practical man has boasted that he never read a book. The reading of books, when it was undertaken, has been counted an amusement, the recreation of an idle hour; something, perhaps, to be ashamed of; certainly something which belonged to a region of existence distinct from the shoeing of horses or the selling of goods. Pedantry on the one side and drudgery upon the other—these have been the result of the unnatural divorce of literature and life wherever it has taken place. The stream of activity has flowed on its way under the great cliff of learning, and only felt its hardness and its frown.

Not always! for in every time the truest literature has recognized that it must feed itself from life, and the most active life has known that it must broaden and refine itself by literature; and it is one of the happy tokens of the real

progress, the real approach to natural and fundamental standards, which our modern days are making, that the unnatural divorce is tolerated less and less. More and more—this Chautauqua is one sign of it, and there are many others—more and more, literature and life are laying claim to one another. Literature is claiming all life for its material: all life is claiming literature for its inspiration and its food.

A book, then—to put our general truth at once into its simplest statement—stands between life on one side of it, and life on the other side of it—the living fact or truth which it records on one side, and the living reader on the other side—and is itself the lens of the living personality of the author, which brings the two into communication. You see how *life* is everywhere through the whole process—in the star which shines, in the telescope which transmits the light, and in the eye which sees the beauty. It matters not of what kind the book may be—a novel of George Eliot, an essay of Macaulay, a history of Parkman, a poem of Browning, a play of Shakespeare, a treatise of John Stuart Mill—it is perfectly possible so to conceive of it, so to speak of it, that everything technically literary disappears from our thought and language, and nothing is present to us except life, beating and pulsing through life, to find its effect on life which lies upon the other side; the life of what has happened or of what is intrinsically true, transmitted through the live intelligence of some man or woman who has perceived it, to tell upon the character or action of the man or woman who stands waiting for its effect beyond.

It is very interesting to see how in the simplest readers all the technical and formal part of the conception of literature does really disappear, and only the living processes and elements remain. When Dickens and Thackeray came to this country years ago, when Matthew Arnold

and Archdeacon Farrar came the other day, they all found themselves greeted, not only as the authors of books, professional artists, excelling in a certain art—that welcome they received from fellow-artists, from brother-authors, practised in the same technique, and from readers used to criticism and analysis—but out of city workshops and country cottages came hosts of readers who thought of these authors as living friends who had told them living things, and to whom they looked with personal intimacy and gratitude which took the author by surprise. So men and women are gathering about Dr. Holmes in England now. It is hard for those to whom the detail of book-making is familiar, who know all about the selection of subjects, and the laying out of scales of treatment, and the choice of styles, and the consulting of authorities, and the negotiating with publishers, and the selection of types and pages, and the reading of proof, and the putting of a book upon the market—it is hard, I say, for those who are familiar with all that, to realize how absolutely unliterary is the whole conception which hosts of readers have of the books they read. We talk of "reading Gibbon's 'Rome.'" To the literary man that means the study of a certain style, and the critical observation of how a great writer has dealt with a great subject. To the unliterary reader it means the pouring of all the wild, turbid, furious life of a great period of history through the clear channel of a great intellect upon the passions and delighted or astounded perceptions of a man living here in these different days, but bearing in him the same old human nature which was in those Romans centuries ago. It is the difference between Ruskin looking at a picture of Raphael, and the American schoolboy who never saw a studio or a brush gazing at the same immortal canvas. The literary conception does not banish or destroy the human conception, but it is distinct from it. And when the literary

conception is wholly absent, then we can see what in its simplest meaning a book is: namely, a life standing between two other lives, and putting them into association; an intellect translating a truth which lies behind it into character, or pleasure, or action, in the man who stands before it. These two relations each book, and the whole world of books which we call literature, possess. First they receive life into themselves, and then they give out life from themselves to other life.

May not this last definition furnish me with the natural division and arrangement of what I want to say? Let me speak first of literature as the *effect* or *utterance* of life, and then, secondly, of literature as the *food* of life, which will come very near to speaking first of the author and then of the reader, or first of the writing and then of the reading of books.

Consider first the priority of life. Life comes before literature, as the material always comes before the work. The hills are full of marble before the world blooms with statues. The forests are full of trees before the sea is thick with ships. So the world abounds in life before men begin to reason and describe and analyze and sing, and literature is born. The fact and the action must come first. This is true in every kind of literature. The mind and its workings are before the metaphysician. Beauty and romance antedate the poet. The nations rise and fall before the historian tells their story. Nature's profusion exists before the first scientific book is written. Even the facts of mathematics must be true before the first diagram is drawn for their demonstration.

To own and recognize this priority of life is the first need of literature. Literature which does not utter a life already existent, more fundamental than itself, is shallow and unreal. I had a schoolmate who at the age of twenty published a volume of poems called "Life Memories." The

book died before it was born. There were no real memories, because there had been no life. So every science which does not utter investigated fact, every history which does not tell of experience, every poetry which is not based upon the truth of things, has no real life. It does not perish: it is never born.

Therefore men and nations must live before they can make literature. Boys and girls do not write books. Oregon and Van Dieman's Land produce no literature: they are too busy living. The first attempts at literature of any country, as of our own, are apt to be unreal and imitative and transitory, because life has not yet accumulated and presented itself in forms which recommend themselves to literature. The wars must come, the clamorous problems must arise, the new types of character must be evolved, the picturesque social complications must develop, a life must come, and then will be the true time for a literature.

Very impressive and mysterious and beautiful are these noble years in the life of a people or a man, which are so full of living that they had no time or thought for writing. Sometimes when we think of the vast ages which have passed thus, and left no record, all literature, all that man has written of himself, seems to be only like the wave-beats on the sea-shore sand compared to the great tumultuous ocean beyond, whose million surges foam and roll and break, and leave no record. Literature grows feeble and conceited unless it ever recognizes the priority and superiority of life, and stands in genuine awe before the greatness of the men and of the ages which have simply lived.

And yet equally true with this necessity of living first is the instinct which by and by, in its true time, demands expression, and gives birth to literature. How many of us can remember it in our own lives, the time when life

claimed utterance, and clumsily, shamefacedly, secretly, but with a dim sense of crossing a line and entering a new condition, we wrote something—a poem, an essay, a story—something which gave literary utterance to life! It is a common enough experience with active-minded children. It is not purely imitative and unreal: there is a native human impulse in it. The result is not valuable, but the act is significant and interesting. Up to this point of private literature, as we may call it, it would be good if everybody came at least once in his life. The prose or verse would be like the papers in lost pocketbooks, "of no value except to the owner"; and yet it would be of real value and significance to him. It would mark a stage in his existence, a distinct entrance on a special and new period of being.

What happens thus to the bright boy or girl happens also to the growing race, has happened to the growing world. Nay, even out beyond our world, in the mysterious regions of essential and eternal Being, what intimations and suggestions there are of how truly the necessity of utterance belongs to life! Think of those deep words of the Book of Genesis: "God said, Let there be light: and there was light." Think of the great beginning of the Gospel of St. John: "The Word was with God, and the Word was God; and the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." It is the depth of life becoming speech, making itself audible in word. God is, and God speaks —existence and revelation. "I am," and "Hear, O Israel" —those two are inseparable. "I make light and create darkness," that comes first; and then "Day unto day uttereth speech, night unto night showeth knowledge." Surely there are the two facts, being and utterance, which in our human world appear as life and literature; both sacred, and in deepest and most necessary union with each other.

Who can tell what a barbarism would settle on the

world if this impulse of utterance were not always present? For utterance is registration and declared attainment. Any achievement of man embodied in literary expression becomes in large degree fixed and settled, and is a point of departure for new achievements. Without such registration and fixity by utterance, each new generation must begin at the bottom of the hill, and climb the whole long height anew. A great literary work is a Grands Mulets, where the traveler stays over-night, and assures himself of what he has already done, and is ready for a new start toward the summit in the morning. It is not possible, indeed, that any utterance should do this absolutely, or that each new generation should in any way be relieved of the necessity of going back to the beginning, and solving over again for itself the most fundamental of the everlasting problems. Some things, the deepest things, each race, each man, must do from the very outset, almost as if no race or man had lived and struggled at the task before. But there are other achievements—the great discoveries in nature or in art, the great practical experiments in living—which, once attained and thoroughly expressed in literature, make, as it were, a new and higher plane of living, on which the next generation takes its stand, and from which it sets out toward the higher heights which remain for it to climb. Was it not a different thing for a Greek that he lived after Plato, instead of before? Is it not a new England for a child to be born in since Shakespeare gathered up the centuries and told the story of humanity up to his time? Will not Carlyle and Tennyson make the man who begins to live from them the "heir of all the ages" which have distilled their richness into the books of the sage and the singer of the nineteenth century?

I do not mean, of course, merely that the literature of any time records specifically the facts which have been

discovered, or the truths which have been learned, up to his time, so that they do not have to be discovered or learned again. It is something more general, more spiritual than that. The literature of any time, taken as a whole, declares what man in that time has come to be—the quality of his existence, the sort of creature he is, the degree of his development. Then, as that creature, in that development, he starts forth on the next stage of his long journey. The literature is the node or focus into which life gathers itself, that it may open itself thence into new life. It is a judgment-day between two worlds. It is like the hour of meditation in which thoughtful souls indulge at twilight, or on a New Year's eve, when an old year lies a-dying, in which they gather themselves into self-consciousness, and feel themselves full of mysterious prophecy of what they are to be.

This is the way in which literature stands between living and living. Life utters itself in literature, and then, in its turn, literature produces itself in life. Once more, life, and not literature, is the essential thing. It is Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. All else, from Beta to Psi, comes in the interval between. A man, and not a book, is the purpose of the world. No wonder that many literary men, who have been also truly living men, have felt this to a degree which has almost made them despise their high vocation. "Life," Carlyle used to say, "is action, not talk. The speech, the book, the review or newspaper article, is so much force expended—force lost to practical usefulness." He said once that England produced her greatest men before she had any literature at all. "If I had been taught to do the simplest useful thing," he said, "I should have been a better and happier man." Somewhat in the same strain writes Emerson. "Much of our reading," he declares, "is a pusillanimous desertion of our work to

gaze after our neighbors." Byron says of Jack Bunting, "He knew not what to say, and so he swore." I may say it of our preposterous use of books: "He knew not what to do, and so *he read*." Who cannot understand this impatience of the literary man with literature? Who does not feel that it is healthy and human? Who does not believe that the literary man who feels it healthily, and not morbidly, does his literary work the better for it? For it is a witness that he has rightly apprehended the relation of literature to life, the essential superiority of life to literature.

And yet we know that we have not given the full account of literature when we have declared it to be the record and utterance of life. It is far more than that. What happens to life when it passes into literature is something very rich and subtle. It keeps its quality as life, but it gains other qualities, which result from its passage through the intelligence of man, and from its expression in that form of utterance which we call style. Truth uttered in prose or verse becomes a new thing, with new powers; a distinct addition to the beings and the forces which are in the world; and so something more than an extension and perpetuation of the truth as it existed before it entered into literature. Do you see what I mean? Is Hamlet the play nothing more than a mere record of Hamlet the man and his history? Is there not in the wonderful tragedy a quality and preciousness of its own, distinct from that which belonged to the life, because of a different sort from that which lives possess, of a sort which only comes from the combination of lives first with the subtle intelligence of observing man, and then with the expressive medium of style? The great drama of the French Revolution fights itself out in tumultuous Paris, and stands thenceforth forever an imperishable fact in the history of man. Years afterward Thomas

Carlyle, in England, writes the story of the French Revolution, and his finished work is another fact, distinct, with quality of its own; another achievement, which also cannot perish, but stands forever in its own region of interest and greatness. "Carlyle's 'French Revolution,'" we say, almost as if we would indicate in the very phrase that there is a French Revolution which belongs to him, which exists in the world in virtue of his genius. It is not simply that his genius has shone upon an historic fact, as the sun shines upon a stone, and makes manifest what was always in the stone before, adding absolutely nothing new. The historic fact and the author's genius have mingled, as the seed and sunshine mingle, and this flower of literature is the result.

This is easiest to see, perhaps, in works of the kind of these of which I have been speaking, in which the historical element is very large—works of history or biography. But it is true of all books which really have authors, and so really belong to literature. A fact of nature is one thing; a book of science is another. A faculty in human nature has its wonder, its mystery, its beauty; the portrayal of that faculty, its analysis, its coördination with other faculties, in a book of Pascal or John Stuart Mill, possesses a different value of a different sort. "Speaking the truth in love," St. Paul says. See what three elements go to make up the total achievement which that phrase describes—truth, and love, and speech; a fact lying back of all, a personal disposition in which that fact is conceived, and a form of utterance—all these together. Truth bathed in love, and uttered in speech, makes the new unit of power, which is literature.

It is quite necessary that we should acknowledge this peculiar value of literature. If we do not, it loses its dignity, and becomes mere reporting, whose sole virtue is its accuracy. I have great respect for the reporter; it be-

comes us all to respect him, for we are all helpless in his mighty hands. But rightfully as he claims our respect, I do not suppose that he thinks of himself as an author, or calls the result of his labors literature. The qualities which separate the author from the stenographer, and make the superiority of literature to reportership, are two —one metaphysical and the other artistic. They are ideality and order, the development of ideas and the arrangement of parts—the same qualities which in art separate a true portrait from a photograph. A portrait has a value of its own, entirely independent of its likeness to the man who sat for it; a photograph has none. So literature is known to be true literature by its possession of a value in itself, a value of thought and style, distinct from that first and highest value which belongs to it as an expression of life. This last it must have, or it is worthless. Those others it must also have, or, whatever worth it may possess, it is not literature.

It is evident, I think, from what I have been saying, that the relations between life and the literature in which it finds its expression are very delicate, and their proportions to each other may be disturbed in various ways. Life may become too strong for literature. There is question whether it be not so to-day. The world is intensely and vehemently alive. New forms of human activity are at work on every side. Energy is bursting out in unexpected places; calm questions are becoming violent; problems which men used to think easy are showing themselves to be all feverish with difficulty. It may well prove at such a time that the literary methods and standards which have been heretofore developed are not sufficient for their task; and until expression expands itself, and becomes more fit for its new duty, that which is waiting to be expressed may very possibly suffer from the inarticulate condition in which it is compelled to remain. Is it not so

to-day? Who doubts, that, if the social perplexities of the time could be set forth in a more competent and sufficient literature; if the poem, the novel, the treatise, were more able than they have yet shown themselves to analyze and interpret the tumult of argument and passion which is filling the actual life of man, to catch its true meaning, and expound it with clearness—the pent-up torrent would find easier vent, and prejudice would sweep away, and open into broader, juster, and more charitable thought? At such a time literature must enlarge its methods; it must break the slavery of old standards; it must learn to let new forms shape themselves freely from the pressure of spiritual life; it must believe in the future even more than it reverences the past.

We can see signs enough of such pressure of life on literature. We see it in the very fact that the other danger is hardly a thing to fear to-day. That other danger is, that literature should be too strong for life. That comes in times when the spirit of life is feeble, when the energy of man seems for the time exhausted, and merely to tell of what has been and what is appears the easy task of men of letters. Then comes a dilettante age. Then men play with books, and make arbitrary, fantastic, artificial canons of literary style. Such times come in the lulls which follow great convulsions; in the reactions after mighty energies, when men seem weary of action, as the water just below Niagara pauses after its tremendous plunge, and idly eddies to and fro before it starts with a new impetuosity toward the rapids. The end of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth made such a period. Such a period may very possibly follow the vehement vitality of our time. But our time is not such a period. Now life is pressing upon literature. Men's hearts are feeling and dreaming and discerning more than the poets know how to sing. Society is

trembling with incipient convulsions, of which no analysis can give a competent account. Science is finding more truth than our systems, philosophical or religious, can easily digest. Life is too strong for literature.

We discern the signs of such a state of things in many places. We see it in the readiness with which bright and earnest men devise new forms of utterance, essentially literary, yet free from much of the formality of old literary methods, for the outpouring of their tumultuous ideas, as in all the multifarious systems of magazines and periodicals and journals. We see it in the vagueness of the whole impressionist school of fiction and of poetry, which tries to do with a few broad sweeps of the brush what it despairs of working out in clear, minute, intelligent detail. We see it in the frequent palsy of high endeavor. Can anything more show the sense of incompetency for its time than that the most skilful novel should give up the great life of men, and go to depicting police-courts and boarding-houses? We see it in the very multitude and variety of books, as when the torrent which found no one outlet sufficient for its flow, bursts through every possible chink, and spends a little of its pent-up fury in a thousand wayward spirts and jets.

"Goethe," says Frederick Maurice, "was entirely a protestant against the bookishness of Germany in behalf of life." The whole pressure of literature on life of which I have been speaking began contemporaneously with Goethe. Its great voice has been, like his, a protest against bookishness. To write a book was once a serious and awful action. A book was a sacred thing. A true book is sacred still, but it is a healthier sacredness which it possesses: it is the sacredness of religion, not of superstition; it is the sacredness of the sunny cornfield, and not of the sunless Druid grove; it is the sacredness of purpose, and not of initiated execution.

The multitude of books dismays us. I look around on this assemblage, and I dare say I am speaking to a hundred authors. In such an assemblage I should once have spoken to not two. It is easy to be disheartened and cynical at this; it is easy to turn it into ridicule. To me it seems to give ground for neither of those dispositions. I rejoice in the multitude of books. What though three quarters of them die as soon as they are born, and only one in a million has a voice that the world hears? Is it not so with trees? Is it not so with men? It is "a protest against bookishness in behalf of life," this multitude of books. It is a declaration that, while life will always seek for itself the special value which belongs to literary expression, it will not so stand in awe of the dignity of literature as to wait till it can conform itself to classical standards and conventional rules, but will break out with what voice it can command, whether it be the deep bass of a theological treatise, or the piping treble of a social pamphlet, to tell the world what is on its soul.

Of course, literature will be demoralized in the process of its enlargement and multiplication; but it will be the demoralization of the army when it breaks its camp and goes out to the battle. Of course, a vast amount of futility and idiocy and blasphemy will pour itself out in print. In the long run the world will take care of that. The public taste, the public conscience, the public busyness, and the printer's bill—we must trust to them for winnowers. In spite of them we must expect to see empty charlatans, blown full of wind, standing like bronze statues on their pedestals. But in spite of *them*, too, the time will never come in which the world will not, once a month, know what voice, speaking to it earnestly and seriously, has something to say which it will do well to hear, and once or twice a century will not recognize that another great singer or great teacher has been sent of God to join the slowly growing chorus of immortals.

Therefore, fellow-students of Chautauqua, write your book fearlessly, if you have a book to write. Let no literary conceit scare you with its sneer, saying, "What! will you, too, be author?" Answer him boldly, "Yes, I will." Only be sure that your calling to be an author is a true calling; and then answer it, whoever sneers. Only be sure that it is real life seeking for genuine utterance; and then say your word simply, strongly, serenely, without affectation and without fear. The world may not listen: you must none the less be glad to have spoken. Who can tell beforehand to whom the world will listen? Who can tell, even afterward, what good it may have done the speaker to have spoken, even to an unlistening world?

This much I say of literature as the *effect* of life. I hope that I have made it clear how natural and essential is the first relationship between the two. Literature is not an artificial habit; certainly it is not a corrupt crust upon the surface of life: it is the true utterance of life; it is indeed a part of life, necessary for life's full completeness; it is the expression of life's heart and soul.

And now let us pass on, in what time we may still venture to consume, to speak of the other side of our subject —literature as the *food* of life. Life first produces literature, then literature in its turn produces life. The first part of our subject has led us to speak of book-writers and book-writing: this second part leads us to speak of book-readers and book-reading. Perhaps this second part will come nearer to the interests of my hearers than the first; for we are all readers of books, while not all, not quite all, of us write them.

Literature, then, let us begin by saying, finds its way into life through three great doors, which we may call the door of curiosity, the door of obedience, and the door of admiration; or, to put it less figuratively, every book presents itself to its student either as a body of knowledge which he may believe, or as a law which he may obey, or

as an inspiration and an influence which may tell upon his spiritual nature. You cannot picture to yourself any other kind of approach and offer which a book can make to him who takes it up to read it. From the most ponderous treatise of theology down to the lightest novel which comes skipping from the press, every book comes bringing one or other of these three appeals. One book comes, saying, "Believe this, for it is true;" another, "Do this, for it is right;" another, "Become this, for it is good." The book which seems the lightest, the book of mere amusement, still takes its place, whether it will or no, in one or other of these classes; and, when its easy pages close, leaves, though too light for the reader's self-consciousness to recognize it, some idea for the mind, or some rule for the conduct, or some impress on the character, which is its legitimate and permanent result upon its reader.

It must be so, because these, and these only, are the open capacities of man. These are the doors through which all things come into his life. Take away man's power of believing that which he is taught, and of obeying that which he is commanded, and of loving and appropriating that which he admires, and he remains nothing but a great, high fortress of unbroken wall, without a gateway through which any visitor from the rich world outside himself can come in to bring him of its richness. The gateways through which all his gains come to him are these three—curiosity, and obedience, and admiration: the power of the disposition to learn truth, and to accept authority, and to feel influence.

I hesitate, as you see, just what name to write over the third of man's great gateways. It is not so easy to give a name to as the others. They are very simple: this third is very subtle and elaborate. I mean by it that whole mysterious power which belongs to man to be

changed in his character by direct contact with some nature which he loves—or which he *hates*, for hate is only love turned backward—even without the communication of truth to his understanding, or of commandment to his will. You see how elaborate the definition grows; but the gate stands more or less open in the life of every human being, from the baby to the sage.

Every book and every literary man, then, comes before the world in one or other of these three aspects—either as dogmatist, or as moralist, or as what, for want of a better name, we may call mystic. The same writer, indeed, may combine more than one of these characters. A great book may unite all three. This is the glory of the Bible. It is at once the book of truth, the book of law, and the book of influence. Think of it as the book of truth, and you remember immediately the great historical pictures of the Old Testament, and the great appeals to reason in the Epistles of the New. Think of it as the book of law, and you hear the thunder of the Ten Commandments, and the vehement admonitions of the Hebrew prophets. Think of it as the book of influence, and you feel the pathetic power of the Psalms of David and the Gospel of St. John. Try to conceive its full might as a combination of the three, and there stands out before you the personality of Him of whom the whole Bible is but the picture and expression—that Christ who is at once the teacher of man's ignorance, the ruler of man's waywardness, and the inspirer of man's spiritual vitality; at once the Truth and the Way and the Life. It is in its combination and mastery of all three of these great fundamental powers that the Bible is the universal and eternal book, the Word of God to man.

Christian literature has divided into departments and shared among her many writers that whole which the great Christian book comprehends in its totality. She has had

her dogmatists, her moralists, and her spiritual leaders, her inspirers of character. Truth, like the sunshine; law, like the thunder and the lightning; mystical influences, like the unseen touches of the atmosphere—these, in their combination, make the completeness of that literature with which, from Paul and John down to Maurice and Channing and Bushnell, Christianity has blessed the world. Thus she has brought her blessed power into human nature through all its open doors.

And now note how these three powers in man, to which all literature must appeal, are the intrinsic powers of his vitality. See how, if he lives at all, he must live in them; see how, if they are dead within him, there is no true vitality left—and then you see, I think, what is the real truth concerning the approach of literature to man. Curiosity, obedience, admiration—these are the powers of all man's life. The desire to know the true, to do the right, to be the good—these are what make him man. In the increase of the activity of these his manhood grows. If there were no such thing as literature, these powers would still be active, and be the precious, the indispensable, prerogatives and proof-marks of his humanity. If there were no book for him to open, still man would use and grow by and live in these same powers of curiosity and obedience and admiration to which the books appeal. He would put puzzled questions to the earth and to the sky. He would ask commandments of the stars and his own soul. He would crave communion with nature and with his dim thought of God.

What then? What follows? Does not this follow, and is it not most important—that the powers to which the books appeal, the powers to which literature speaks, are not peculiar, special powers, which have no activity in man except as he is the reader of books, but are the common and familiar powers of his universal life? That

the vitality which literature finds and feeds is the same vitality with which man does all his living work, and gets all his knowledge? That, therefore, the first great qualification of a man, in order that he may be healthily fed by the best literature, is not the possession of some artificial tastes, the development of some unusual and highly trained capacity, but the activity of the simple, fundamental human powers—in other words, that the livest man will be the best reader of the best books? That what you have to do with your own or any nature, in order to make it receptive of the truest knowledge, or the wisest guidance, or the noblest inspirations, is to make it thoroughly alive in all its best and broadest human powers?

Do we see anything in the history of human learning to justify that idea? Do we not all know how often scholarship has wasted itself by being poured into a nature which had no vitality to receive it? Are not our colleges only too rich in pedants the failure of whose career lies here, in that their manhood was dead or only half alive, and so their learning found no real welcome or digestion, and lay in them, and lies in them still, crude, hard, unsoftened, and unsweetened into wisdom? What our colleges need to-day is, not more learning for their men, but more men for their learning. The little conceited specialist, with small curiosity and less obedience and no admiration, is incapable of the fullest approach and entrance of truth. Let him read what books he will, he goes unfed. The anxiety of every man who cares for the higher education to-day must be as to how that healthy process of perpetual reaction can be kept alive by which more knowledge shall always make the men to whom it comes more broadly and profoundly human, and so more fit for the healthiest reception of yet more knowledge, which shall first come to them because they are, and then shall make them yet more to be, true and living men.

In that anxiety, we look about us here, and are very thankful for Chautauqua. Unless I much misjudge, the system which is represented under these spreading trees has something to say to the problem at which we have just been giving a hasty glance. You are students who are not separated or divorced from life. Life, and not literature, is to you the primary and most potent fact. You are refreshing your vitality all the time out of those great eternal fountains which God forever keeps open for His children, lest they die out of their humanness into stones, or brutes, or machines. Fatherhood, motherhood, brotherhood, sisterhood, the home life, practical labor, the need of sacrificing self for others, the necessity of forethought, the wrestling with difficulties—these are the things which make men live. It is to lives fed out of these fountains that your books open themselves, and your teachers speak. It is to natures which have been taught curiosity, docility, and admiration in the great school of living, that this Chautauqua College opens her hospitable gates, and says, "Come, learn!" with a peculiar hopefulness.

What is there to expect? May we not say, a very vivid grasp and hold on learning? May we not believe, if the students of Chautauqua be indeed what we have every right to expect that they will be, men and women thoroughly and healthily alive, through their perpetual contact with the facts of life, that when they take the books which have the knowledge in them, like pure water in silver urns, though they will not drink as deeply, they will drink more healthily than many of those who in the deader and more artificial life of college halls bring no such eager vitality to give value to their draft?

If I understand Chautauqua, this is what it means: it finds its value in the vitality of its students. It, of necessity, sacrifices thoroughness. It knows and feels that sac-

rifice. It recognizes that if it were possible to fill each one of its students with all that every science has to give, each student would be the better for it. It has not, and it must not come to have, any contempt for the completer training which is the privilege of those who can give their whole time to study. It acknowledges that if he can keep, as he certainly may keep, a healthy, live, sympathetic humanity through all his work, the finished scholar in any department is happier and more successful than the most interested amateur. It honors the father of Louis Agassiz, wanting to touch, even with the tip of his lips, the science of which his son was drinking to the full; but it owns that the son's lot was richer and more blessed. It does not dishonor thoroughness, it does not magnify superficialness; but it does say that life is the truest and best condition for the reception of learning. It does declare that a seed has more chance of growth in a flower-pot of mold than in a hundred acres of sand. While it does not disown the importance of habits of study, and of the apparatus and environment of learned life, it believes and declares that far more important is the spirit of the student; and so it summons those who are alive with true human hunger to come and learn what they can learn of that great world of knowledge of which he who knows the most knows such a very little, and feels more and more, with every increase of his knowledge, how very little it is that he knows.

It would be a great misfortune if Chautauqua, with all the interest which it excites, and all the success of which it has to boast, should seem to give any praise to superficialness, or to make any less precious than men think it now, that thoroughness of scholarship which is so rare, even among our professed and consecrated scholars. We are assured that that will not be its working. Those who, in the gracious and helpful training of Chautauqua, come

on to the sacred soil of any science, tread its firm ground, and see the richness of its landscape, will surely not count it less but far more sacred than they counted it when they were wholly strangers to its fascination. Poor is the student's soul in which familiarity with his science breeds contempt of it. Rather, he who knows something, and is well aware how little it is that he knows, will rejoice with all his heart that there are others whose privilege it is to know more, and will sit eagerly listening for what tidings they who have pushed on deep into the heart of the Promised Land shall bring back to those who sit wondering and thankful in the richness of its borders.

And yet, sure as I am that our culture here will never be so perverted as to clothe superficialness with any unreal glory, I still think it may be well for all of us to be upon our guard over our own standards, and to take some precaution that thoroughness may never lose that high esteem which it ought ever to keep in all our eyes; not merely for learning's sake, but for our own. How shall that be done? I have only one suggestion to make. Is it not well that each of us whom the culture of this institution, and the spirit of the time, incline to a discursive largeness in our reading and study, should have some one well-chosen subject in which he shall endeavor to go as deep as possible, and know all that he can? Is it not good that in our great farm, fed on the surface by the ever-bounteous skies, there should be somewhere one deep, cool well which should pierce as deep as possible, and forever remind us of how the true sources of supply lie far below? Surely such a habit would keep alive our love of thoroughness, which is the thing which a man most needs in the world, even in relation to those things in which his circumstances compel him to do superficial work.

In the literary world to-day there are two figures whose faces are exceedingly familiar; we all know them well.

One of them is called the *special student;* the other is known as the *general reader.* The first has his home chiefly at Cambridge, but is to be seen at all our colleges. The second lives at Boston, but lives also everywhere else where there are brightness and books. Both of them have much that is good, and some things which are not good, about them. The first is full of knowledge, but is a little hard and narrow, as if he had been fed on needles. The second is full of sympathy, but his face has a little haziness about it, as if he had feasted upon fog. The first is intensive; the second is extensive. By the labors of the special student learning is deepened; by the labors —shall we call them?—of the general reader learning is broadened. The work of the first is to dig wells; the work of the second is to dig ditches. I am not sure that it is not fated that these two, so often separated from each other, so often suspicious of each other, should meet, and look into each other's eyes, and know each other for friends and fellow-workers at Chautauqua. At any rate, I believe that they are destined to meet somewhere—or, indeed, that they are meeting everywhere—in the spirit of this reconciling age of ours, this age which knows the need of thoroughness, and also knows the need of life; and which, while it would like to have both dispositions meet in the person of each one of its scholars, yet, if that cannot be, gives welcome to every reading man or woman who brings either disposition as a contribution to its character and growth.

The fact is, that in these days of ours, literature, like theology, has broken loose, and there is temporary trouble. Happily in both cases the confusion comes from increase and not from deficiency of life, and so it will be all right; it will be vastly better than ever in the end, but for a time there is disorder. The fences are swept away. Land which seemed consecrated to dryness is deep under

the waters of life. The old channels cannot be found; men seek for them in vain.

The two cases are very like each other. There are no longer certain men to whom theology is exclusively committed, experts in the things of God. Nor is there any more a sacred caste of people who write books. The people are all priests. The people, almost all, are authors. And yet, in theology and in literature alike, never had the real priest, the priest who bears the true priestly witness in his face and voice, the priest whose priestliness is in the convictions and sympathies of his soul, and not in the robe upon his shoulders—never had the real priest such a chance of power as he has to-day.

Literature and theology are both claiming all the world for their field, all the interests of mankind for their care.

Literature and theology are both full of discontent and full of hope. Both of them are appealing for recognition, not to a few trained faculties, or to a "religious public" or a "literary world," but to human life everywhere, in its primary emotions and its universal needs.

Both theology and literature are overwhelmed with the tremendous mass and infinite variety of the material which is being poured in upon them, and which they cannot cast aside; yet both alike are feeling dim but certain intimations of a latent unity in the great multitude of things, and are searching for the key whose touch shall bid that unity spring forth to sight, and be the great solution of our wonder and our fear.

Such are theology and literature to-day. Is it not good, indeed, to be counted to-day in any humblest degree among the Christian scholars?

But I have kept you much too long. Now, in a few last words, which shall be hardly more than apothegms, let me try to sum up the practical consequences which I think result from our doctrine, that, the fuller the healthy vitality of any man becomes, the more truly does he be-

come receptive of the best effect of books, the more capable is he of being fed by literature.

1. First, deepest, truest of all, let us say this: that all life completes itself in the divine life. He lives most truly and intensely who lives nearest to the great source of life, which is God. Therefore it is to him who really counts himself, and tries in actual experience to be, the son of God, that literature brings its best messages. To him, full of the highest curiosity, which is faith, and the highest obedience, which is consecration, and the highest admiration, which is divine love—to him truth enters full-statured through every door. Alas that men have said, alas that bigotry has given men the right to say, that much which called itself the fear of the Lord was not the beginning, but the end, of wisdom! None the less is that true what John wrote to his disciples in such sublime realization of their possibilities that those possibilities seemed to him already present and achieved possessions: "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things."

2. And secondly, since life is a thing of quality rather than of quantity; since, that is, all living things, from least to greatest, in virtue of their life, are one with one another, and every life in the wondrousness of its quality is infinite—therefore it will be more and more the quality rather than the quantity of knowledge which will be of importance in studying and learning men. At least the quality of knowledge will be primarily important, and only after that the quantity. Not what we know, so much as the way in which we know everything; not how much do we know, but how do we know—that is the question that is significant. Get the quality right, and an eternity of living in the light of God will take care of the quantity.

3. And thirdly, since life is perfect in the individual only as it feels and owns its share in the great multitude of life which fills the mass, so no man's personal relation

to literature is complete unless it feels and owns about it this great mixed mass of ignorance and knowledge and half-knowledge which makes up the world. All exclusive, selfish, aristocratic learning is vulgar, and loses the best fineness of scholarship; is turbid, and loses the best brightness of light. Whatever else is aristocratic in the world, learning must be democratic. Every man who reads must read for all men. The truth of stewardship is the first truth of the study. He who learns selfishly only half learns.

4. And yet once more: this close union of literature and life brings us encouragement. It gives us the right to believe that the dangers of literature, the dangers of learning, are the same as the dangers of life, and are to be met in the same way—by deeper entrance into that whose surface only is dangerous, whose heart always is serene and safe. Life has its dangers, but their cure is not in suicide. Learning has its dangers, but their cure is not in ignorance. Forward, not backward, into greater life; forward, not backward, into greater knowledge, not into less—there, there only, lies the safety of the man or of the world. No man was ever yet hurt by knowing too much. All harm has come by knowing too little. A little learning is a dangerous thing; but the danger is not in the learning, but in the littleness. Get more! Get more! So only, so only can you be safe.

My friends, I do not know whether I have rightly interpreted the spirit of Chautauqua. It is my first admission to her councils. But I think that I cannot be wrong in believing that she stands, above all things, for the close, essential, inseparable union of literature and life. Long may she live! Much may she live in the lives of all her children! For much life, if what I have said to-day be true, must mean wide welcome to truth; the power richly to receive and richly to transmit the light of God.

HENRY HOBSON RICHARDSON.

(*Harvard Monthly*, October, 1886.)

From the day when he entered college, in 1855, to the day when he died, full of honors, in 1886, Mr. Richardson was always a true son of Harvard. His student life was critical in his career. His college friendships lived with him until he died. He never lost the inspiration of Cambridge things and men. His growing fame made the place of his education illustrious; and when his work was done, two of his most characteristic buildings—Sever Hall and the new Law School—remained among the treasures of the college for all time to come.

It is right that the *Harvard Monthly* should devote to him a few pages of remembrance, and try to give to those who did not know him some idea of what manner of man he was.

He came to college from New Orleans in the years which immediately preceded the great war. He was a Southerner, and nobody can understand him or his career who does not keep that fact always in mind. Deeply as Richardson fastened his life into the life of the region where he ultimately lived, he always carried something in his nature which was foreign to it. Much as he loved to boast, somewhat fantastically, that he was descended from the sober English theologian and philosopher, Dr. Priestley, that quiet blood had mingled with lighter and more impetuous currents before it came to him. He kept to the end much of the spirit of the Southerner before and

during the Rebellion, a spirit of recklessness and earnestness, which were often strangely and strikingly combined.

His college days are too recent for some of us and too remote for others of us to remember. The picture of them which his classmates give is very distinct. They were days of carelessness and plenty. The seriousness of life had laid hold upon him less even than it does upon most college men. His college photograph is not recognizable by those who knew him only when he had become mature. Nothing about him was precocious. He did not lisp in plans and elevations. Some interest in mathematics as a special study seems to be all that is remembered as the slightest prophecy of what was to come later. But at the time he was known only for the peculiar charm of his bright, open nature and for the sunshine which he brought into every company he entered. It was a morning period of simple joy in life which was capable, although nobody guessed it then, of richening into the buoyant hopefulness, the manly grasp of difficulties, the healthy love of living and working which those who saw his great years know so well. It is only another instance in which a prophecy is recognized after its fulfilment which no man could have known when it was spoken.

The choice of architecture as his profession seems to have been made in the last half of his senior year; but I cannot find that anybody knows what led him to it, or what the feelings were with which he made the choice. During all his life he did true things of which he consciously gave very little account to himself. He was apt to be wiser than he knew—and so he probably was here. It is not at all likely that he knew, as we know now, how thoroughly the work of the architect was the work for him; how the firm grasp of solid, palpable material, combined with the exercise of vivid intelligence, just suited his concrete and most vivacious intellect. At any rate,

there is no record of enthusiasm, and none of his classmates imagined what an important thing had happened when his choice was made.

After his graduation he went to Europe, and in a leisurely sort of way began to study. His biography will tell us in detail how life changed with him at the beginning of the war, and how his character and force came out under two impulses. He was both driven and drawn to greatness. Behind him came the pressure of poverty when his remittances from home were cut off by the war. Before him was always opening more and more the attraction of his profession, of which he wrote, in 1862: "The more I see and know of architecture, the more majesty the art gains. Oh, if I had begun at nineteen to study it!"

The letters which Richardson wrote during these years in Paris, from 1860 to 1865, presented a delightful picture of the making of a man. He is so transparent that the process is perfectly clear to one who watches it. Little by little poverty and the need of work are separating him from his old luxurious boy's life. Little by little a great art is claiming the liberated worker for its own. It is impossible to pity him for his privations. What are they to one who is full of hope and is just feeling his genius? It is impossible to think of his hard work and cheap living as heroic. It was too buoyant with animal spirits and the certainty of success. But it is the negative and the positive conditions; it is life saying to him, "There is no more money for you; you must support yourself," and also, "Here is your work; here is your great art;" it is the sight of these two influences together, turning the light-hearted boy into the brave-hearted man, that makes these years picturesque and beautiful. It was only when the work for his living interfered with and postponed his study that he felt any disposition to complain. The whole

experience was the test of character and strength coming just at the right time and in the right way. He knew that he should stand it, and he did.

All the while behind his personal struggle hung the cloud and was heard the solemn tumult of the war, giving his struggle breadth and seriousness. It was good always, in later life, to hear his slightest reference to those years, out of which he came another man, and yet evidently the man that he had been meant to be.

It is the five years after college which are most decisive in a man's career. Any event which happens then has its full influence. The years which come before are too fluid. The years which come afterward are too solid. It was in these years that Richardson lost his property and caught sight, as he says, of the greatness of architecture.

In October, 1865, he came back to America and began his work. The war was over, and there was work to do. Soon he began to find it, or it began to find him. All his first work seems to be feeling after something which he has not found. It has vigor and beauty, but not the positiveness and purpose to which he afterward came. His genius was in the condition of proof before letter. You saw that it was beautiful, but did not know exactly what it meant. One or two Gothic churches belong to these earliest years. By and by you see the difference. When he built Brattle Street Church and Trinity Church in Boston he knew what he was about. By the year 1872, when he was only thirty-three years old, he had attained that degree of success in which a man works best; the earliest strain was over; he was freely afloat with the broad sea before him; and he had developed the style in which, with wonderful richness and variety, all his future work was done.

From 1872 to 1886—fourteen years—was the great full period of Richardson's life and work. And what years

they were! He had realized his powers. The fire of distinct genius, indefinable and unmistakable, was burning brightly. His buildings opened like flowers out of his life. It is not in my purpose now to name even his greatest works, or to describe the order in which they came, but rather to characterize some of the qualities, both of the man and of his work, as they showed themselves in those glorious years when—all over the country, in Albany and Washington and Boston and Cincinnati and Chicago, and in quiet villages, where he made the town hall and library a perpetual inspiration, and along the railroads, where he made the station-houses bear witness to the power of art to beautify the most prosaic uses, and in dwellings, which he filled with dignity and grace—everywhere the man genuinely and spontaneously blended his own nature with the purposes and material of the structures which he built.

The first quality of true genius certainly was in all that he did. It was instinctive and spontaneous. Based upon thorough study, genuinely expressing great ideas, it yet was true that there was much in Richardson's work of which he gave and could give to himself little or no account as to how it came to pass. He was not a man of theories. His life passed into his buildings by ways too subtle even for himself to understand.

And so he has done a larger work than he ever deliberately resolved to do. When Mr. Freeman was here in America, he wrote, in the midst of much hearty condemnation of our architecture: "In these round-arch buildings I see a hope for a really good American style. The thing seems to have come by itself, and the prospect is all the more hopeful if it has." He apparently has never heard of Richardson, but it is Richardson's work that he is feeling. And yet no man ever said to himself less than Richardson, "I will make a style of architecture for

America." He simply did his work in his own way, and the style was there.

It is a style of breadth and simplicity that corresponds with his whole nature. Never somber, because the irrepressible buoyancy and cheerfulness of his life are in it; never attaining the highest reach of spirituality and exaltation, for his own being had its strong association with the earth, and knew no mystic raptures or transcendental aspirations; healthy and satisfying within its own range, and suggesting larger things as he himself always suggested the possession of powers which he had never realized and used—something like this is the character of the buildings which he has left behind him.

He grew simpler as he grew older and greater. He often seemed to disregard and almost despise detail of ornament. He loved a broad, unbroken stretch of wall. He seemed to count, with Ruskin, "a noble surface of stone a fairer thing than most architectural features which it is caused to assume." And yet out of this simplicity could burst a sumptuousness of design or decoration all the more captivating and overwhelming for the simplicity out of which it sprang. I have heard one of his own profession call him "barbaric." It was that which made his work delightful. Whoever came in contact with it felt that the wind blew out of an elemental simplicity, out of the primitive life and fundamental qualities of man. And this great simplicity, the truthfulness with which he was himself, made him the real master of all that his art had ever been, made it possible for him, without concealment, to take some work of other days and appropriate it into work of his own, as Shakespeare took an Italian tale and turned it into Shylock or Othello.

These are the moral qualities of his architecture. Of those qualities which belong more technically to his art, more competent and special pens must write. But these

qualities every one must feel who stands in front of one of Richardson's great buildings; and the same qualities every man felt who came to know him. That is another note of genius. The man and his work are absolutely one. The man is in the work, and the work is in the man. So Richardson possessed in himself that solidity without stolidity, that joyousness without frivolity, which his best art expresses. He was as entirely free from affectation as is Sever Hall. He was too large to be jealous of other men. "I never saw it," he insisted on saying about a big, bad house of a brother-architect, which he passed every week in his life. He took people into the confidence of his ideas with his hearty and capacious "Don't you know?" He talked of himself and his work so largely that he was not egotistical. He had quick sympathies with subjects of which he knew nothing. He gave one as much reason to believe as almost any man I ever knew that there is truth in the happy theory that all men have all faculties, that what faculties find their way out to activity in this bit of a life is largely an affair of chance, and that some time, somewhere, all faculties in all men will come forth into activity.

Richardson built for Harvard College, Sever Hall and the Law School. The Law School is good, and has many of his best qualities in it. But in Sever Hall the college most happily possesses one of the very greatest works of this great son of hers. His interest in building it was very deep, and he put into his first work for his college all his best thought and power. From the day when it was finished it seemed to possess the yard, as all his buildings took possession of the earth they stood on, as he himself, without pretentious self-assertion, took possession of every scene in the midst of which he stood. Sever Hall makes the other modern buildings of the college yard seem like visitors, who came, and who will go again—for

which one would not grieve. This serious and cheerful structure one hardly thinks of as having ever come, and one rejoices to believe that it will stay forever.

Nowhere does this identity of Richardson and his work seem more impressive than in that unique house at Brookline which was at once his workshop and his home. No one who saw it when it was filled with his vitality will ever lose the feeling of how it was all vital like a thing that had grown, of how the household rooms gave birth to the long corridor with the alcoves in which the work was done, and then the long stalk blossomed into the rich flower of the master's room, in which the fulness of his life was represented. It would be good if his students would tell us what they got from him. He himself was to have delivered one of the lectures on the professions in his own Sever Hall last winter. It is interesting to wonder what he would have said, but unless he could have made himself felt by his audience, his lecture could never have explained his power.

The loss which his death brought to his friends it is not possible to describe. It is a change in all their life. When some men die it is as if you had lost your penknife, and were subject to perpetual inconvenience until you could get another. Other men's going is like the vanishing of a great mountain from the landscape, and the outlook of life is changed forever.

His life was like a great picture full of glowing color. The canvas on which it was painted was immense. It lighted all the room in which it hung. It warmed the chilliest air. It made, and it will long make, life broader, work easier, and simple strength and courage dearer to many men.

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE, ROXBURY, MASS., OCT. 1, 1890.

Ladies and Gentlemen: This is one of the occasions on which one would not willingly be absent. There are always things happening from time to time with which one likes to have association; because as they go on, with the possibilities that are in them, he likes to remember that he was at the starting of a stream which afterward widens and grows into a great and mighty river, and to feel even the smallest identification with what comes forth for the blessing of mankind. So if it had not been my privilege to have been invited to speak at this gathering to-night, I should have liked to creep into some obscure corner of this room, and remember that I was present when this institution was opened.

There are days in our lives which we always like to remember—days in which we saw some great, good deed take shape, and show itself in the world; we had faith in it, though a very blind sort of faith. We have afterward seen it go forward as we are going to see this People's Institute grow and spread itself until it not only fills the capacity of this room, but spreads itself abroad to multiply into many other institutes.

I will try to tell you the thing which impresses me most—the thing probably in most of our minds: it is the absolute simplicity of the greatest things.

Here is something that has never been seen in Boston, except as seen in its mother and sister institute, the Wells

Memorial Institute; and our first impulse is to think that it must be something strange—that the powers which have given it birth must be something very rare, and therefore we must look suddenly and quickly because it cannot be repeated in this world. On the contrary, we see that these things spring so out of the warmest impulses of our human nature that they belong to all men in different forms and shapes; until we wonder not that any really good thing is done in the world, but our wonder is that it is not done every day.

Think what this institution means, as it stands here on Tremont Street, to those who enter into its doors, and even to those who pass by its doors on the sidewalk! Given a mutual respect between men whose interests are bound together; given public spirit on the part of those men who need for their souls the large range of a whole community in which they may work; given the power of a man to recognize the noblest uses and the best right of the wealth placed in his hands: and then you have this institution or some other institution, and that for which this institution stands—the expression of large-hearted liberality, noble public sentiment, and deep personal interest in the welfare of the community in which one has grown and which he loves with all his heart.

Whom shall we congratulate to-night? You who are to enter into the privileges of this institution, we congratulate you; and we congratulate you who may not find it in your way to enter into its privileges in months to come, but who are going to be richer because you know it is here, and who know of these truths of which we have spoken, and feel these influences which are inseparable from this spot.

We congratulate the city of Boston, which is richer, not merely by one institution, but by the lighting of a new flame which shall kindle with its light other institu-

tions of a different character from this, but with the same deep convictions out of which this has sprung. These are the things which have always been in the world taking different forms—the various successive forms which a new age and condition of mankind bring forth.

Above all, we congratulate him whose name is associated with this work, for whom you have just cheered; him who has had it in his power, in the first place, to be able, and in the second place to desire and to do that which has taken form in this gracious institution, and which shall go forward not merely perpetuating his name —no noble man cares for that—but perpetuating those things for which he cares, and making them a power in new ways in the world as it grows older even after he shall have passed away.

These are all old principles; and, as I say, the marvel and wonder is, as we look at an institution like this, that they do not spring up eternally. The marvel of our human nature is, that there should not come out of the depths of its capacity the thing that the world needs. There were no People's Institutes fifty years ago; there was perhaps no need then for People's Institutes. No doubt there are things lacking that ought to be here today—things necessary to our community that ought to bless our community; but when we see this institution growing up to meet the need of the world, then we have great faith in regard to the future.

I never go to London but I see a dear friend of mine, who has done a work in a few years which is simply a revelation—not of the capacity of the man: he is not a man of remarkable capacity; he is not a man of genius in any sort of way; he is not a man of whom you would say, We must hurry and get all we can out of him, because when he dies we never shall get another such man; but he is a simple, true, brave man—a man of keen and

quick perceptions of what others need, with a heart full of desire to manifest his care for men by putting in their power those things which they require. When I see that man at the center of a great club of several hundred members at the East End of London, which it is impossible to confine within any four walls, and see each time I go there how it has spread forth into new branches, rooted in some new part of that arid field where he has gone to live—when I see the character of the man and the character of the work, I simply lift up my hands and say, "It would not be marvelous if the millennium should come to-morrow morning." The wonder would not be that the millennium should come, but that the millennium lags, that it does not come at once. I see no reason why there should not be five hundred such men here as my friend in London. Given five hundred men with a power precisely the same as this of his—the simple power that belongs to hundreds and thousands of men, only it is not used as my friend uses his powers, and I do not see why they should not be—the man is not different from others in power, but the light dawned upon him, and he saw what the true use of human power was—and I say to myself that the wonder would not be that the day of regeneration of mankind should break to-morrow morning; the wonder would be that it does not, that five hundred men do not spring to their feet and say, "Let me do something that would make life worth living." Many are asking to-day, "Is life worth living?" There are things to do at every man's hand that would make the question impertinent from his lips, an absurd question for him to ask. There is not a man or woman so shut out, so bare of influence, so robbed of capacity for loving their brethren, of enlarging their life, that they might not go forth upon fields of labor so actively and earnestly that to ask them if life was worth living would seem to them to be

the most preposterous of questions, and they would turn their backs upon you while they went forth to do their work.

My friends, there is no good work in this world which is not in the nature of an experiment. Even the great Christian work which is being carried forward has in it the elements of experiment. The cause of Christ making men blessed in its gospel, with the certainty of an ultimate triumph, is in the nature of an experiment. Every great question is an experiment. It seems to me the only joy of life is in experiment. To try something that I could see absolutely to the end, that I could see how it was to work out, until I saw the top stone put on—it would lose its interest at once.

One of the greatest architects of this city, whose fine work all about rejoices us, drove the people almost crazy who worked with him, because no building was complete until it was done. He never knew what he was going to accomplish until the top stone was put on; and then the work stood forth.

Who dares to say what is to come in these rooms and out of this institution? Who shall dare to say that even the good work the Wells Memorial has accomplished is not to be done here? It is in the nature of an experiment. Shall we hesitate because it is an experiment? Shall we still go on wondering how we can possibly try a thing without knowing of the result? Do you remember the man with the pair of tight boots, who said he didn't know what he was going to do—he would have to wear them a day or two before he could get them on? That is the way with the man who tries experiments. Let us go on our way, and do the work which may open into strange and unguessed regions.

I rejoice with any man who stands at the opening of a little stream like this, though he cannot tell into what it is

going to develop. The man who founded this People's Institute—it is impossible for him to tell to what uses this may grow.

Only one thing more. Let me say that and then sit down. One thing is absolutely essential, my friends: that is, that the spirit out of which this institution has sprung should run through every part and portion of its life. It is good to hear reports like those from the Wells Memorial to-night. It is good that men should learn where they may save, that they may put to the best possible use the dollars and the quarters that God gives into their hands. There shall be a deeper spirit in this institute along with that, working through that, making continual use of that which shall perpetuate the name of its founder, and bring it forward again and again upon the lips of these people.

The idea of trusteeship—the idea that that which a man has he has not for himself—is the true idea. The man who misuses the trust with which he is intrusted—who uses it for his own use—goes to Charlestown prison. The man who holds funds that belong to the great world and humanity who uses them for his own luxury, or for the pleasure of bathing his hands in them as they accumulate in his chest—shall we count him a worthy man? At least we will say this, that he is shutting himself out of the noblest pleasure that belongs to human life. One of the greatest benefactors that this world has seen—one who has left his name so marked in the great beneficences of the world that he has made it proverbial—came to the true knowledge of the use and capacity of human life when he was an old man; and he was heard to say again and again that if men only knew what the true pleasure of life was when they began to count what was given to them as not for their own use but as belonging to others, they would not have to be urged; they could not keep their hands out of their pockets, as they drew forth for

the use of the world, for whom it was intrusted to their care.

That applies not only to money, but to everything which a man owns of life and truth. You have no business to believe even your creed in any such way, that it is only to be used for your own soul. You must believe your creed as a trust; it was not given to you that you might save only your own soul, but given that the world might be purer and happier. The comfort, joy, happiness, blessing, and companionship that you give to yourself in this building—they are just as truly trusts put into your hands as was the money put into the hands of him who founded this institute. This spirit must run into every part of it, must fill every class-room, making it glow, not with the selfish avidity of knowledge for some selfish use, but making it glow with that divine hunger after knowledge that all nobler souls have that they may make better the world. It must pervade the whole, making saving even, which is so apt to be a sordid and disgraceful thing, become a sacred and glorious thing; because that which is saved makes up an endowment for the use of one's fellow-men.

I believe that any such thing must be a consecration to Him who is the Father of all men, and for whom this work must be done; that the fire lighted at the beginning of this work cannot fade out as its history goes on; that it must go on pervading every part of the life of this institution, as it opens into new and perhaps most unexpected forms of developed activity.

But there remains one thing which I desire to utter—the eternal truth of life: that no man truly owns anything except that which he consecrates to the service of God and his fellow-men.

Therefore with that great faith in its future, with that belief in that which is to be—the faith which is to pervade it, we say, cordially, sincerely, and very cheerfully, "God-speed to the People's Institute."

ADDRESS AT A MEETING IN BEHALF OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA, PA., JANUARY 30, 1892.

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen: To any one who has had the privilege for many happy years, although it were many years ago, of watching the spontaneous and delightful generosity of the citizens of Philadelphia, it is indeed a great delight to come back and recognize that which he knew well enough to be the fact, that in the years that have come between that great, rich stream of benevolence and ever-thoughtful generosity has been widening and deepening. It is just exactly as when one comes back, having made a journey across lots, and finds again a great stream by whose side he has journeyed before, in whose company he has rejoiced, and sees how it has grown richer and deeper in the courses in which he has been separated from it.

You told us, sir, at the beginning of this meeting, of the two purposes of such a meeting as this. One of them is the gathering up of the report of what has been accomplished by such a society as this, and the distinct recognition, by those who have not had the opportunity of knowing much about it before, of what the methods of its working are. The first purpose of such a meeting is information. I cannot help thinking we have been richly supplied with information here this evening. We have seen what this society does; that its work is a simple work. It is an effort everywhere to reinstate into

the system of our human life that little atom which has been in any way separated from it. Nothing lives except in the system to which it belongs. Nothing lives except it is natural. Nothing is natural absolutely by itself. Nothing is natural except it be taken into the system of nature in which it naturally inheres and follows the movement of the whole about it. And so the whole meaning of our society is that any little atom of our humanity which has been cast out of the rich and ever-swelling system of our human life shall be just as far and just as quickly as possible reinstated where it belongs. Everything we have heard from the good doctor, who let us look into the deep and awful secrets which belong to the life of this society, from its managers, from its treasurer, everything we have heard shows us that perpetual effort of good women and true men to reinstate into its true place the atom of our human life which has been separated from the condition and position in which it belongs.

The second object of such a meeting as this was to stir enthusiasm, so you told us. In other words, it is to see the richness and the beauty and the glory of that which we are doing. We lose ourselves in the midst of multitudinous details. We lose ourselves in those things which are absolutely essential, and those things without which life in a society such as this cannot possibly exist, but which, when we have buried ourselves in the midst of them, too often obscure the very rich meaning which belongs to the whole. We want to feel the glory of such a work as this which this society is doing. It seems to me also that we want to do that which I always feel impelled to do when I have the privilege of saying a word or two at the close of a meeting such as this. I want to give the thanks of this community, and the thanks of all that this community represents, for it is impossible in the rich communication of life in which we live with one another to

separate ourselves into communities and think anything can be done in Philadelphia for which Massachusetts and Illinois and Georgia are not the richer. We want to recognize the thankfulness which every part of our country owes to those willing to step forward in this work. Truly it is very little you and I can do, to come here on a pleasant evening for an hour or two and praise and rejoice in the work that has been done, and make our contributions to the continuance of that work, when we think what it is they are doing who have summoned us here. They have gone forward. They have taken the brunt of the labor. They have given anxious care, they have given perpetual devotion to this work to which we now say Godspeed, and to which in the proper time I am sure you will not refuse your abundant assistance.

It almost seems to me like the old days in Philadelphia which come back to me from the time I walked her streets, when we sat here at home and felt beating the pulse of war at the front, when we rejoiced for every little thing we could do to make the soldiers at the front know our hearts were with them, to let them understand it was not in any supine indifference, not in any sense that the great work which they were doing belonged to them and not to us, that we dared to take that place which many of us look back upon now almost with shame. At least we rejoiced then for everything we could do to cheer their souls and strengthen their arms. So let it be with those who stand forward here and voluntarily with noble consecration undertake this labor which belongs to the conduct of a great work like this. Let them not lack the perpetual Godspeed and the continual assistance and support of those who simply watch and bless what they are doing.

It is impossible for us to see the limits of a work like this. As one studies the lessons of such things as have

been said to us to-night, how his thought opens into the future! The richness of these days in which we live is that it is impossible for us not to anticipate the future. I think there have been certain ages in the world's history in which there has been almost no anticipation of things to come, when it seemed almost as if men lived in the days in which they were especially situated and did not look forward, did not feel that the present is inseparably bound to the future, and that it was impossible to live in the present worthily unless they anticipated the future. There have been times in the world's history in which it seemed almost that was the case, but it has absolutely ceased now. In the end of the nineteenth century surely we do look forward into the twentieth century. Peering into the vast distance, let us try to anticipate the days that are going to be. It seems to me one of the great things in the minds of people to-day in the anticipation of the future is the great, rich, solemn fear which anticipates the great future with anxiety because it sees the larger forces which are going to work there.

It is impossible for us to look into a child's face to-day and not think of the fifty years in which that child is to live, if its life shall be spared to fulfil the normal length of human life upon earth, of the great forces that are coming into existence, the great powers that are taking possession of this earth both in its physical and moral and spiritual life, the great powers that are shaking the old systems, so that we see that whatever is to come upon the world, the old systems have had their day and are ceasing to be, and something new is to come. There is electricity in the air that those of the future are to breathe, dynamite in the soil over which they are to tread, deeper forces stirring all that soil, changing the most absolute conclusions of human life, everything that seems most settled being disorganized, questions that seemed

forever closed being opened. It is impossible that men shall look forward without fear. The man simply declares himself an animal, the man simply declares himself incapable of thoughtful anticipation, who does not look forward into the days that immediately are to be and the days that lie further off, and feel a great, deep anxiety.

It is not a cruel thing, it is not a base thing, it is not a thing for which a man dare to be ashamed for a moment, that something that really proves him a man makes him anticipate with great joy that which he at the same time anticipates with great anxiety. This world so wonderful in which we live, it is impossible for any man to think of it with nobleness—it is impossible for any man to think of it with loftiness and not at the same time to think of it both with fear and hope. We rejoice in the great forces that are ever taking possession of it. We rejoice that the years to come are going to be greater than the years that have been, and yet we know that in them there is much that threatens danger. The man who lives in this world without a sense of danger lives but an animal and a brutal life. The man who lives in this world without a sense of danger lives also without a sense of opportunity, for in every world of God that we have ever known the two are absolutely bound together, and it is impossible to separate them from each other. Now, one of the things which impresses itself, it seems to me, is that this perpetual sense which we see in every thoughtful face and recognize in every thoughtful mind, that sense of danger in the days to be, has also a strange beauty. The recurrence of evils permanent and eternal promotes the strongest human life. Men do not know what the effect of these new elements will be, and therefore they are being thrown back again, as they never perhaps have been, certainly not for many generations before, upon the simplest and most primal forces of human life, certain that in them,

however impossible it may be for any man, however wise he is, to anticipate their application, in them must lie the real safety of human life in the dangers in which it is going to be launched forth on that new century whose brink we have almost reached. We come back to those great, everlasting, primitive, primal things which must be the salvation of the world in the future as in the past.

This world of ours may have this great characteristic, that it is at once most complicated in its conception of life and at the same time it grows more and more to put great stress and value upon the everlasting, primal, simplest things of human life. It seems to me all this comes directly into application with that which we are thinking about to-night. The world is to be full of complications which we cannot read. What is to keep the world safe in the midst of all these dangers? The great, everlasting, primal things underlying history. In new regions of danger, amid forces of greater comprehensiveness than ever before, it is human character. It is the simple nature of man, known in his divineness as the child of God. It is the relation in which man stands in intimate affection and in perpetual and mutual dependence upon his fellow-man. It is the state largely organized and simplified with the great idea of democracy or government of the people. It is the constitution of human society as man stands most intimately and at the same time most simply related to his fellow-man. It is the family made more noble and divine in order that it may be the saving element of the great complications of the future even more than it has been in any of the ages of the past. And in connection with all this it is childhood with its power estimated, its dignity maintained, its critical importance made manifest. With the care for every human creature recognized as the duty of every other human creature, he can touch any human creature that needs care with his help.

This seems to me to be the secret of the whole matter that is behind the fear for the future, that great proven faith which I do believe is at the bottom of the heart of man to-day more than in any age that has ever passed, the great proven faith in the simple, primal forces of humanity and society, the government of the family and of God. They are going to be the preservation of the future as they have been the preservation of the past. Because the bad child in the next ten years is going to be capable of doing more evil than the bad child has been able to do in any past years, therefore it is that men go back again and fasten themselves upon those great things to which they have sometimes been indifferent; therefore it is that they are appealed to by the absolute simplicity of a society like this. What is it that it is trying to do? Simply to take the child and make him a child again. Simply to bring him back to those days of bright, sunny innocence, of the freshness of human life, to bring him back again so that he may fulfil the first period of human life and carry forth into it the indestructible power with which the subsequent periods of his human life are to be laid. Let us obey the great inspiration of our time. Let us be afraid for the future. Let us recognize that man is going in upon a more critical period of his existence than he has ever lived in before. Let us rejoice in such assurances, but let us only dare to rejoice in so far as we give what strength it is possible for us to inspire in these great preservative forces which ever have been and ever must be the salvation of the world.

The power of a generation, just think what it is! We sometimes personify generations and centuries. The eighteenth, the seventeenth, the sixteenth centuries, to the student of history, stand forth distinct and clear. We can see exactly what they are. We can look into their faces. We can hear the tread with which they move

along the stages of history. So it is with every generation. It has its personal life. It has its personality. What this society is trying to do, in other words—for that is the real value of such a meeting and of such an organization as this—that power or disposition of human nature which this society moves in a small way, in a little degree, is the solemn responsibility of generation for generation. Looking at it in a large way, I think that is what this society is doing, and the world that this society represents. It is doing for the next generation precisely what the father and the mother do for the child whose life they have brought into this world, and whom they are to leave here in this world after they have passed away. The father and mother build the home, gather the true enjoyments of human life, and provide for the education of the child, smooth just as many of the first footsteps as it is possible to make plain, and only dismiss him from their care when the time comes that they must pass away to higher worlds, and must leave him here to fight the battles and meet the experiences of life. Generation does that for generation just as the father or mother does it for the child. This which we are doing is simply the manifest expression of that sense of responsibility and privilege which belong to a generation as it sends forth the next generation into life. The work is going on through all our homes. Everywhere where children are being educated by the sweet, natural influences of fatherhood and motherhood the next generation is being fitted for its work. He who trains a little child in the household is doing something more than simply making an heir for his property and a perpetuator of his fame. He is building also part of that great human life that is to come after this special little bit of human life in which we have been living. Here are fragments, waifs and strays cast aside. We will bring them also and incorporate them

into the power of that generation which is to come after ourselves. Poor is the life of any man, poor is the generation of mankind that says, "We care not what comes after we are gone." It is a beautiful provision of Him who made not merely individual but corporate and continuous human life, that man may care for that which is to come after him, that the father and mother may care for their child, that the generation may care for the generation that is to be; and so when you pick the child out of the gutter, and when you lead down the little child from the court-room where he has been condemned for a crime whose name and nature he can hardly understand, you are helping to build that future whose reflex power is adding the richest and loftiest power to the present life which we are living now.

It seems to me he that acts for childhood is in a large sense acting for humanity, he is acting with such bright hope. I believe in every good institution. I believe in the institutions where old men are gathered at the end of their lives that the last lapping of the wave upon the beach may be calm in the twilight, however the tumult of the storm may have been raging out at sea. It is all beautiful, the softening of the ends of life, and it is not destitute of hope to him who believes that every life that fails most here opens into some new opportunity beyond the stars. But surely there is a supreme presence of hopefulness when we are able to take him in whom the years of the future lie yet unopened, him who has not yet manifested the thing that is in him, when we are able to take him and stock his life with strength from our life, to free it from hindrances, and say, "Go forth, and be the thing God made you to be." It is a rich sense of the mystery of human being, simple and distinct in itself, that seems to me to be a wonder that grows on us the longer we live, and makes this world so beautiful that

we dread with every anticipation the time when we shall be called to go away from it. We talk about the mystery of the great men who have manifested the splendid powers of our human life in their supremest exhibition. We talk about Martin Luther and William Shakespeare. We say how mysterious they are. Well, the mystery is not in their greatness. The mystery is in their commonness. The mystery is in their humanity. The poorest little waif upon your streets, the poorest little ruffian that steals at the cart-tail, there is a mystery about him which, when you look at him, baffles philosophers and laughs philosophy to scorn. Ask this little creature on the street what it was he was doing yesterday. He says he remembers yesterday he went to West Philadelphia or he went to Camden. Do you take in the infinite mystery there is about that? What is it for that little creature to remember? Where has been stowed away that experience of yesterday which now he brings up and hands as if it were a billet out of his pocket to show to me? Mystery that with all thinking and dreaming, with all singing and prophesying, men are no nearer to to-day than they were when the first men were puzzled by the everlasting mystery of human life. Now, to touch that mystery in its childhood, to touch that mystery before it is poured into the specific and different ways of life which it is going to manifest by and by, to take, not the doctor nor the merchant, not the young student nor the young criminal, but him in whom there is simply the absolute humanity, him in whom there is human life undivided and unnamed, simple human life.

He who helps a child helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness, which no other help given to human creatures in any other stage of their human life can possibly give again. He who puts his blessed influence into a river blesses the land to which that river is to flow; but he

who puts his influence into the fountain where the river comes out puts his influence everywhere. No land it may not reach. No ocean it may not make sweeter. No bark it may not bear. No wheel it may not turn. Sometimes we get at things best by their contraries. Learn, my friends, the rich beauty of helping a child by the awfulness of hurting a child. The thing men have always shuddered at most, the thing men have seemed to recognize as marking the deepest and most essential meanness of human nature, is hurting a child; hurting a child even in his physical frame, so that he weeps, shrieks, and cries; hurting him still more in soul and in mind. The thing that made the Divine Master indignant as He stood there in Jerusalem was that He dreamed of seeing before Him a man who had harmed some of these little ones, and He said of any such ruffian, "It were better for him that he never had been born." If it is such an awful thing to hurt a child's life, to aid a child's life is beautiful.

I sometimes think how it would be if multitude were taken away and we saw in its simplicity that which often loses itself in the large variety in which it is manifested to us. Suppose there were but one needy child in all the world. Suppose every child from China to Peru were wrapped in the soft care and tender luxury which belong to children in their parents' arms. Suppose every babe were cooing itself to rest in its mother's embrace, and every little boy were looking up into the face of a father's sympathy for the first manifestation of a truth that was to make him strong. Then suppose that somewhere, anywhere upon our earth, there came one cry of a poor, wronged, needy child. Can you not be sure that all humanity would lift itself up and never be satisfied until that child was aided? Is it less pathetic, is it less appealing, because they are here by the million instead of one or two? If one of those little creatures that the doctor read to us about had stood

alone in all the generations of humanity, how infinitely pathetic it would have been! How you all would have stood up and said, "Where is that child? Where is that child? Life shall not be life to us until we have relieved it, until those poor limbs have been straightened and those arms made strong, until those bleared eyes have been taught to see, and that voice has sung some of the first beginnings of the song of life." Well, there are hundreds and thousands and millions of them. They look up to you from the gutter as you walk the street. They look into the face of the good, kind judge as he sits upon his bench. They come stretching out their poor sick arms to the doctors in the hospitals, and you can help them. You can help them. Help them just as you would if there were only one of them, by giving your sympathy, your blessing, your loud praise, and your large contributions to the Children's Aid Society.

TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

(New England Society, Brooklyn, N. Y., December 21, 1892.)

Brother New-Englanders: I bring you most cordial greeting from New England. It is indeed a privilege to be allowed to bring a greeting from such a mother to such sons who have gathered around her for love during these festal days. We left her this morning, some of us who love her, for the sake of being here with you this evening, resting there in the same familiar beauty with which you have known her all your life; looking back upon her past, as she opened her eyes upon her birthday, with the same old spirit, the same perpetual sense of duty, and the same expectation that every one of her children shall do his duty, which she gathered from the old land from which she came and which she has given down to all her children. Truly it is good thus to come from every part of New England with the quick speed which belongs to these modern days, and to stop here among these happy exiles and to see them by the waters of their Babylon, with their harps taken down from the trees, trying to sing the Lord's song in a strange land; bearing in mind that if they remember not Jerusalem in their mirth their tongues will cleave to the roofs of their mouths. Our thoughts turn Bibleward, because we are speaking of Bible men. There is one word in the New Testament which seems as if it

were a greeting which one wants to bring to-night. It is the beginning of one of the great epistles, that of James, "to the Twelve Tribes which are scattered abroad," which is a proper greeting: be sure that if you never forget New England, New England will never forget you.

And she rejoices perpetually not simply in that which lies behind, but in that which lies before; in the anticipation of what her children are to do, in the knowledge of what her children are doing, all through the land, all through the world. I am quite sure that if I looked over the series of speeches which fortunate men have been privileged to make on these occasions, I should find two strains pervading them all: one of rejoicing that they themselves inherit and keep alive perpetually the spirit and blood of Puritanism; and the other of congratulation that Puritanism had gone abroad beyond themselves and was impregnating with the largest life and the best thoughts the action of the world. The first of these we can never forget. I can imagine how a great man's sons must feel. I can imagine how the children of Shakespeare, the children of Milton, the children of Webster, and the children of Lowell must feel when they find that what has been familiar to them all their days has been taken up and made the heritage and possession of all the world; not merely as creatures belonging to the great human race, not merely as those who have to do with all the life of humanity, but as those who have been bound to that personality in their own association, do they rejoice in the fame and character and in the undying memory of him whom the world honors and who is especially and peculiarly theirs. So we feel about Puritanism. It is the world's, but it is peculiarly ours. We have our own personal associations with it; we have the legends of our ancestry, and the stories of our homes are full of that spirit which is more and more pervading the life of all

the world. The great step that shakes the substance of the earth as it moves on its way has shaken the rafters of the house in which we live. The voices to which we listen to-day sang the lullaby which soothed us to sleep. In the power of its spirit Puritanism has gone and is to go more and more; but there is coming to us a deeper sense of how good it is that we ourselves belong in the very heart of it and have it peculiarly for our own. For it is to be found not simply in the legends of our history and in the traditional stories of our homes, but we feel it in our blood. There is some compensation in a man's growing older when he knows that he is holding out to other men those conditions of his life which show the more clearly in him the older he grows. There is not one of us who does not find the Puritan in some of the worst and most malign aspects of his life; but the Puritan also ennobles, manifesting himself the better the older he grows. We see his spirit even in the faces of the children, and in their clothes, and in their character, which they have inherited from their ancestors, and we rejoice in it all. We see it strongly in men who have sprung from the stock which first belonged to the Puritans; in the conceptions and in the ideas which they had when they lived upon the earth, in the days which are peculiarly stamped with their history. It shows itself in multitudes of ways; it shows itself in the way in which the Puritan is always a disappointing man. He seems to be a selfish creature, he seems to be a harmless, self-centered creature; but there is always showing itself out of the depths of Puritanism perpetually the great public spirit which meddles with the things of all the earth, and which will show its force when that force is called for. It stands like a rusty gun in a corner of the room; but let no man ever fool with Puritanism, thinking the thing is not loaded, for by and by it will go off. It is the essential positive-

ness of the thing that has force and life that is going to show itself whenever needed. We should all rejoice in Puritanism, and in our own personal association with Puritanism, and bear its marks upon us as we bear its signs and traditions in our blood. I suppose the real proof that we are Puritans is that we are proud of being Puritans; which nobody but a Puritan would be.

Puritanism is expressing itself through all the life of all the world. Just see: when we look back into the seventeenth century it seems as if we were looking to those days of Puritanism when the world gathered its forces for a new departure. Out of the great fountain of the seventeenth century the great springs of modern life have flowed, and they open themselves more and more as the centuries go on. What forces seem to be working in the world to-day! You can trace them far back. As you do so they all seem to find their origin and combination in the seventeenth century, from which they spread themselves abroad to work in the world, and which has been in the development of those forces which then started, when Puritanism was the very heart and core of their life. We may recount in the simple names of the first Puritans the watchwords of the times in which they lived. What have they done? These things are now perfectly familiar to us; they are the watchwords of the people. They are: first, religious liberty. Religious liberty sprung up in the seventeenth century, and it has lived ever since. Next, popular government; the right of the people to govern themselves led up to and into Abraham Lincoln's "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Third, popular education, so that no man is counted too poor to know the best things in the universe of God; and every man is poorer just in proportion as he fails to know the truth of which the world is full. And last, trusteeship of the world, and especially of the land and country

in which a nation lives. Those are the four things that have made the modern history of the whole world, and especially the modern history of America, because here has been the livest life of all the world during these two hundred years.

I look back to the old Book with which the Puritan was so familiar, from which he drew the types, the patterns, and the forms from which his ideas were always shaping themselves. The Book was always before his mind. In the picture of the second chapter of the majestic Book in which his whole life lived, there is the representation of that which his life was to be, the life of the world that was to come after him. There was always before him that old picture of the Book of Genesis, and those simple words in which it was recorded for him, as for us, that "out of the Garden of Eden there came forth a river"—a watered garden—and from thence it was parted and divided into four heads, like a Puritan sermon. It embodied the Puritan life; and the great river was divided into four heads: Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates, and went into possession of the world in all its various forms. The first great river which went forth was that of religious liberty, which laid hold of the deepest life of man and realized that liberty for the feeblest child of God. Then the river of popular government went forth. Then there was another river which went forth reaching for the knowledge of all that is knowable. Then another issue came, the trusteeship of the land, the occupation of it for a moment by any race, until they should fill it with a fuller and completer life; because the land is the responsibility for the whole human race, of any generation and any nation for the period in which it lives.

Now, my friends, I know how easy it is to look back in our history and claim those great principles which spring forth from Puritanism. I know how the religious liberty

of the men in Plymouth was under perpetual litigation, and that they never freed themselves from the lives against which they themselves rebelled. I know how popular government was always haunted by the spirit of aristocracy which had preceded it. I know how the search for truth was forever hampered by the preconception which it seemed must forever rest upon the human mind, and which could never let it become absolutely free. I know how the possession of the land for the moment seems again and again to give the right of absolute possession to every one who takes up his residence within it. And never yet have our Puritans themselves appreciated the fulness of the life they embody. But it is out of that Garden that the river of Eden has flowed off in its four branches, Pison and Gihon and Hiddekel and Euphrates, which is more and more taking possession of the world.

It seems to me, my friends, most seriously on such an occasion as this, that the great question of our time is this: How do these four great principles stand in the conceptions of mankind? What is the power which they have gained for themselves? What force do they assume over the nation's heart to-day? That is the question which men are forever going to ask when they gather, as on this occasion, as Puritans. Where do religious liberty, popular government, universal education, and the trusteeship of the world for the future stand in the conception of the coming generation? I do not think I can misinterpret the time, or the view you take of it, when I say, with regard to every one of these great principles, that there is to-day upon the minds of men a certain strange sense of disappointment. There is a misgiving with regard to every one of them. There is a misgiving with regard to religious liberty, lest it should go too far. There is also a doubt with regard to popular government in the minds of men; there is a certain disposition to feel dis-

trust in universal suffrage, the great charter of our existence, the life-blood of our life. There is a certain disposition in the heart of man to have deep misgivings with regard to universal education, as to whether it may not be so broad that men may be unfitted for the work which they have to do in the world, and whether we may not have to close our school-doors and close our school-books that have been once opened. There is a doubt with regard to the trusteeship with which every nation and every age holds the earth on which it lives for all humanity and for the posterity that is to come, and by which it is to make it fit for the purposes of its trust and fit to bestow the great life which is in it for the blessing of mankind. Is there not a sense of disappointment, to-day, haunting the thoughts of very many thoughtful men? Is it not good for us, the sons of the Puritan builders, Puritans ourselves, to think of this great misgiving in many people's minds, and to insist that these are the great principles which were in the Puritans' blood which has flowed forth in the centuries, and that these are the truths through which we must live in all the ages that are to come?

There are several kinds of disappointment. There is the disappointment which looks back, and there is the disappointment which looks forward and presses continually onward. There is the disappointment which sees the evil of that which it has trusted, and would fling it away because the light is too rich and blinding for human eyes to bear. That is the disappointment of despair. There is a disappointment which is full of inspiration, which sends the disappointed man deeper into the heart and soul of the thing which he has begun to distrust and in regard to which he has had misgivings, and which makes him study it more deeply; which makes him believe it with deeper faith, and more and more, so far as in him lies, bring it to its fullest application. Our people are never

going to cease to believe in those four great powers which have come forth out of the Puritan life. Religious liberty, in order that it should have its full power, should be made not the destroyer but the nurse, and the producer, of an intense personal conviction, without which it can never be complete. And a great government of the people by the people must be impregnated with a strict sense of duty; a people governing themselves must know the duty which belongs to the principle of its government. And we do not doubt that our system of public education will have to be revised and reconstructed so that what a man ought to know shall be accessible. And then, through popular education for all men, there can be brought to our knowledge the great purpose and ideal which must be set before us—the trusteeship of our land for all humanity. We are never going to lose that conception; it may be, it must be, in order that we may make our land the blessing that it should be to all the world, that we shall stand guard over it from time to time. It may be that some day we shall receive into it the lives of the oppressed, the lives of the degraded. We shall exclude them for the moment, and, it may be, stand guard over the quantity in order that we may make more sure of the quality of that to which we shall welcome all the world. The one thing, it seems to me, that we ought to do to-day in regard to this whole matter of the limitation of access to our land, is to keep the true principle in view which lies behind it all. If the desire be to hold exclusively for our own interest, even our own best interest, the land to which our lives have come first, then it is unworthy of the way in which we have stood before the world for these past generations. But if, more than that, it is because we feel so profoundly the trust that God has given to us in this America of ours, that we desire to keep her pure and to receive into her that which she has abundant power to assimilate, so that

she shall be able forever to receive into a higher life, a life higher than theirs, those who come to us out of the darkness of other lands, then this limitation is not a reversal of the position which our nation has assumed in the past, that we are the home of the oppressed; but it is simply keeping the home of the oppressed so that the oppressed may come to her and shake their chains off upon the beach and live the full lives of intelligent and well-grown citizens within her borders.

It seems to me that the one great thing to do is to keep up the standards of our national life, and to do in new ways precisely the same thing which it has been necessary to do in the old ways in other days. I believe that those strange gentlemen who play at baseball have a way in which they can fling a ball with a certain knowledge, that in a certain direction, at a certain distance, and at a certain moment, that ball is going to change the direction in which it has been moving to another direction by the same force which they imparted to it at first. Whether I am right about that or not, that is what history is always doing: sending forth her impulse with the certainty that she will change the direction, with the certainty that the impulse will be the same in the new direction as in the old. So it is that religious liberty and popular government should never be restrained out of temporary fear. And universal education, finding the deepest and truest substances on which it shall feed the young, and the best methods by which the food shall be administered, shall build itself deeper and higher, and the school-doors shall be opened wider and wider as the years go on; and the great and solemn sense of a trust for mankind shall grow, so that each man shall know that the ground on which he stands is given to him in trust, and that the great ocean, with its dancing waves and rolling tides, was given to him for a noble and universal purpose also. When we feel

this, then we are able to gather together around these festive tables under circumstances which are so different from those which greeted our ancestors at Plymouth, and to declare, on such occasions as these, that Puritanism is not an isolated thing in the world; that it is not their simple standing in history that we are going to admire at a distance. What the world needs to-day is more Puritanism, and not less Puritanism. It is our growing consciousness that there is in Puritanism the force waiting at the door, touching the springs of action of the world at all times. That is the essential and eternal Puritanism; not merely the memory of the past, but the presence of the sense of duty, and the presence of God, and the everlasting presence of the ideal in the lives of men, in the lives of nations, and in the lives of humanity, of which we make a part. We have gone so far away from Puritanism to-day that we may look upon it as a mount, standing in history. We can see how great it was, but it is a very poor thing if we simply make it an object in the historical landscape. The rivers coming from that mount must take our lives into their torrent; must make us rejoice in the past because it has exhibited itself more richly in the future in which we live to-day. And all the while we must hear what these Puritans heard, the great booming and rushing of the sea of God, the sea of the completed life of man, moving in obedience to the law of God, in which they rejoiced and which was the inspiration of their life and belief. So, embodied in the past, uttered in the present, and anticipating the future, too great for any man to know, is the true Puritanism. Such Puritans may we be; such Puritans I think we are to-night.

THE PUBLIC-SCHOOL SYSTEM.

SOMEWHAT to the surprise of many people, and yet as the inevitable result of causes which have been at work ever since our public-school system was set in operation, that system is now the subject of the most serious questionings, and its whole future is such as no man can confidently predict. We have boasted of it as if it were almost a perfect thing. It has seemed to be at once the most fertile root and the most beautiful flower of our peculiar civilization. It has been held up as the rebuke and pattern of the Old World. And now, almost suddenly, we hear men debating whether it is really good and wise, and whether, if it is not seriously reformed, the prosperity of the country will not suffer.

These questionings arise, no doubt, in part from the anxiety with which men are looking everywhere and questioning everything to find the causes for the patent evils of our political and social life. But they are partly also the ripened utterance of misgivings whose seeds have long lain in thoughtful minds. Whoever deals, however slightly, with the subject must look back and see something of the origin of the state of things in which we were educated and under which we live.

The common statement and the general boast of Americans has been that in our American polity there is an entire separation of Church and State. But nothing can be clearer than that such a separation was very far from

the thought of the founders of many of the colonies from whose union our nation sprang. Alike in Puritan New England, in orthodox Pennsylvania and Delaware, and in the churchly South, the provinces of religion and government, though not counted identical, continually overran each other. This condition of things lasted until the Revolution, and even in the Declaration of Independence a religious basis is freely claimed for the newly asserted rights. When the Constitution is formed all appeal to religion disappears. It is a purely secular instrument, and only mentions religion to declare that it shall be forever excluded from an influence in the selection of the officers of government. This fact was owing, doubtless, to the times in which the Constitution was drawn, and to the fact that so many of its framers shared in the spirit of those times. But from then until now the theory of our general government has been wholly secular.

But for many years the state of things which belonged to our earlier history, and which was perpetuated in some of our State governments, preserved a presence and influence of religion in some departments of our life, and perhaps most notably of all in the department of our education. Our schools had been in their foundation closely united to the churches. The same men who built the one had built the other, and as, especially in New England, they had valued and provided for intelligence and learning in the churches, they had with equal care preserved and provided for religion in the schools.

We have, then, for a century been living under a government theoretically secular, and yet that government has supported a public education in which religion was a recognized and enforced element. It is the culmination of this incongruity which we are meeting now. So long as, with all the formal exclusion of religion, the mass of our people were of essentially similar belief, and the tone of

religious feeling which pervaded our life modified the administration of our system without challenge, all went well; but during the last century certain slow but sure changes have taken place. First, the whole conception of life, public and private, has grown more and more secular; second, our population has become mixed by immigration with immense numbers of people of quite different religious beliefs from those of our first citizens; third, the idea of toleration and the rights of men have been immensely developed, and latterly the new methods of political action have made it less possible for anything to be done by general consent or by local law which is not in harmony with the fundamental theory and genius of our institutions. Under the pressure of these influences, the religious element has been steadily pushed out of our system, and it has disappeared from our educational work, leaving nothing behind except the practice of reading a portion of the Scriptures at some of the exercises of our public schools.

I claim that this is a fair statement of what has been going on. Our public schools have been steadily conforming themselves to the secular character of all our public institutions. And the question which is agitating people's minds now, and which was really the issue of the last election in Ohio, is not whether the public schools shall be secular or religious. That is settled, and they are secular. It is whether a certain symbol of a character which they once possessed shall be retained now that their character is gone. I know that a certain positive value may be given to it, and if the reading of the Bible be performed by a religious man in a religious spirit it may certainly give something of sacredness and consecration to the school work which succeeds, but this is very little, and to require its reading by teachers who have been appointed to their places with no reference to their fitness

for this duty is surely to expose the sacred Book to careless treatment, if not to wanton insult. But this, I think, is not the ground on which its use is urged. It is as the assertion of a religious character in our school system. It is as the symbol of something which is felt to be so feeble a reality that without this symbol it would not be recognized—of something which has really passed away. It is analogous to that which some good people are very anxious to secure, the insertion of the name of God in the preamble to the Constitution of the United States—and is subject to the same criticism which that attempt suggests, that if it is real it is not needed, and if it is needed it is not real.

As to the question of the right of the State to order the use of the Bible the case seems plain. The proper authority may command the subjects to be taught and the books from which instruction shall be given in the public schools. If they choose to command that morals shall be included in the course of teaching, and that the Gospels or any part of the Bible shall be the text-book, they have the perfect right to do so. And a mere protest of the Roman Catholic Church that the use of that Book is not allowed by its religion is of no more weight than if it blankly asserted that the Copernican astronomy or the science of geology or the accepted theories of history were Protestant or infidel and must be cast aside. Any religious sect with any arbitrary dogma might block the education of a whole community.

It is not, then, because it is unjust or illegitimate, but because its use is not a living practice but a dead symbol, that it seems right to yield to that demand for the disuse of the Bible which the Roman Catholics and others urge so strongly.

And then what will our schools become? The answer is, first, that they will be what they are now. A symbol

which represents no reality will have been dropped. The schools are secular already, and they will be so still. No perceptible difference will show the feeling. The schools of Chicago, where the Bible is not read, are now essentially like the schools of Boston, where its use is still enforced.

But incidentally a plausible pretense of grievance will have been removed, and the Catholic, who ever since the Papal Encyclical of 1864, however it may previously have been, is the inevitable and irreconcilable enemy of our whole system, will be compelled to put his opposition on its real ground and blankly state the only remedy which he really descries.

But still the secular school is not of necessity an irreligious school. President Grant is not very clear in his mind when he wants to forbid "the teaching in said schools of religious, atheistical, or pagan tenets." He would have a school where it shall not be taught that there is a God, nor yet that there is not a God, where history, for instance, shall neither have a Christian nor a pagan exposition. It must have one or the other. And what exposition it has, what color it receives, will depend upon the current thought or tone of the community in which the school is as expressed by a representative man or woman as the teacher. Again, the school here is analogous to the civil government. A secular government administered in Christian lands by Christian men will act on Christian principles, and so a school without a verse out of the Bible, in a Christian city, and taught by Christian teachers, will be in a true sense a Christian school, full of a Christian spirit. I have known teachers in our public schools who, without violating in the least the letter or the spirit of the laws under which they held their post, have had that truly Christian influence upon their scholars which a true Christian must exercise on those

with whom he deals in the most secular relations. I would rather see a religious teacher in a secular school than an irreligious man bound to the most punctilious performance of religious rites. The school is the most sensitive point of the community after the family. Perhaps it even precedes the Church in this regard, and there will always be a positive strong tendency in every school to catch and copy the tone and color of the community where it is set. If the town is religious so its public school will be. If the town is pagan its public school will be pagan too, in spite of any imposed hereditary ceremonies.

If this be all true, and the secular character be thus stamped upon our public education, then the question comes right to the root of things. What shall a Christian man think of the whole matter? How shall he act? Is the public-school system, then, a blessing or a curse? What kind of education shall we give our influence to help and foster?

And there are really three alternatives, three plans of education which alone any practical man can contemplate as possible. Let us see what they are.

First, it is conceivable that the public money raised by general taxation for education should be appropriated in part at least to various religious bodies, to be applied by them to the support of schools under their own management, with more or less of government supervision. This is what the Roman Catholic Church is really seeking. This is what to some extent has been found possible in the revised educational system of England, but there, although the experiment has not been tried long enough to be decisive, it has already developed serious difficulties, and the advocates of purely secular schools are becoming stronger and stronger. With us the obstacles in the way of such a project seem to be these. The body who would

most of all avail themselves of it are the Roman Catholics, the body which furnishes to the country the largest amount of ignorance and the smallest amount of money. It would be mainly a plan for educating Roman Catholic children in a religion whose fundamental tendencies are hostile to the first ideas of our republic, and would abolish at once the strongest and healthiest of influences by which at present the juvenile Irishman and Irishwoman are appropriated and assimilated into the life of the land to which a mysterious Providence has brought them. But looking wider, and taking in all the denominations, the objections to such a proposition seem to be three: first, it would lower the standard of education, for the religious bodies, being organized and governed for quite other purposes, are not, and it is not at all likely that they could be, adapted to the work of thorough, systematic education; secondly, it would intensify and perpetuate every evil which belongs now to our mass of sects, creating a whole new class of jealousies, and initiating even children into the spirit which we dread in men and women; and thirdly, it would drop some children, probably many, out altogether, through the gaps and joints of such a patchwork, and, destroying the possibility of any uniform and homogeneous culture, would condemn other children who had the misfortune to be born in an illiterate sect to such poor teaching as their sect thought satisfactory.

The next suggestion would be that all public provision for education should be abandoned, that there should be no taxation for any schools, but that every religious body should be left to provide as it thought best for the education of its own children. It seems as if no practical man, really looking at the facts of the case, could give his vote to such a plan as that. Only some theorist, who took the broad ground that education was the sacred responsibility of the Church alone, with which the State had no right to

meddle, could be its advocate. It has been advocated by two such different theorists as the Bishop of Tennessee and the late Mr. Gerritt Smith. But any man who looks at the ability which the Church shows, or gives us any reason to expect that it would show, to support such schools as we require sees instantly the blank impossibility. There would be an utter absence of any power to enforce contributions. And almost all the evils which I specified under the last suggestion are just as certain here. The Church and society, education and religion, would find it equally disastrous. It is hard to say which it would harm most. It is a pretty dream for some town rector who holds up his model parish school, but it seems as if even his mind must be appalled when he compares his puny machinery with the mass of ignorance that lies grimly defying us to turn it into knowledge. If any country could have lived on such a system it would have been England, with her established faith and her traditions and her wealth and her old parish schools. And in the establishment of the national-school system there is a clear confession that she could not rely upon spontaneous religious and charitable provision for the education of her people.

Of both these plans before I leave them let me say that they have, besides all else which I have suggested, the inherent vice of narrowness. Much as we love our Church, we must know that with all her capacity for universality she is practically and at present partial. She represents only certain elements out of the whole range either of the general human or the special American life. And to be trained wholly within her care would be for the young American to lose both the knowledge of and the share in other elements which would add to the richness and usefulness of his life.

Nothing is left, then, but the third possibility. And what is that? The secular school pure and simple, the

school where the Bible is not read nor any religious instruction given. I have already said that our schools are essentially just that now. That they are destined to become that more and more is perfectly inevitable. Nobody but King Canute or Mrs. Partington would attempt to stop the tide. And taking, as I have tried to take, everything into the account, I think we could not hesitate, even if the choice were wholly open, to prefer this prospect to either of the others.

But with regard to this manifest destiny, or rather this present condition of our public schools, there are one or two things to say.

First, it is surely not a condition to rejoice in. It is not a great triumph. Rather it is mortifying and distressing. It is full of anxious forebodings. It is a witness of the failure of man to bring his Christianity to use where it is most needed. It is the weak spot in our secular theory of government. It is a sad witness of the sectarian condition of Christendom. It is a waiving, not an answering, of the hard question. And President Grant is urging the best that we can do, but not by any means the best conceivable, when he bids us "leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the Church, and the private school, supported entirely by private contributions." We accept his policy heartily, but we cannot cheer over it when we remember the multitudes of children whom no religious influence from family or Church ever reaches, but who are gathering in our secular schools a knowledge and brightness which without moral principle must be the ruin of a state like ours.

And again, one result of the distinct recognition of the purely secular character of our public schools must be in the withdrawal of many children whose parents insist upon religion being mingled with their instruction. It

can only be seen in time how large such a withdrawal may be, and how it may affect the stability of the whole system by weakening the interest in it of those people in the community without whose moral support and sympathy it cannot stand.

And yet, again, the question comes at once to Christian people and the Christian churches: What can we do, accepting the secular school, and so losing all help in our religious work from the public educator, to meet the responsibility that must be thrown upon us? The answer is found in the exhortations to increased faithfulness of parish labor and the widening and deepening of the education of our Sunday-schools. And no doubt they can do, they have done, very much. It is well to note that all along beside the growing secularness of the public school has gone on the growth and steadily increasing activity of the parish and the Sunday-school.

No doubt they will come up to their work more and more. But I look, and it is one of the bright prospects of the whole matter, to another influence, an influence upon religion itself, from this throwing back of responsibility upon its centers and springs. Too often our churches have taught some speculative or sentimental theology and been satisfied with teaching it, vaguely believing that morals, the conduct of life, and practical religion were taught somewhere else. They never went to see what was taught, but they did not feel pressing upon themselves the burden of the people's moral training and its inspiration with religious life. If the churches are made to know that burden for their own, if they thus seek and find a theology more near and real to human life, if dogmatic narrowness is forced to expand to human breadth, and the Christian religion is really set to its true task, which is not building churches and bewildering brains, but mak-

ing men, then the change in our conception of the school which forced upon the Church this larger sense of herself and her duties will certainly not be an unmixed evil.

When the nation is truly Christian the nation's schools will be Christian without an effort or an act of any school committee. Then a pervading religion will flow through education as through every other interest. Until that time shall come it is our task to make the secular school as lofty as its nature will allow, and to do what we can to increase in the community that broad and unsectarian religious life which the schools cannot but feel, and to which, when it becomes universal, they must submit themselves.

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